

"Conscience Money"  
By JENNETTE LEE

# The Quiver

1 $\frac{1}{2}$  net

October  
1923



Autumn on the Cornish Coast

*The Choicest Gift from Devon*

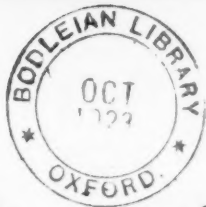
# REAL Devonshire Violets

Originally made by YOUNG  
and now prepared and sold by

3/3 6/- 8/9 & 11/6 per bottle

*THE  
Boots  
& Chemists*

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD



# Charm!



Every woman can possess charm.

It is all a matter of keeping a cheerful, sprightly disposition, and making the most of the personal attractiveness with which to some extent all women are endowed.

The way to do this is to guard the health.

The healthy woman, with her lively, sparkling eyes, welcoming smile and tenderly glowing complexion, is a picture of alluring charm. She is happy, too, for a contented body reflects itself in a contented mind.

The easiest way to fitness, happiness and charm is the healthy Kruschen habit, which removes the cause responsible for both depression and faded looks. When you feel run down and listless, easily tired, it is because your internal organs are not functioning

properly, and poisonous products are collecting in your blood. Six salts are needed to cleanse the body of these impurities.

Kruschen is a combination of these six salts, blended in just the correct proportion. The little daily dose of a "sixpenceful" speeds up the liver and kidneys, gently and almost imperceptibly removes impurities from the whole system, cleanses and invigorates, fills the veins with rich clear blood, streaming to every part of the body, renewing health and happiness.

Try it for yourself. Just a pinch in your first cup of tea every morning will make all the difference in the world. You will feel fit and well, full of joyous spirits, bounding with radiant health.

And you will begin to look younger every day.

# Kruschen Salts

## Good Health for a Farthing a Day



### Tasteless in Tea

cocoa, milk, or porridge. Give each child "just a pinch"—and see it well in.

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

# Buy the *BEST*—by Post

Don't let middlemen's profits compel you to wear inferior, commonplace footwear. Buy the best. It costs little because Barratts (the actual manufacturers) make only one modest factory profit on it. Why

## Fashion and Fitting

will please the most fastidious. A beautiful model in the newest style of smart footwear, made of the finest Glacé Kid. Fits like a glove, close to ankle and round heel. Neat toe cap of bright patent leather, firmly blocked to prevent crushing. Elegant seam lines. Smart new militaire heel. All stiffeners and the insole are solid leather. Flexible, durable soles of solid English leather, stitched on handsewn principle. Complete satisfaction or cash refund guaranteed.

## Order Safely by Post Now

Give usual size worn. Sizes stocked are 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7. Each size is made in two widths—4 (medium) and 5 (wide). If uncertain of size send "to shape," got by running pencil round stockings foot which rests with normal pressure on paper. State style 2557. Enclose cheque or money order for 15/9 for home orders, and overseas orders where C.O.D. is not used. Postage extra overseas. Send 10/- deposit only with Cash on Delivery orders.

**W. Barratt & Co., Ltd., 76 Footshape, Northampton**



*Send 2d. (postage) for Barratts shoe-pace Catalogue, "Social Events of the Year." Fashion notes by Lady Duff Gordon. Beautifully illustrated in colours. Refined Footwear for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.*

**Style 2557**

**Direct from  
Factory**

**15/9**

**POST FREE**

*Postage  
Overseas  
Extra.*



**10D  
PER TIN**

## "KLEENOFF" Cooker Cleaning Jelly

*For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens, &c.*

**Means Nicer Cooking and Cleaner Food.**

Recommended by all Principal Gas Companies. Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it. If they do not stock, send 6d. for TRIAL SAMPLE, post free.

**THE KLEENOFF CO. (Dept. S), 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, LONDON, E.C.3.**

**For  
Cleaning Paintwork**

**sutton's**

**For  
Household Cleaning**

**Cloudy Ammonia.**

*Sole Manufacturers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7.*

## DON'T LOOK OLD!

**LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.**

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position. **2- Sold Everywhere. 2-**

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., 25 Bedford Laboratories, London, E.C.4., and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

## SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 45 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Itchiness	Acne	Bleaches

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., 25 Bedford Laboratories, London, E.C.4., and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 2/6. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

*Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.*



## RHEUMATISM

**NEARLY ENDS WALKER'S CAREER**

**Now, thanks to Urace, he breaks**

**World's Record.**

*Paddington Recreation Ground.*

Sir,—"I suffered from acute Rheumatism. My knees, ankles and thumbs being terribly swollen. A friend advised me to try Urace; very soon the terrible pains had vanished, and to my astonishment I was back on the track again. My recent record-breaking walk from London to Edinburgh, of 420 miles in 82 hrs. 5 mins. 44.25 secs. proves I have rid my system of Uric Acid by your valuable preparation "Urace"—Yours faithfully, GEORGE CUMMINGS, World's Professional Walking Champion. URACE and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. 1/3, 2/6, and 5/- per box, from Boots, Timothy White & Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 67 Watnam House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

1/3, 2/6, and 5/- from Boots and all Chemists

**URACE  
TABLETS**





## *Happy Babies all over the world*

In every country throughout the world the merits of the 'Allenburys' Foods have been proved by thousands. Beneath tropical skies and under the shadow of snow-capped mountains, on parched plains and in crowded cities, strong and vigorous children are being reared through healthy infancy to sturdy childhood by



*Branches at*  
**PARIS**  
**BRUSSELS**  
**SYDNEY**  
**DURBAN**  
**TORONTO**  
**SHANGHAI**  
**CALCUTTA**  
**BUENOS**  
**AIRES**  
**NIAGARA**  
**FALLS, USA**

*Cod Liver Oil*  
*Factories at*  
**LOFOTEN**  
**& SOND MOR**  
**NORWAY**

## *'Allenburys'* Progressive System of Infant Feeding

Modelled on Nature, it provides a scientifically graduated series of foods adapted to each phase of baby's developing digestive powers, supplying at the appropriate times the nourishment suited to healthy growth and development.

*Send Coupon below for a free copy of the 'Allenburys' Book on 'Infant Feeding & Management' and a sample of Food suited to the age of your baby.*

**Allen & Hanburys Ltd.**

37 LOMBARD STREET,  
 LONDON, E.C. 3.

### *Special Coupon*

Mrs. ....

will be pleased to receive, free of all charge, a copy of 'Infant Feeding & Management' and a sample of Food.

Her baby's age is.....

**STANWORTH'S**  
*"Defiance"*  
 REGD.  
**UMBRELLAS.**

**Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA**  
 in paper, tie to a board or stick, and post to us to-day with P.O. for 7/6. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Union and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra. A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 8/- upwards.

**STANWORTH & CO.,**  
 Northern Umbrella Works,  
**BLACKBURN.**

THIS WRECK  
 LEAVING YOU LIKE THIS  
 AND IS RETURNED LIKE NEW

**BURMA SAUCE**

*"The only sauce I dare give father."*

**WHAT a Treat—a good cut from a cold joint and a few drops of delicious BURMA! The mere sight of this rich fruity sauce as it comes trickling from the bottle makes mouths water and eyes sparkle with delight.**

**Every drop of Burma is full of flavour. You only need a little on your food—therefore it is economical to use as well as cheap to buy.**

Get a bottle from your Grocer to-day and see the greater satisfaction it gives.

**WHITE, COTTELL & CO., LONDON, S.E.5.**



*Says the Plumber to his mate,  
 As they climb around the tiles,  
 "It's FLUXITE makes our cares so light—  
 Why, every tin's a thousand smiles."*

It is a nation-wide recognised fact that FLUXITE reduces the troubles of soldering to a minimum. That is why you will always find it in a wise Plumber's tool-bag, and if you are wise you will see that it is included amongst your outfit, for never was there such a boon as FLUXITE when there's soldering to be done.

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

**FLUXITE**

BECAUSE IT

**SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING**

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

**FLUXITE SOLDERING SET**

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Sample Sent, post paid United Kingdom.

FLUXITE LTD., 220 Bevington St., Birmmngdsey, Eng.

REDUCED  
 PRICE

**7/6**



**For the tool-kit of your car or motor cycle or any soldering jobs about the home.**

# Use the Gillette Safety Razor

*The Shave  
with the  
Smile in it!*

By appointment to  
His Royal Highness  
The Prince of Wales.

"You know what shaving is with most shaving equipments—nothing less than an exasperating and sometimes painful fifteen minutes work!

Just listen while we tell you of the only razor we have ever used that creates 'The smile of satisfaction and pleasure.'

In our search for the ideal razor we naturally tried the Gillette Safety Razor. What a revelation! What a clean easy trouble-free shave! No stropping, no honing, a few strokes round the chin and the whole job completed in three minutes. No other razor has ever done what the Gillette is doing for us now."

**NEW STANDARD** Triple Silver plated New Improved Gillette Safety Razor, Metal Box containing 12 double edge Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges) in Genuine Leather Covered Case, purple velvet and satin lined - - - - **21/-**

#### GILLETTE BLADES

In packets of 12 (24 shaving edges) 4/6  
In packets of 6 (12 shaving edges) 2/3

*There's a Gillette outfit to suit every pocket. Ranging from New Improved Gillette 21/- and upwards, down to the popular Brownie at 5/-.*

Sold by Cutlers, Stores, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers, Jewellers everywhere. Write for booklet.

Gillette Safety Razor Ltd., 184-188 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.



KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER



*Baby Winstone, of Bristol.*

## Perfect Feeding is a Baby's Birthright

It is a duty to infants deprived of mother's milk to see that they are not the losers. Your duty is entirely fulfilled when you give baby Mellin's Food, for, prepared as directed, it is a wonderfully successful equivalent of mother's milk. Perfect digestion, delightful contentment, easy teething, increased weight, firm flesh with the lovely dimples that make a thriving baby so charming—all these results give mothers perfect confidence in

# Mellin's Food

*Samples and descriptive booklet sent post free on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Particulars of a unique "Progress Book" also sent.*

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.,  
LONDON, S.E.15

Mellin's Food is the food with a record; its reputation is the result of universal experience of doctors, nurses and mothers.

## POST IT TO PULLARS

It's  
Cheaper  
now and  
Pullars  
pay  
Return  
postage

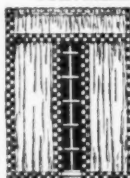
No Smart man can afford to wear a Shabby Suit or Overcoat. At a trifling cost his garments can be made spick and span, cleaned and repaired and ready for wear. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency, or post direct to

**PULLARS**

**CLEANERS & DYERS**  
**PERTH**

## Peach's Curtains

**Free on Request—Catalogue of Autumn Window Draperies.**



Largest Selection, Curtains and Case-ment Curtainings; Economise by purchasing Direct from the Looms. Thousands of Customers have testified as to the value and quality of the "Weave that Wears." Exclusive Imperial Ham and Nottingham Net Curtains, Case-ment Curtainings, Plain Cloth, Hem- stitched and Insertion, Sunfast Case-ment Cloths, Fillet Sunfast Colonnets, Cretonnes for Loose Covers, Curtains, etc., Muslins, Household Linens, Blinds, Laces, &c. Write for Catalogue

to-day. Free on request. Special facilities for Overseas Orders.  
**S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, Nottingham**

**DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE**

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

**For Breakfast & after Dinner.**

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.



## MOTHER AND CHILDREN MUCH BENEFITED

MRS. TEMPLE writes: "May I be one among your many grateful friends to express my thanks for what Phosferine has done for me and mine. I was away from home to try and get rid of an attack of neuritis, my doctor having said it was a most difficult thing to cure. I had a severe attack of toothache and took some Phosferine. Not only did it cure my toothache, but also my neuritis, which completely left me after I had continued Phosferine for a while and I have never had any recurrence since. I also nursed my children through two serious illnesses without a break and I am absolutely convinced it would have been impossible for me to do this had it not been for Phosferine, which I also found invaluable for the children during convalescence, when their appetites were bad and their sleep disturbed. Now they are quite well again, but I always have Phosferine at hand for when they are 'moody' or show signs of becoming 'run-down' a dose or so puts them right again." 80a, Anerley Park, Anerley, S.E.20.

# PHOSFERINE

The Greatest of all Tonics

*The Easy Way to Health*

Phosferine is a perfectly harmless preparation, and is given with equally good results to the children as to the adults. The advantage of taking Phosferine is immediate—it makes you well and keeps you fit at all times.

**Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.**





**Banish that  
Morning Headache  
by taking  
GENASPRIN**  
(The Safe Brand of aspirin)

Just swallow two Genasprin tablets—disintegrated in water—and the worst headache will vanish in a few minutes. Moreover, Genasprin is absolutely pure and its frequent use will not impair the digestion or depress the heart.

*St. Bartholomew's Hospital Gazette (Mar., 1919) writes:—"We have no hesitation in describing Genasprin as excellent. Its purity is unquestioned . . . there is no doubt that many samples of aspirin on the market are far from being up to the B.P. standard. Medical men prescribing Genasprin may rest assured that their patients are getting a particularly pure form of aspirin."*

You will find the wonderful, pain-relieving properties of Genasprin equally potent in all cases of

**TOOTHACHE NEURITIS SLEEPLESSNESS  
NEURALGIA LUMBAGO RHEUMATISM, etc.**

**Send this Coupon to-day  
for FREE SAMPLE**

To GENATOSAN, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire  
Please send me a Free Sample of Genasprin Tablets and  
Explanatory Booklet. I enclose a 1½d. stamp for postage.

Name.....  
Address..... Dept. 17

Once you have experienced for yourself the manifold merits and uses of Genasprin you will take care never to be without it. Your Chemist sells it, price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets—but see that he gives you Genasprin not ordinary "aspirin."



**Write  
to-day  
for this  
FREE  
SAMPLE**

**Healthy Women**  
especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While modelling the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

**The CORSET of HEALTH**  
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

**7/11 pair POST FREE**

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.  
Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

**Outsizes, 31 in. to 35 in., 1/6 extra.**  
**SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:**  
No bones or steels to drag, hurt or break.  
No lacing at the back.  
Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes.  
It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.  
It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps.  
It has a short (9-in.) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non-rusting Hooks & Eyes.  
It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.  
These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

**SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.**  
Post your Postal Order and make Payable to—  
**HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Dept. 30, Morley House, 26-28 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C1.**



**WRITE TO-DAY  
for  
FREE SAMPLE  
mentioning  
"The  
Quiver"**

**THE HOME  
PHYSICIAN  
for  
HEADACHE  
NEURALGIA  
RHEUMATISM  
INFLUENZA  
is  
Cephus**

**PHYSICIANS  
USE AND  
RECOMMEND  
CEPHOS**

**That is why  
you should  
insist on  
CEPHOS**

**THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY**  
**T**HE infallible remedy which banishes the worst headache in a few minutes, supplies nourishment to tired and worn-out nerves, dispels pain and fortifies the whole system. It can be taken without fear, as it contains no dangerous drugs or narcotics, and therefore cannot affect the heart.

Sold in boxes at 1/3 and 3/- by Boots the Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and all other chemists. If not in stock at your local chemist, send P.O. or stamp for size required, to **CEPHUS LTD., BLACKBURN,** who will send it to you Post Free.



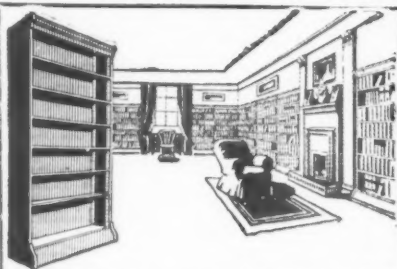
## Convert your Plain Windows into PICTURESQUE LEADED WINDOWS!

You can do this Yourself at a very Small  
Cost with "LANITE" Easy-fix Lead.

"LANITE" is pure lead and fixed without  
cutting the glass, so that draught and rain can-  
not get through. A Sample Outfit with 24 ft.  
1 in. or 45 ft. 1 in. lead, cement and brush,  
post paid, 5s. (State width of lead required.)

A special designing outfit, with stains in four  
colours, designing lead, brushes, cement, etc.,  
for Stained Glass" work, 10s. Post paid.

**CHAS. H. HAIGH & CO.**  
(Dept. Q), 46 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.



## LIBRACO PORTABLE BOOK SHELVING

Has many advantages over any  
other type of unit bookcase.

You can adjust the position of the  
shelves to suit the heights of your  
books.

You can erect the shelving or take  
it down without trouble in a few  
minutes.

You can readily extend by adding  
further bays as your library grows.

Write for Booklet 88

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Get  
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ten  
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## SEND NO MONEY

Prove by free trial that this Aladdin has  
no equal. If not satisfied return at our  
expense. Scientific tests prove this

## GREAT NEW INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LIGHT

five times as efficient as the  
best round-wick open-flame  
lamp made. Yields 60 candle-  
power of pure white light for  
70 hours on a gallon of common  
paraffin. No odour, smoke,  
noise or pumping up. Cannot  
explode. GUARANTEED. Ab-  
solutely clean and safe—  
nothing to get out of  
order. Lights without  
trouble, at the wick. Pays  
for itself in a few weeks.

CHEAPER  
AND  
WHITER  
THAN  
GAS OR  
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**Aladdin**  
MANTLE LAMPS

Get Yours Free. Write for ten days  
free trial and learn how to get yours free.

AGENTS to demonstrate the Aladdin  
WANTED in territory where oil lamps  
are used. Experience unnecessary. The  
huge demand for the Aladdin brings big  
money to our agents.

£200 REWARD will be given to any-  
one showing us an oil lamp equal to the  
Aladdin in every way. Full details of  
this offer given in our circular.

Aladdin Industries, Limited,  
11 Aladdin Building,  
136, Southwark St., London, S.E.1



## WASHING WON'T HURT JOHN BOND'S "CRYSTAL PALACE" MARKING INK

THE MARKS GROW BLACKER WITH TIME.  
FOR USE WITH OR WITHOUT HEATING  
(WHICHEVER KIND IS PREFERRED).

Of all Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.  
Used in the Royal Households.



Washing Won't Hurt

## Ask for MASCOT

SHOES, and be sure of Reliability,  
Style, and Comfort — ALWAYS

Style Booklet free from Norvic Shoe Co., Norwich.



THE

## "ADEE"

## Window Cleaner

reaches every corner —  
Cleans the outside from  
inside.

A "Safety First"  
labour-saving device.

Price 3/11  
Postage 9d.

Holworthy Patents Ltd., 66 Victoria St., S.W.1

For Beautiful Healthful Homes

# HALL'S DISTEMPER

The Modern Decoration.  
ARTISTIC—DURABLE—ECONOMICAL.

*"Gives Perfect  
Dreams in Colour  
Schemes."*

Sole Manufacturers:  
SISSONS BROTHERS & CO., LTD.—HULL.  
Branches and Depots at  
LONDON, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL & READING

# Hercules

## FOR WASH AND WEAR

Hercules Overalls and Frocks excel still for daily wear, both for children and adults. No other fabric gives greater satisfaction or stands such constant washing without losing its attractive appearance. Hercules Overalls are pre-eminent for everyday household wear on account of their durability, and because they are by far the greatest value for money.

HERCULES is also sold by the yard for making up.

### OUR GUARANTEE.

Every genuine Hercules Garment bears the "Mother and Child" ticket, and is guaranteed. Should any Hercules Garment prove unsatisfactory in wash or wear your draper will at once replace it FREE OF CHARGE.

Most Drapers stock "Hercules." If yours does not, please send to us for patterns.



"Mother and Child."

**JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS, LTD.,**  
Spinners and Manufacturers,  
MANCHESTER.

(Wholesale and Shipping only supplied.)

## Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds. Buy a tin today at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin

## KITCHEN PESTS

Cleared the Sheffield Union Workhouse after all other preparations had failed. The pests had so overrun the place that the Government Inspector suggested the buildings should be pulled down. The Inspector and Guardians surprised at marvellous result. Post free 1/6, 2/10, 5/-, with interesting particulars.

Black Beetles scientifically exterminated by the UNION CUCER ROACH PASTE



J. P. HEWETT, 66 Division Street, SHEFFIELD.

President: H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK  
**THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN**  
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2.

which deals with larger numbers of children than any other Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications for admission and

**URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE**

Chairman: COL. LORD WM. CRECH, C.V.O. T. GLENTON KERR, Sec.

## CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW

One Tablet will Clean a Large Carpet. *Scrubbed clean.*  
F. CHIVERS & CO., LTD., 9 Albany Works, Bath.



# Does your fountain pen perspire?

The ink "creeps" out of most fountain pens, leaving "beads of perspiration" just where you hold them. Result — inky fingers.

The Onoto has a safety device; it never perspires and cannot leak.

It is the only pen in which you can regulate the ink supply.



With Onoto the Pen there is a shoulder round the end of the nib carrier. This fits closely on a ridge inside the cap, and prevents any superfluous ink left in the nib from creeping on to that part of the pen the writer holds.

Prices from 17/6 to £10 10s.

Whenever you see a Pillar Box think of an Onoto.

# Onoto the Pen

SELF-FILLING SAFETY MODEL

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., 110, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.



# TURNWRIGHT'S "TOFFEE DE-LIGHT"



Hurry up for Turnwright's; taste its sweet goodness and good sweetness, and you'll agree there's "A Thrill of Delight with Every Bite."

**COLOURED CARDS FREE.**—Send a post card (postage id.; if envelope is used, postage id.) for a delightful series of coloured flower and natural history cards. Mention "The Quiver."

Sold in daintily wrapped pieces, and in tins. Obtainable from all Confectioners.

If any difficulty is experienced we will send 1/- & 2/- tin post free on receipt of remittance. *Postage 4d. abroad extra.*

TURNER & WAINWRIGHT, Ltd., (Deot. A), BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.

6d. per 1 lb.



# OLD HATS MADE NEW

AND REMODELLED TO PRESENT FASHION VELOUR; FELT; BEAVER



Don't throw away that old hat which you have discarded. It seems incredible it can come back to you, as it will, looking for all the world like a new hat. In A. Wright's Hat Renovating Factory it will be treated skilfully and promptly and returned within a few days. The success of A. WRIGHT'S is a credit to the CLEVER LUTON HATWORKERS. This is a sound money-saving offer. Ladies can choose from the list of 60 fashionable shapes the design to which they wish their old hat remodelled.

The cost is only 2/6 to 4/3. If required, hats can be re-dyed to darker colours; postpaid should be given to Bains, Notts or Notts, at an extra cost of 1/6 each. Gent's Hats also renovated 4/6 to 6/-. We are the Largest Hat Renovators in the Kingdom. Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

Special Terms to Trade Enquiries. Agents Wanted.

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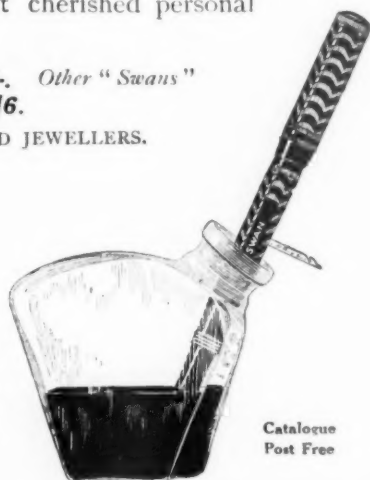
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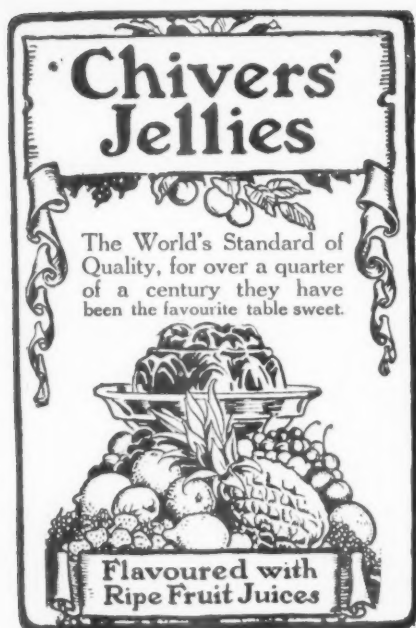
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—The Quiver, September, 1922.

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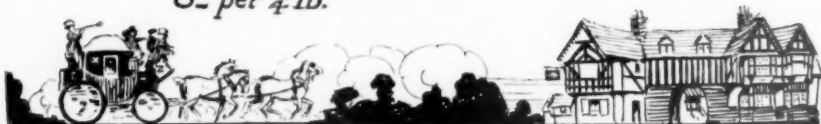
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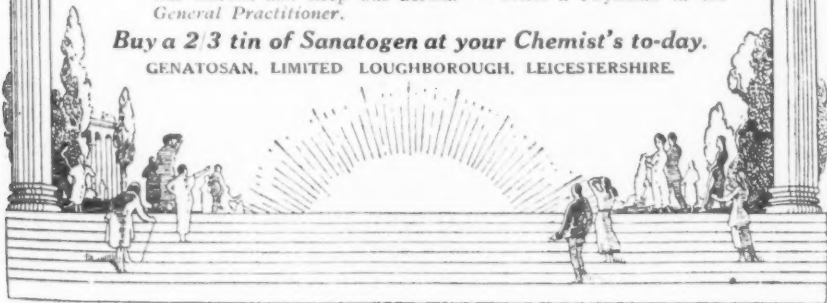
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# *In the Cornish Riviera*



SUNRISE AT ST. IVES.

"And as the morning steals upon the night,

"Melting the darkness. . . ."

—*The Tempest.*

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The G.W.R. Co. are continuing their excursion and tourist bookings to Cornwall throughout October. Full details of Train Services and Cheap Facilities can be obtained at any G.W.R. station and office. "Holiday Haunts" Guide for 1923, Price 6d. at stations and offices, or 1s. by post upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2.

**FELIX J. C. POLE, General Manager.**

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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### "IS JOURNALISM A GOOD CAREER?"

By Sir PHILIP GIBBS

Next month I am starting the first number of a New Volume, and there will be many notable items. The first article deals with Journalism as a Career, and is written by Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.E. Other articles will be "An Afternoon with Madame Tetrassini," "Is the Novel Played Out?" by Marie Harrison, "Legal Problems of Mistress and Maid," by Helena Normanton, Barrister-at-Law, &c.

The new Serial is by DAVID LYALL—an old QUIVER favourite.

Fuller particulars will be found in "Between Ourselves" and in the extract from my new programme on page 1201.

*The Editor*

**CLEMAK**  
Safety Razor  
MINUTE TO STROP  
MOMENT TO CLEAN

*My word!  
That was a close shave!*

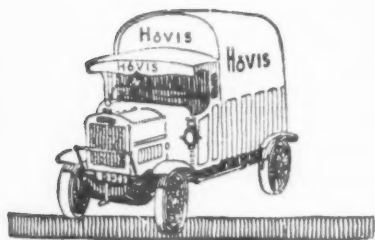
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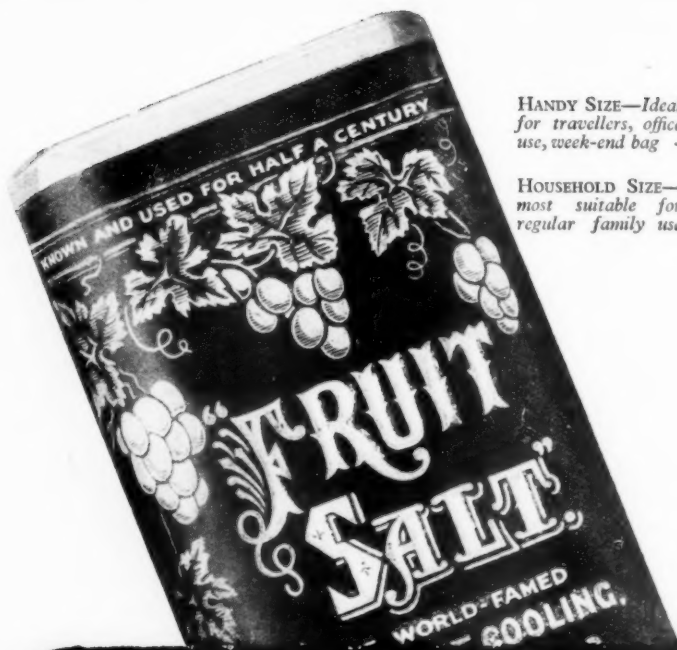
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for Ladies, Children and Men**

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*Sole Manufacturers.* P.J. 17.



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# *The Quiver*

## Conscience

*People talk of acting according to the dictates of their conscience. But conscience is no more infallible than one's watch. You may be at the station in good time for the train—according to your watch. But the train will not wait if your watch is wrong.*

*Keep your watch right by standard time, and then follow it. Keep your conscience right, too, and follow it. Use the brains God has given you to determine what is right and what is wrong—and then follow the gleam.*

*It was conscience un-instructed that burned the martyrs.*



"She stood by the vestry door waiting for Henry while he counted the money. He took up a handful and put in his pocket and turned"—p. 1127

Drawn  
By  
Dr. Seymour Chwast

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# CONSCIENCE MONEY

by  
Jennette Lee

It was a clear summer day—light blue overhead, a little breeze from the southwest, and the warm sun flooding down, shining on the peach trees and on the clothes-line in the back yard. A day that made Janet Seymour glad to be alive.

She had been up since daybreak, in and out of the house, busy with Henry's clothes, and now they hung on the line soaking up warmth from the sun and cleanliness from the fresh air.

A long row of coats and trousers and vests flapped in the little breeze from the south-west—empty semblances of Henry. She smoothed a creased leg and examined it sternly, and smoothed out what might have been an incipient moth trace, but proved to be only a bit of chalk dust. She brushed it with careful fingers.

The trousers were Henry's Sunday ones, and the chalk dust came from the blackboard in the Sunday-school room. Henry was superintendent of St. Andrew's Sunday-school. He had been superintendent for fifteen years—since two years before their marriage.

She rubbed the bit of dust thoughtfully and looked up at the sun—the line between her eyes came from the brightness of the sun and not from discontent or worry. She did not ask anything better of life than just this—sunshine and a fresh wind for the semi-annual airing of Henry's clothes.

The row of garments stretched from her down the yard as far as the peach trees, and she went down the line slowly, shaking out the sleeves and pockets and humming to herself a little new tune that the children were singing yesterday. It was not a Sunday tune, and she had rebuked them when they sang at the top of their voices, but it had a catchy rhythm and melody, and she hummed it to herself as she went down the line.

Just as she reached the peach trees she

stopped—her fingers had encountered a little stiffness in the lining of Henry's coat, along the lower edge—his Sunday coat. She poked at it and loosened something, and pushed it up towards a hole in the bottom of the pocket.

The edge of a card appeared in the hole, and she drew it up with a little frown. She tucked it in her dress absently, her fingers examining the hole and pulling at a bit of thread that came away rapidly. She dropped it with a click of annoyance—nothing but chain-stitch! Henry paid five pounds for the suit, and the ends of the seams not even fastened!

She moved on to the peach trees and sat down. The sun filtering through the leaves made shadowy patterns on her lifted face . . . the peaches were beginning to redden—they would be ripe in a little while. The soft furry sides gave her a feeling of sensuous content. . . . She would put up at least a dozen tins, and there would be plenty to give away. It was a part of Janet's pride that there was always plenty to give away.

Her eyes left the branches and rested contentedly on Henry's clothes swaying and shaking in the breeze. They were something more than mere empty semblances to her. She liked to watch them sway and fill in the breeze and flap, not only because they were getting a good airing, but because they were so like Henry! She saw Henry moving in them, working for her and the children, walking to and from the bank twice a day. He never spared himself. It was only where she was concerned that the best must be had—in the kitchen, outside help when she needed it, clothes better than she could afford. Henry would go without himself if necessary, but she must have the best.

But Henry was never shabby. She eyed the line approvingly. He always looked well. She did not see how he managed it,

## THE QUIVER

and she had given over trying to understand. But she glowed a little in the comfortable sense of Henry's thrift. . . . A new car stood in the barn. Henry bought it last week. He would have his licence tomorrow.

She got up and went over to the improvised garage and opened the door. The new car glimmered at her in the dusk. It was not a cheap thing. Henry had waited—he had walked twice a day so as to afford a decent one. She moved over to it and opened the door. She liked the smooth sense of weight the heavy door gave her, and the shining glass and upholstered softness.

After a minute she stepped up into it. . . . Something white on the rug caught her eye, and she bent and picked it up—a small card covered with figures in Henry's fine, close hand. She turned it over—it was the card from the lining of his coat—it must have fallen from her dress as she bent over in stepping up into the car. . . . She examined it idly and wondered whether he had missed it. Lucky she found it! There were dates by the figures, the last one yesterday. . . . She leaned back in the comfortable upholstered seat wondering a little what Henry had been doing with money yesterday—Sunday. . . . The springs and padded cushions gave her a sense of well-being, and slowly her eyes closed. . . .

When she opened them she started and smiled. Henry stood holding the door, his foot on the running-board.

She rubbed her eyes.

He laughed and climbed in beside her.

"Caught in the act!"

"I went to sleep," she admitted. She was half ashamed.

"Pretty nice place to sleep—pretty comfortable car!" He laughed again and put his arm along the back of the seat and drew her to him. She rested against him. She knew Henry was pleased. She wondered how long she had slept. She must go in and get luncheon.

"What time is it?"

"Early—I came home a little after twelve."

"I must get luncheon."

He did not reply—he was staring at something on her lap—he reached a stiff hand, his lips half set.

She looked down at the card and picked it up.

"I found it in your coat." She held it out.

He took it almost roughly. "It was not there this morning," he said.

She looked out at the clothes flapping in the wind.

"Did you need it this morning?"

"I got along." The tone was casual.

"It was in the lining, slipped down—your Sunday coat." Her dark face was drowsy with sleep. She regarded him happily.

He bent and kissed the half-parted lips. "Glad you found it, Janet!" He put the card in his pocket. He was smiling now—wholly at ease. "Suppose I drive down and get the children—bring them home?" He stepped on to the running-board.

"You can't—without a licence!"

He laughed and patted his pocket.

"Did you get it?" Her face glowed.

"I got it!" He was proud and contented—master of her, and of the car, and of all the highways of the State of Ohio.

The rest of the day was filled with excitement—momentous trying out of the car—fear of Henry's driving and pride in it. He was a hero in the eyes of his family—no one ever drove a car before.

It was not till Janet was falling asleep that she recalled the card as it lay in her lap. She saw Henry's face looking down at it, and the last date beside the figures. It was stamped on her brain—the fifteenth. That was yesterday, she thought drowsily. What had Henry been doing with money yesterday—on Sunday? Oh, yes, of course! The question laughed itself away—the collections in church and Sunday-school. No rest for him even on Sundays. . . . She must remember to mend the hole in his pocket. And she fell asleep.

And beside her Henry Seymour lay looking before him in the darkness. He knew he should not sleep for hours. He put out an arm and encircled the quiet shoulders. He wanted to feel her nearness.

There had been an awkward moment there in the garage. He drew a deep breath—she was not likely to guess! His arm on the shoulders tightened. No one could guess, and Janet would be the last. More likely Colonel Dole—or Tait! No; Dole was a fool. But Ambrose Tait? There was a Sunday morning last summer when he had leaned forward peering at the money on the plate as if he could not believe his eyes. But Tait could not question the Teller of the City National Bank. In the darkness Henry's mouth set in a little grim line of satisfaction. He had not played

## CONSCIENCE MONEY

the game for fifteen years for nothing—or to be caught now!

He lay with the grim look on his face. Let them get a better man—if they could! He knew, and they knew, what his name stood for. There would be a good many empty pews in St. Andrew's next Sunday morning if it were not for Henry Seymour, erect and unimpeachable, on the left of the middle aisle. The figures on the little card were only a percentage—on his name and time. The percentage would have to stop—ought to have stopped long ago. They had not needed it for years now—the little fiddling sums each week—only he'd got the habit! He smiled in the darkness. That was it—just a bad habit! Well, he'd get the habit of paying back, that was what he had kept the card for—it held a record of every cent he had "borrowed." Fool not to have looked in the lining this morning when he searched hurriedly.

But she had not guessed. He drew the sleeping shoulder closer. His lips touched her hair. There was nothing in the world he would not do for Janet. He would sell his soul for her—he wondered how much his soul was worth! He was sleepy now, his mind at rest. He would begin to pay back Sunday.

"Amen!" he said aloud. She stirred dreamily.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Nothing."

"I thought I heard you speak."

"No. You dreamed it, I guess."

"Perhaps I did." She smiled and slept again, her head on his shoulder.

### II

It was when she was mending the hole in the pocket next day that she first knew—became sure. She stared at it unbelieving.

She could not have told how or when the suspicion touched her, it seemed to her she knew it all in a minute.

Perhaps in the hours of sleep while Henry Seymour was explaining so carefully to himself that it was only a percentage, perhaps then it filtered through to her.

But of this Janet had no glimpse, only the sudden, final pang when she knew.

There might have been a dozen suspicions ignored in the past . . . she could not tell, she only felt as if the fatal card had burned a hole down through the lining of Henry's coat into her own soul.

She put her hands to her head, pushing back the hair, staring at something. She saw herself the first year they were married—she was wearing a new costume and a new hat—Easter morning. She stood by the vestry door waiting for Henry while he counted the money on the plate. He took up a handful and put in his pocket and turned. How he had laughed out suddenly—high and shrill—not a bit like Henry's laugh. But she had no suspicion, and no suspicion when he laid a crackling new bill on the plate and explained that he was making change. She shivered now, looking blankly at the coat in her lap. He had given her some of the change next morning to pay the laundress he insisted on her having. Of course, that was why he needed change—to leave for the laundress. He explained it casually when he handed her the money. He need not have explained.

She put the coat from her as if it scorched her. Thief and hypocrite!

She could have loved a thief—a man who took his own where he found it and stood up to it. But superintendent of the Sunday-school, treasurer of the church. . . . She felt a little sick, and her hands were cold.

Her dark, smooth face as she sat staring before her had something countrified and humble in its dazed look. It had been considered a step up in the world for Henry Seymour when he married her—she knew that. But for herself she had never had any pride. Her pride was all in her husband, making his way unaided—pride in him and in the children who had such a father.

A dozen confirmations of her fear rushed in on her. How had she been so blind? She covered her eyes. The church would have to know—everybody would know. She shivered.

If she could earn money—save money—put it in the collection plate each Sunday! What could she save or earn? How much did the figures on the card come to? She tried to think, but her head ached. If she put money in the plate every Sunday Henry would be taking—

She threw the thought from her and stood up. It sickened her—all those men in black coats and the women in Easter hats, looking at the minister quiet and still in the stained-glass light! Henry's face at the end of the pew reticent and grave.

A horn was sounding from the back of the house. She put her hands quickly to her ears. Then she took them down. She went

## THE QUIVER

to the screen door and looked out. The new car was coming out of the garage—Henry at the wheel, his face eager in his new toy.

She saw the bees circling about the peach trees. Henry was tooting the horn and smiling at her. She felt suddenly very lonely. How did people pray—not merely mumble, but *pray*—when they needed to?

She turned back into the room.

### III

HE called to her at the side door, then he honked and waited, and called again. He prolonged the call, making it pulse a little. He liked the sense of his new voice—his finger on a valve honking gently. A sense of extended power ran from the honk up into his arms and down into his legs. He could run and not be weary, walk and not faint—with a six-cylinder attachment! He smiled at the thought—the familiar words made a kind of chant in his mind. Run and not be weary, walk and not faint.

He leaned back in the car and honked gently and persistently. Power came to a man like that! Saving, and pinching, and hard work—watching it grow—the beginning of power. Men ceasing to ignore him, ceasing to snub him, deferring to him—afraid! His finger on the button sent out a shrill call. He opened its throat and called for Janet.

She came to the window and looked out through the curtain.

"Ready?" he called happily.

She shook her head. "I don't think I will go, Henry."

"Not go!" He opened the door of the car and sprang out. His feet in their thin shoes struck the steps lightly as he came up. Her eyes followed them—every detail of his neat, trim figure.

She turned, shrinking a little, as he came in the door.

"What's up?" he demanded.

"I am busy—dozens of things to do!" She faltered at his look as if she were the guilty one.

"Leave them!" His tone was expansive and tender. He came over to her, but she drifted from the window, and the table came between. He halted.

"Come on!" he said coaxingly. "We'll just make it—pick up the children and go for a spin!"

But she shook her head. "I'd rather not, Harry. I'd really rather not." She had not

called him Harry for years, and a little look of pity touched the name, but he ignored it.

"What's the matter?" he asked. He studied her face.

"I have to mend your coat, for one thing." She hurried on breathless. Why had she mentioned the coat? "And I went yesterday, you know, for a long drive—all the afternoon."

"It takes away all my pleasure not to have you with me."

"Yes, I know." A little sigh escaped her.

"Please, Henry!" She spread out her hands.

"Oh, all right!" He turned away. He did not offer to come round the table to touch her, and a breath of relief crossed her face.

He looked back from the door.

"I'll get the children—take 'em a little way and then come back. It's no fun without you!"

She smiled wanly. She hoped the strained lines in her face did not show. She suspected she was grimacing, and she knew she was trembling all through. She heard him get in and slam the door—the rich, heavy slam of the well-built door—and she listened for the noiseless, smooth-rolling wheels as the car slid away. She sank to her knees by the table, crouching a little and holding on . . . down the street she heard the faintly calling horn—the Sunday-school superintendent's new car signalling someone to get out of the way.

She brought the coat to the window and pulled up the lining of the pocket and threaded her needle. Her mouth was set in a stern line.

She was not clever—like some women. All she could think and feel was that she would not touch the money—she would never touch it! But the children must have things. They must have clothes and schooling, such as other children had. Why did she mind so fiercely for the children?

They were *his* children.

The hands on the coat gripped it. He was as close to her as that! *Her* children shared the Seymour blood, and now they were sharing the blood-money! She laughed hysterically. She gathered up the coat in her hands. Was she going crazy?

She went to her room and hung up the coat and washed her hands, rubbing them hard with soap and using the brush harshly on them. Suppose she took the children away? Would the law let her have the children? Was there any law about children

## CONSCIENCE MONEY

and hypocrites? If you shrink from a man's soul more than his body—is there any law about that?

Her hands shook. She rinsed them carefully, and dried them and hung up the towel. She would have to tell. Everyone would know the taint in their blood.

She heard the children's voices in the yard. She went down hastily.

They came running in, breathless and excited.

"He wouldn't go but just a little way. He said it's no fun without you, mother. Come on, mother, go and get your hat and come on. Just a little way. Oh, please do!"

She quieted them and set them to helping her get supper.

How was she to face to-morrow, and the next day? She saw that the car would come between her and the children.

At supper she saw Henry watching her covertly, but she would not let him guess that she knew. She must not let him guess. That would bring him close to her in spirit—she would never let him come near again—she fought against it. She would not share his shame with him.

After supper, when the children had finished their lessons, she sent them to bed. She was very tired and longed to go herself, but after an instant's hesitation she went out and sat on the porch.

Henry had been drifting restlessly about the house. Now she heard the clink of tools in the garage. She watched a flashlight twinkle. He was doing something to the car.

He came in at last and washed his hands, and sat on the lower step, pushing back his hair.

"Warm work," he said.

"Yes, there is always a good deal to do on a car, isn't there?" Her tone was cool and even.

"Quite a lot. To-morrow I've got the day off, and we're going by ourselves—just you and me, the two of us."

"Oh, I can't!"

He turned a little on the step.

"Too busy, I suppose?" There was a hint of hardness in his voice—a note she had never heard in it before.

"It isn't just that. I find I don't care for the car—I don't enjoy it as I expected to."

There was silence a minute.

"Then I shall sell it."

"Very well, perhaps it would be best."

He stared at her, up through the dusk towards her.

"You mean that?"

"If you do—yes."

He was quiet a minute.

"You're afraid of my driving. You don't trust my driving, that's it!"

Her heart leaped. Here was the way opened to her.

"Perhaps it is that," she said thoughtfully, "that I don't quite trust—your driving."

After a moment he laughed contemptuously.

"Any grocer's boy can drive," he said.

She did not reply. And they sat in silence. After a time he got up and went towards the garage. A moon shone just above the peach trees, and the yard glimmered faintly. The figure crossing the yard seemed to move unsteadily and the bent shoulders stooped and wavered. The door of the garage rolled together with a dull thud.

### IV

IN his office at the bank Henry Seymour sat making listless marks on a piece of paper. They were not investments nor computations, just meaningless, idle marks while his brain wrestled.

He saw her there on the porch with the moon touching her faintly. What had brought that look to her face? She had never criticized him, even in little things. The hand making the listless marks trembled. She trusted him with everything, even to buying her clothes and selecting her hats. The thin mouth smiled. He saw Janet, and the waiting look turned to him in the milliner's shop, and the milliner's frank amusement.

That first time—that Easter hat. The marks went more slowly. He wanted her to have it, and he "borrowed" the money next day—Easter Sunday. He meant to put it back, but she needed things, and the children. And he "borrowed" again. He had done it with his eyes open. The bent shoulders shrugged a little. Other men borrowed—to go to college, to start business, to build a house. Well, he had borrowed money to make his wife happy—and by God he'd done it—till this thing happened! What had happened—what was the matter? His lips contracted with thought.

He figured a minute on the pad.

He looked at it thoughtfully.



“Every Sunday for more than fifteen years money has been taken from the collection plate of St. Andrew’s Church”—p. 1135





*Drawn by  
Sydney Seymour Lucas*

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He would begin to pay next week. He must not put too much back at any one time—he must be careful.

He turned over various plans. A subscription to the Medical Mission—a good, big one that everyone would know about, talk about. His shoulders expanded subtly as he figured.

He shook his head. Janet would have to know about that, and he could never persuade her to endow a hospital when her own children might need a doctor. Janet was a fierce mother. His eyes smiled, then they remembered, and questioned. What was the trouble? He must find out—he would *make* her tell him. He was master yet. He had never failed to get his will. His shoulders straightened. He returned to his figures.

He dallied with the idea of putting in a stained-glass window—in memory of his mother. The look in his eyes narrowed. He saw his mother, a small, thin woman, weak and afraid; he heard her petty lies to the neighbours—white lies! He saw the light from the window falling on Janet's face, and on his own hair growing whiter with the years—a respectable old age in the pew in St. Andrew's Church.

His hand shook, and he tried to work it all over into stained-glass.

### V

**A**FTER a few days it came to be understood that the new car was not ready to use. It needed something done to it before he could take them out.

When they besought him to hurry he only nodded vaguely. The smug serenity of his face was broken up; he went about gazing furtively at Janet, and at the children, and at the directors of the bank.

The first time Janet found the puzzled, broken look fixed on her she turned away hastily.

One of the children developed a cough, and she moved to the child's room to take care of her.

He wondered whether Caroline's cough was really very bad. He wakened in the night once or twice and heard it, and heard Janet's soothing voice.

Yes, of course it was the cough—it was quite croupy. He went to sleep comforted. But in the morning he was not so sure.

Janet's glance never rested on him. She was busy with the children. And when he came from the bank she was sewing or

reading. He was thirsty for one of the long, slow glances from her dark eyes, that had built up his life—the foundation stones on which his home rested—that trustful look in Janet's eyes. His own shifted in furtive distress.

He shivered in his loneliness and tried to draw nearer to her. There seemed to be a thin wall of ice that lay between them. He could see her through it and hear her voice, but he could not touch her.

And curiously not for a minute did he suspect that she had surprised his secret. He had been safe so long that he had lost all sense of fear towards it—he could not conceive of her knowing his secret.

On the following Sunday he slipped a generous contribution into the plate before he deposited it on the table in front of the altar. Then he turned with his slow, soft, discreet step to the pew on the left of the middle aisle.

Janet, sitting with downcast eyes, did not look up as he approached, and when he sat down he did not feel the little filaments of love and pride reach out and surround him.

He was very lonely as he bowed his head on the pew-rail in front and listened to the blessing invoked on the offering of the day.

The next week he managed to make a small return to the bank. He had kept the way open, and the discrepancy was not discovered. He would be able to pay back all his "loans" like this a little at a time. His investments had prospered beyond his most hopeful expectation, and he devoted himself with a kind of grim intensity to paying off. He ever developed a kind of zest in devising ways in which he might do right without being found out.

He thought with his little grim smile that paying took more skill sometimes than borrowing. His thin keen face grew watchful.

On the fourth Sunday when alone in the vestry he bent to the collection plate, stacking silver and copper in neat piles and smoothing crumpled notes, he received a shock.

Among the little scattered brown envelopes containing weekly offerings he opened one and took out the contents.

His near-sighted glasses bent closer.

A little label was folded round the notes and marked "Conscience Money."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead and replaced the handkerchief. His fingers trembled.

They opened the notes slowly and counted

## CONSCIENCE MONEY

them—five pounds, and in the bottom of the envelope three loose shillings.

He shook out the shillings and stacked them with the others and threw the envelope aside.

After a minute he picked it up and put it with the slip of paper in his pocket. His lips moistened themselves slowly.

A sudden glow of relief spread through him—he was not alone in the world. Someone else in the church was a sinner—like himself.

He sat staring at it; his head fell forward to the table where the money lay untouched. He drew a long breath. He had not guessed how lonely he had been.

His heart went out to this other man—groping. He gathered up the money and put it away, and took his hat from the table.

In the vestibule he met Colonel Dole and stopped to speak to him—his eyes did not shirk or shift away. It might be the colonel who was lonely—as lonely as he was. He went home with slow, thoughtful step.

Passing the Catholic church he looked up, then he hurried with swift feet. He had a sudden vision of himself entering the high door and passing into the incense-laden air, straight up to one of those narrow confessional boxes. There with his lips to the opening he would. . . .

### VI

THE next Sunday he watched with quick veiled glance each envelope laid on the plate as he passed it into the pews and received it again in circumspect hands. He felt sure the money with the label would be paid in more than once; it would be easy to detect what hand dropped the envelope on the plate if he watched carefully.

Yes, it was there when with almost feverish hands he opened the envelopes. The inscription lay before him:

"Conscience Money," printed in small, neat letters.

He could not be sure. Where had it come from? Somewhere there on the middle aisle. That was the important part of the church. He ran them over in his mind. All the pillars were in the middle aisle.

He scanned the inscription and put it in his pocket with the other. It comforted him to feel it there. His loneliness hurt less. Whoever the man was who had put the money in the plate he was less lonely for the man.

His thought ran to other men who did wrong. He began to search out the words of Christ for them. There was the parable of the Prodigal Son. Why his father made a feast for him!

He rather liked the Prodigal Son. He read it over several times. He grew to watching men who came to the bank, and when old Simon Foster asked a loan of thirty days he granted it. He knew old Foster was not quite straight—he would have turned it down a month ago. Now he protected the bank, but he made the loan.

He had a sense that the furtive look left the man's eyes when he told him the bank would accept his note. His shoulders straightened a little. Henry Seymour, looking at him with half-hungry eyes, had a feeling of rejoicing. The fellow would make good! They would show Ambrose Tait with his cast-iron goodness a thing or two!

"Remember," he said as the man was leaving the room, "we're taking a risk on you and stretching a point on that extra hundred."

The man turned and looked at him.

"I shall make good," he said. "At the door he looked back. "You needn't be afraid," he nodded.

And Henry Seymour sat looking at the closed door. There was a little tightening at his throat. He went into the vault and brought out a ledger and made a brief entry. Then he stepped out of range of the grilled window and made a transfer of notes to an envelope, and carried the envelope and ledger back to the vault. No one would ever trace it!

He came out with his head held high. It was his last payment. He would never be found out.

### VII

AND each Sunday he watched the plate for the tell-tale envelope. The first glimmer of the truth that flashed to him left him speechless.

All that week as she went about her duties, quiet and controlled, his eyes followed her. Janet was paying conscience money! The irony of it scorned him.

Then the next Sunday he knew to a certainty.

He sat a long time in the vestry, the money spread on the table before him. Through the window came the sound of a street car clanging by. What had Janet done?

## THE QUIVER

"Conscience Money"—in secret!

He counted the notes slowly, his fingers trembling.

What had Janet needed money for—more money than he could give her? The question wrenched him with a pang. He had sold his soul—such as it was—and it was not enough.

But it must have been earlier—before they were married. He drew a breath. He saw her dark face and trustful eyes looking at him—Janet when he first knew her. His heart gathered her up and shielded her—she must never know he had guessed.

He put the "conscience money" back in the brown envelope and tucked it in his pocket, placing an equivalent in the plate.

As he walked home he blessed the good fortune that made him treasurer of the church funds. Suppose some other man were in his place? He saw again her gentleness, the dark eyes with their quiet look; he could not let her be lonely.

All that week he gave no thought to the money he had taken; his thought was centred on Janet, to make her less unhappy. He gave her a larger allowance, and she took it without comment.

The next Sunday the conscience envelope contained it all. He put it into the collection with grim look.

If it had eased the trouble in her face he would not have begrudged it, but she seemed only to withdraw more into herself, and he could not follow her.

Then suddenly the thought came to him. Suppose he told her—let her know that he understood? Told her everything. No, he could not do that. He saw her look of withdrawal change to loathing. Whatever Janet had done she had not stolen from the Lord—trust money! He could not bear that look of hers. But if it made her less lonely?

It was in the vestry the thought came to him. He had taken the money from the envelope and was counting it, and suddenly Janet's face came between him and the notes in his hand—to make her less lonely. He stopped counting.

He sat a long time looking at it. He saw his sin in Janet's eyes, as they would look when he told her. For the first time he knew it as sin—it grew a hideous thing in its smallness. He had betrayed his trust, and he must tell Janet. So sin was like this! And Janet suffered like this! She despised herself, and she was alone with herself, despising herself!

When he came in she looked up—the first time in weeks it seemed to him—only a flitting glance. But he saw deep into her eyes—the horror and suffering there—before she turned away. Every breath of his body belonged to her; they might break his bones and he would not cry out if it saved her a pang. He would give his naked soul for her.

After dinner he asked her timidly to go for a walk. She hesitated, and then got her hat. There was no excuse she could give, and it seemed a relief to get away from the house for a few hours. The house was so full of memories that had turned to bitterness. The hill-sides would be clean.

She came down looking almost care-free, and he glanced at her happily. The furtive look left his eyes, they were only alert to protect her. He took a book she carried in her hand.

"I thought we might like to read," she said.

"Yes." He understood. She was too burdened to talk; it would be easier to read. He longed to surround her and lift her—carry her spirit in his heart.

They passed out of a gate at the rear of the house. The closed door of the garage might have drawn their gaze as they passed, but they did not glance towards it, yet each knew that the other was thinking of the shining car shut away in the dimness.

"Want to go Willow-brook way?" he asked, as they passed into a vacant lot.

She assented, and they struck across another field that led to a lane, and came out by a brook edged with willows.

They climbed the slope from its bank and turned looking back to the town. The roofs showed among the trees, and the church spire above them lifted a pointing finger. After a minute she turned away. The birds were migrating. A flock of warblers flitted in the willows.

He made a place for her to sit at the foot of a birch tree, and threw himself on the ground near her. She leaned back against the smooth trunk, her eyes closed and her hands listless in her lap.

Looking up under half-lifted lids he saw the worn face—its look of loneliness and gentle pain.

He reached his hand to the book and opened it. Presently he began to read.

It was a collection of essays on human behaviour and life. As he read on in his smooth, well-modulated voice the quiet about them deepened.

## CONSCIENCE MONEY

Suddenly he stopped and thrust the book from him.

"What does he know about life?" he said. "What do men like that know?"

Her eyes opened, startled.

"What is it, Harry?"

"That!" He touched the book. "How can he know what we need, or don't need, or what men will do—for love?" His voice sank. His eyes were on her hungrily.

She looked away hastily and shivered.

His eyes looked up to her face. "You can do anything you like with me, Janet," he said low. "I belong to you body and soul. You know that."

"Yes." She stirred a little.

"We do not need to speak—tell each other anything. But I *want* to tell you something, because I just love you and want to."

She caught her breath. She did not look at him.

"It's been a long time——" His voice was low, but he spoke the words clearly. "I thought we needed money. I've been taking it right along—years." He swallowed a little. "It isn't just the money—I've stolen it from the collection plate every Sunday for years." There was a long silence. He did not dare look up at her face looking down at him. "I never meant you to know. But now I want you to know, I want to tell you everything." He reached out and touched her hand.

"It isn't what we are or what we do, Janet. It is what we are determined to do, and what we will to be. . . ." He waited a minute. A warbler flitted in the leaves and sang. "I don't want to excuse it. I've been thinking my way back, wondering how I came to it. It's never seemed so very bad, what I've been doing—till just lately." She did not turn her eyes, but her lip trembled. He looked at it and looked away quickly. "Don't you know—don't you know that I am all alone and I want to be close to you?" He put up his hands and she took them, dazed.

His face was on her lap, her hand touched his hair. She stroked it a minute. The bird singing in the willows stopped and then went on.

She listened to it, her eyes shining.

She felt his lips touch her hand. The lips that had confessed. She bent to him.

He looked up into her eyes and smiled—like a boy.

"You don't need to say anything, Janet, or tell me anything. Just love me—just keep on loving me—now that you know."

"But I knew before you told me," she said low, "and I have been alone too."

He drew her face down to his. "I've learned a lot of things I never knew!" He waited a minute and released her, looking before him.

"I want to tell the vestry, Janet."

She sat looking before her, the radiance in her face was dimmed. She was seeing Henry Seymour. She drew a quick breath.

"Yes, we must tell them," she said.

### VIII

THE vestry sat waiting with expectant faces. Henry Seymour had asked them to come together at eight o'clock. He had something to bring before them.

They knew it would be worth while. Henry Seymour would not waste their time. It was a little odd, though, his summoning them for a special meeting.

They looked to the door. It opened quietly, and Janet Seymour came in. Her husband followed her and closed the door. As she came towards the table the men about it rose.

"My wife would like to be present at the meeting," said Henry Seymour, coming forward. His face was quiet and grave.

They bowed, and someone placed a chair for her. She sat where the light fell on her face. It was turned to her husband.

He did not sit down, but stood waiting till the little bustle of their entrance subsided.

"I have a matter to bring before you that will tax your utmost charity and your wisdom," he said slowly. The group stirred. Their faces became impenetrable.

"There has been for years a great wrong going on, of which no one but myself has known." He paused. Little drops stood on his forehead. He lifted his glance to the men about the table.

"Every Sunday for more than fifteen years money has been taken from the collection plate of St. Andrew's Church."

A man looked up sharply. It was Ambrose Tait. He stroked his chin thoughtfully.

Colonel Dole's fine, shrewd face wore a little puzzled line between the eyes. It wrestled with this unbelievable statement of the treasurer of St. Andrew's.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I am the man."

There was silence. The eyes of twelve men were fixed on the shining mahogany

## THE QUIVER

table. If they looked up they might meet the glance of Henry Seymour's wife.

They could not guess its shining radiance.

He looked at her with a little grave smile.

"The money will, of course, be refunded. I have already begun, and I have an exact accounting." He drew a paper from his pocket and read from it the added amounts for the fifteen years. He laid the paper on the table.

"I shall leave this with you. The question of the money you do not need to deal with. The matter I bring before you is what must be done in addition—what in your judgment should be exacted of a man who has abused your trust and the trust of the church you represent."

He waited. There was silence about the table.

"Perhaps you would like to appoint a committee to consider the matter," he said after a minute.

Ambrose Tait rose to his feet. "I think the vestry should have a few more facts," he said drily. "Why you took the money and so on. There may be extenuating circumstances." He glanced half apologetically at Janet Seymour, and sat down.

A breath went through the room.

Henry Seymour straightened his shoulders.

"There are no extenuating facts," he said. "I took the money because I wanted to get on in the world, and to make my wife happy."

A faint clear colour came to her cheeks. But her eyes were shining. One man after another looking up was startled at the light in them.

"She is proud of him!" they thought swiftly.

Colonel Dole cleared his throat softly. He looked up at Henry Seymour.

"What I am wondering, Henry, is why you're telling us now—after these fifteen years. You could have paid it back and nobody known."

Henry Seymour dropped a look to him.

He stood a moment. Then he lifted his head and began the recital of what he had done, and how he had tried to evade the issue.

The men about the table became conscious that he was laying bare his heart to them. He was speaking of things that men only think of at night in the darkness, and hope other men will not know.

Yet the recital was simple, almost matter-of-fact in detail.

A sense of freedom was in the room. The men seemed to breathe more easily. Janet Seymour, praying inaudibly, felt with a glow of pride that they had ceased to judge her husband. A look of humbleness had come to their listening faces. He was telling of his loneliness and of the understanding that comes to a man.

"I thought of a medical mission," he said with a faint smile, "or giving a stained-glass window to the church."

"That was before I understood what I had done," he added simply. His voice dropped a note.

Someone got to his feet. It was Colonel Dole, his thin, fine face turned to them.

"I've known Henry, man and boy, for thirty years," he said slowly. "But I feel as if I knew a new Henry to-night—there's a new man born. It's come to me while he's been talking that what we've come together for is not to judge the old Henry Seymour, but just to be here awhile with the new one. I'd like to do something that when we look at it will remind us how we've known him to-night. I don't know why Henry shouldn't give us a stained-glass window—a memorial window if you call it that. Those of us here round the table will know what it stands for, and the rest of the church will just see the beauty shining through." He sat down.

There was a quick movement of men. Someone grasped Henry Seymour's hand. His wife watched their faces while they spoke with him. They did not judge him—these men. The vestry of St. Andrew's saw what she saw.

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I am offering One Guinea for the best opinion on the stories in this Number. Just write a post card to The Editor, The "Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4, saying just what you think of "Conscience Money" and the other stories in this issue, and post before October 31.





Queen Nefertiti, Wife of Akhnaton

*By permission of the "Manchester Guardian."*

# WOMEN IN ANCIENT EGYPT

By  
Mrs. Fenwick Miller

When the long-lost secret of their system of writing and their language was re-discovered, just 100 years ago, very numerous records were made available, and the life and thoughts of those long-gone people became clear.

Vacant wonder over the hieroglyphics was transformed into sympathy and admiration, as it was found that in many respects—amongst them in regard to the position of women—those people of thousands of years ago were nearer to us in their ideas and their customs than the other great nations, Persia, Greece, Rome, that have risen, flourished and decayed in the intervening centuries.

## On Equal Terms with Men

Far nearer the Christendom of to-day was the position of the Ancient Egyptian women than was that of the women of old Rome or Greece. There was no idea in Ancient Egypt of secluding women in their own homes and confining their interests to one department of life. As Professor Maspero, a great authority, truly says: "The Egyptian woman had a large share, not only in the government of the family, but also in religious ceremonies, and in the affairs of the exterior world. The records of the monuments show her to have been as actively concerned in the affairs of her day as her father, her husband and her son."

On the monuments we see depicted scenes of social life in which men and women meet on equal terms. The lord and lady are side by side receiving their guests. At feasts ladies and gentlemen are both seated. The nobleman goes out fishing or fowling in the Nile, and his wife, and perhaps his daughters, are with him. Nowhere, except to war, did the Ancient Egyptian gentlemen go unaccompanied by the women of their

**I**N the variegated robe, woven for the wear of woman's soul throughout the centuries, of which the woof is law and the warp is custom, there is no more brilliant portion than that in which the women of Ancient Egypt appear. In other words, the Egyptian women of old enjoyed a position of freedom, usefulness and happiness, unequalled in the world until we come to the great Christian nations of to-day, Britain and America.

The glory of Egypt, the cradle of all the arts, extends over more than four thousand years B.C. The earliest remaining records (which show civilization already fully developed) are dated quite those thousands of years ago, and the political and religious national life of Egypt continued until its complete absorption by Rome some 300 to 400 years A.D., making fully 5,000 years of consecutive history.

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families. During a great part of their history there is no trace of polygamy. There is always the one wife, her husband's companion, and the honoured mistress of his home.

For the women of the people life was also unrestricted and varied. The working women are seen, in pictures on the walls of tomb chambers, engaged in many occupations; they are spinning, weaving, basket-making, bread-making, and going to market with the produce of their farm, a brace of birds in one hand and a basket of vegetables supported by the other hand on the head.

together, often in attitudes of special friendship and affection, her arm passed through his or round his waist. In one of the oldest tombs discovered (date about 4000 B.C. probably) were found seated side by side, as they had been in life, and in the thousands of years of darkness and silence, the full-size statues of General Rahotep and his wife, the Lady Nefert, painted like life. Serenely they looked upon the intruders into their tomb, with eyes made of shining ivory and pupils of quartz, so life-like that the Arab workmen, who first crawled in through the opening cut, rushed out again in terror,



Intimate Accessories for Personal Use

- A group of combs, razors, tweezers, and vases for holding kohl, made of porcelain, wood, glass, alabaster and stone. Ivory case for holding kohl or stibium in shape of Baal or Typhon standing on the base of a lotus flower (No. 3, bottom row). Double wooden cylinder for holding kohl or stibium inscribed with the names of Amenophis III and Teta-XVIIIth Dynasty (No. 5, bottom row). Porcelain cylinder inscribed with the name of Amenemhat and the Queen Ankhesenamun—XVIIIth Dynasty (No. 7, bottom row). Glass case for holding kohl or stibium shape of a papyrus sceptre or column (No. 8, bottom row).

At the ladies' full-dress parties female servants wait upon them prettily and graciously. There are professional women musicians playing on the harp and other instruments, singers, acrobats and dancers to entertain the company; and all seem willing and happy in doing their accepted tasks. Amongst the household servants, especially amusing is a little, pert, smart figure, called "the messenger girl of the house," seen on several monuments, who was evidently similar to the page boy of today, both in duties and disposition.

Everywhere in the monumental pictures of the upper classes husband and wife are

declaring that there were living people within. At every period thereafter there were set up, and yet remain for us to see, statues or tablets, sculptured for the tomb, emphasizing sometimes the equal status of husband and wife, sometimes reverence paid to the woman alone, by the relatives who survived.

Sometimes even the balance dips to show the woman as of the greater importance. It is very frequently found—not occasionally, but almost habitually—that a man's descent on his father's side is unmentioned; he is only "the son of the Lady So-and-so." A title is frequently given to



**The Queen ascends to her Couch**

A reconstruction of a scene in ancient Egypt. The Queen, honoured by all, and free from the restrictions so common in the East, is attended by her women servants as she mounts her couch or throne in the Palace.

## THE QUIVER

the great ladies, whose exact significance is not understood, but evidently it is of special importance, probably meaning that she was the heiress of her family; the title is "The Lady of the House." Some of the grandees tell us, rather strangely to our ideas, "I loved my father, I honoured my mother," or "I was beloved by my father, and praised by my mother."

Nevertheless, the proper relationship of father and son was not interrupted; the son recognized the duty of maintaining his father's honour, both by his own conduct during life and by fulfilling all the funeral rites, and endowing his father's tomb both with ceremonies and with offerings, by which the pious son "made the name of his father to live." Several inscriptions exist in which the son assures us that he has fulfilled all his filial duties to the dear memory of his father.

Among the numerous documents found in tombs and ruined cities are wills by husbands bequeathing property to their wives in affectionate terms. There is a pathetic letter extant written by a widower to the "wise spirit" of his deceased wife and placed by him in her tomb for her perusal. He has been told by a magician that her spirit causes the melancholy from which he suffers, and he appeals to her to relieve him for the sake of their past happy unity. He says:

"What evil have I ever done to thee? From the time when I became thy husband, have I done anything which I had to hide from thee? Thou didst become my wife when I was young, and thou wast with me. I did not forsake thee or cause thy heart any sorrow. I was appointed to all manner of offices, and thou wast with me. When I commanded the chariot and the foot



Egyptian Lady wearing a Long Wig



An Ivory Head-rest

An early example (XIIth Dynasty).

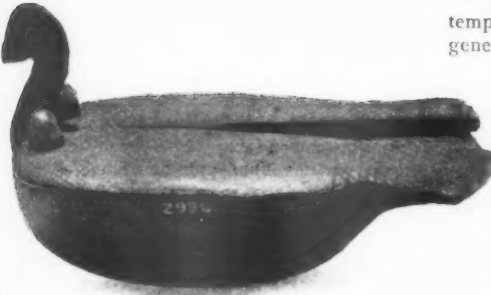
forces of Pharaoh, I did cause thee to come that they might bow before thee. When thou wast ill with the sickness that killed thee, I went to the chief physician and did everything that he said thou shouldst do . . . and I greatly mourned for thee with my people before my house."

The inference from the mention of the mother's name alone in ancestry is obviously that she transmitted to her son the wealth and titles of her own family; and Egyptologists hold this to be correct, as regards not only ordinary property, but the crown also. The heiress to the throne was married usually to a prince of her own house, who took upon himself the detailed duties of the ruler. But again and again it is unquestionable that the great Pharaoh owed his position on the throne to his marriage with the heiress, to whom by right it belonged. Indeed, one of the most learned and reliable of Egyptologists, Professor Flinders Petrie, says: "It is very doubtful if a king could reign except as the husband of the heiress of the kingdom, the right to which descended in the female line, like other property."

The gorgeous titles of the queens resound from their monuments and mummy-cases. They are: "Royal Wife," "Royal Mother," "Great Mistress of the Two Lands," "Chief of all Women," "Priestess of the Gods," and even, in not one but several cases, "She Whose Orders are Always Obeyed."

Many of the women placed in this posi-

## WOMEN IN ANCIENT EGYPT



A Bird-shaped Toilet Box

tion of authority were able to make a special mark on their country's history. Great souls were believed ultimately to be absorbed into the society of the gods, and as such were worshipped by the descendants of the generation of the people whom they had served. One of the queens of the Pyramid period (about 4000 B.C.) was long thus worshipped, we know not why. But in the case of the great Queen Aahmes we can see the reason: she undoubtedly inspired her husband and her sons to the successful rising which drove out of Egypt (about 1600 B.C.) the usurping line of foreign kings, the Hyksos. Her mummy has been found, and it was enclosed in the largest and most splendid gold-overlaid case ever discovered, within which was a quantity of beautiful enamelled and precious-gemmed jewellery. Besides the objects of her personal adornment—a tiara, collars, chains, gold pendants, etc.—were the hatchet and daggers of her hero sons, Aahmes and Khames, inscribed with their names, as who should say: "Our hands wielded the weapons that wrought deliverance to our people, but the head and heart that inspired our arms lie here in our mother's tomb!"

Equally illustrious was her daughter and successor on the throne, Nefertiti, who apparently consolidated the freedom gained under her mother. When her husband died Queen Nefertiti did not resign her regal position. She associated her successor with her, but ruled to the end of her life. These two great queens are seen in several

temples to have been worshipped for many generations after their death. Rameses the Great, living 300 years after, is still to be seen depicted on a temple wall offering incense to the great memories of these two ancestresses; and even 600 years after their death homage is paid them on a temple wall at Karnak.

Nefertiti's great-granddaughter is the most brilliant of all the queens, and holds her own in history with the greatest Pharaohs. This monarch, Queen Hatshepsut, is unique in having occupied the throne alone. She was married, for she had two daughters, but her husband probably died young.

She wore the false beard that the Pharaohs assumed as part of a costume for certain occasions, and spoke of herself as His Majesty. Withal, her portraits show her to have been slender and feminine, and only the love that she inspired and the success of her entirely peaceful rule could have maintained her in her solitary position. She was a great builder, she developed the



Seated Side by Side in Friendship and Equality

A typical monument to a man and his wife, showing the honoured position of the woman in ancient Egypt.

## THE QUIVER

arts, and she extended the bounds of peaceful and prosperous trade for her people.

As we might expect from the far-reaching influence of the throne in all nations, lesser women also were associated with men in business and social life; were the heiresses of their families and held equal positions as priestesses and members of religious orders. There are two sets of tombs of great nobles, one at a place now called Beni-hassan and the other at Assiout, in which are inscribed outline autobiographies of their occupants, generation after generation.

### Women Rulers

In both places we learn that women were by right of birth able to govern the Nomes (districts), and transmitted their hereditary rights to their sons. Again and again the tablets of these great lords state that "the Pharaoh confirmed, *as was right*," the noble in "the offices of his mother's father." In one we read: "Saith Kheti, born of the Lady Sitre, the King himself and the Counts were gathered together for the burial of my (i.e. Kheti's) grandfather. His daughter ruled in Assiout, the worthy stock of her father, rejoicing in doing good to her city. The city was satisfied with that which she said. She ruled as lord until her son became strong-armed."

Conversely we are told that, "If a man prosper in life it makes the heart of the father of his mother rejoice." In fact, it is quite clear that this was considered to be the normal descent of title and character. They were very wise, those Ancient Egyptians, and we have only quite lately learned\* what they seem to have known 5,000 years ago, that the normal inheritance of qualities is to a man's grandson by his daughter, so that if we wish to perpetuate a certain type of character, inheritance should go through the daughter to her son, rather than from son to son. Yet our laws and customs still behave as though a daughter were not the child of her father, and titles and entailed estates pass away from a man's direct heirs to distant relatives because all his children are girls, and their children are not now, "as is

\*This has recently been proved in the poultry yard; and also there are various diseases in man known to pass through daughters unaffected themselves to reappear in their sons. Obviously noble qualities and great abilities will follow the same law of heredity.

right," "confirmed in the offices of their mother's father."

### Some Old Love Songs

That the happy relations were based upon free choice in marriage we must infer from the love songs that have been found in tombs, written upon papyri. Some of these are addressed by men to women, as most usual with ourselves; but in other songs it is clear that the woman addresses her love declaration to the man—as is very likely to be the case where women are largely the holders of property. Here are two or three of the men's love poems, some from a papyrus in the British Museum, and some from another at Turin:

The kisses of my beloved are on the other bank of the river;

A branch of the stream floweth between us, a crocodile lurketh on the sand-bank.

But I step down into the water, and plunge into the flood.

My courage is great against the waters; the waves are as solid ground under my feet.

Ah! love of her length me strength; she hath given me a spell against the waters.

The sweet one, sweet in love before all men.

The King's daughter who is sweet in love.

The fairest among women, a maid whose like none has seen.

Blacker is her hair than the darkness of the night.

Harder are her teeth than the edge of the sickle.

A wreath of flowers is each of her breasts.

Close nestling on her arms.

I am sick with love. I will retire to my recess and lay me down. My friends will come and bring the physician to my side.

With them will come my beloved, she can smile with scorn at the physician, for she alone knows why I am afflicted.

Now we will have two specimens of the women's love songs to men:

Love for thee pervadeth my inmost being.

As wine pervadeth water, as fragrance pervadeth resin.

As sap mingles itself with the branch.

And thou hasteneth to see thy beloved, as the steed rushes to the field of battle.

Thou beautiful one, my heart longeth to make ready for thee

As thy house mistress. My arm should rest in thy arm.

If thou shouldst turn away, dim would my heart say within me,

Beseeching, "my dear one is wanting to me this night,

And therefore am I like one in the grave!"

For art thou not to me health and life?

Thy coming filleth with joy and well-being

The heart that seeketh only thee.



# The Chinese Shawl

By  
GEORGETTE HEYER

MARY drew it out of its tissue-paper wrappings and allowed the heavy silken masses to unfold themselves, hanging from her fingers in soft-hued radiance.

"How lovely!" Janet gasped. "How wonderful!"

Mary shook it out so that it trailed upon the floor.

"Lovely? Oh, yes, and useless! If my aunt wanted to make me a present—heaven knows why she has elected to do so; it's an unexpected event—she might have sent me something that I could use. What on earth's the good of this?"

"But, Mary, it's so beautiful! It must have cost pounds and pounds."

"I'd rather have the money, then. This reminds me of a cartoon I once saw. The presents rich people send to their penniless relatives."

"I don't know how you can talk like that! It's so perfectly lovely!"

Mary laid it over the back of a chair.

"I wish you wouldn't harp on its loveliness. It's beautiful, I know. If I were in the habit of going to the opera, and if I had the sort of frock that would suit it, I should think it a topping present. As I'm a miserable little shorthand-typist living in rooms and possessing one ancient evening dress, I don't quite see the point of it. No doubt I'm ungrateful."

Janet picked up the shawl and examined the sprawling pattern with admiring eyes and caressing fingers.

"I suppose it is rather a silly present," she sighed. "Still—can't you do anything with it?"

"We might use it as a bedspread or a tablecloth," shrugged Mary.

Janet shrieked at this suggestion.

"Mary, you Goth!"

"Or I might sell it."

"You wouldn't!"

Mary looked at the shawl. It gave a bizarre air of affluence to the shabby room. It was indeed beautiful.

"I don't know. If I'm hard up I shall sell it at once. Now, I suppose, I must sit down and write an enthusiastic 'thank you letter' to Aunt Felicia. Come to think of it, it was rather catty and patronizing of her to send it to me when she knows I'm no longer in a position to wear such things."

Janet felt that this was an uncomfortable topic.

"She must be awfully rich," she remarked vaguely.

Mary had seated herself at the table and had drawn the inkstand towards her.

"She is; disgustingly so. She rather disgraced the family by marrying a jam-maker. Not that I blame her for that, if she liked him. She got such a surfeit of jam that it made her sour. That's a paradox. Do laugh."

"I don't see that it's particularly funny. I wonder she doesn't do something for you if she knows how badly off you are."

"She does," said Mary, beginning to write. "She sends me an embroidered shawl. As a matter of fact, she—very kindly—offered to give me a home when my father died."

"You don't mean to say you refused?" cried her friend.

"Of course I refused. I thought I'd see something of life on my own."

"Rich girls often think they'll like working for their living," said Janet, nodding.

"They soon find out what it's really like."

"I never had any illusions about it," answered Mary. "This is a very difficult letter to write. Fold the shawl up, Janet, and shove it in a drawer."

Janet obeyed her, but sighed.

"It does seem a shame to put it away."

"It would be a greater shame to leave it lying about to collect the dust," said the more practical Mary.

There was silence for a time while Mary chewed her pen, and Janet laid the shawl to rest in the depths of a drawer.

"Mary," said Janet at last, "I don't want

## THE QUIVER

to be inquisitive, but why do you never see any friends? You must have had quite a lot."

"Um!" Mary started to write again. "Not so many as I thought."

"Why not? What do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Same old tale. Many so-called friends while there was money and position. Then comes the financial smash, the incidental disgrace, and my father's tragic death. It's the only grudge I have against father, that he didn't stay to face the music with me. Anyway, one of the greatest 'friends' cut me dead in the street. Others—just kept out of the way. So as soon as I could I turned and ran."

"They couldn't all have been so—so beastly!" said Janet.

"I dare say they weren't. I didn't wait to see. One or two called. I appreciated their kindness, but I'd realized that—I was no longer a desirable *connaissance*, so I didn't see them."

"Wasn't there—anyone special?" asked Janet shyly.

Mary looked up, smiling.

"Do you mean, was I engaged to be married? No."

"No, not quite that. Weren't you—wasn't anyone in love with you?"

"Evidently not." There was a note of bitterness in Mary's voice.

Janet wanted to know more, but Mary seemed to be absorbed all at once in her letter.

### II

JANET'S questioning had awakened memories that were not dead, but lulled by time to rest. Mary Nugent indulged in reminiscence that night as she lay in bed. She thought of the frivolous, expensive career that had been hers for years, not with disgust, but with an ineffable longing. There had been many friends, many love-stricken young men; delightful days at Lord's, or Hurlingham, or Henley; enchanted evenings in the murky vastness of Covent Garden; bright nights spent in dancing, with haunting music in the air, the buzz of laughing voices, and the scent of hot-house flowers. There had been the sweet companionship of Peter Devril, too, growing almost imperceptibly into something sweeter still. She thought, smiling cynically, of his fascination, of his wit, and of his good looks.

She remembered the hurt she had felt when he did not come to see her after the smash. Until lately she had kept the formal note he had written her locked in her writing-case. Six months ago she had discovered it there, and had burned it without one tear for the tragic past.

From Peter her thoughts flew to Bill Corkran, who had gone to America, a year before the smash, to get rich quick. He had been the dearest of all her friends; Mary wondered whether he would have held aloof after her father's suicide if he had been in England. He had been very fond of her; she knew that. Before he left for America he had said certain words to her that had implied that she was his reason for wanting to make money. She did not know where he was or what he was doing. He had probably returned to England, and certainly he must have heard of her changed circumstances.

Mary was a typist in a firm of steel manufacturers. She had but one friend in the place, Malcolm, who was of her class and who wanted to be an artist. He was twenty-six—a year older than Mary, but in every essential five years younger. He made no pretence of being in love with her, but occasionally they went out together, when he would pour his hopes and longings into her sympathetic ear.

### III

FOR months the Chinese shawl remained hidden in a drawer. Sometimes Mary would take it out (when Janet was absent) and wistfully finger the silken folds. It exercised a strange fascination over her; she liked to look at it and drape herself in it.

In January Malcolm came to her in jubilant excitement waving a pink and a yellow ticket in his hand. He explained that he had wangled them out of a chap he knew who knew the fellow who was running the ball at the Corinthian.

"Are those tickets for that ball?" asked Mary.

"Rather! One for you and one for me. You will come, won't you, Mary?" cried Malcolm.

"The annual ball at the Corinthian," repeated Mary stupidly. More memories of old times—times she had tried to forget—were conjured up. Her eyes lighted. "Oh, what fun!"

"Isn't it? On Thursday, Mary, and

## THE CHINESE SHAWL

we'll dine at that nice little place I found last night. You will dine with me, won't you?"

"It's awfully kind of you, Malcolm." Her eyes had clouded again. "I'm—I'm afraid I can't, though. Get someone else."

His face fell.

"You can't? Oh, I say! Why can't you? Are you doing something else? Can't you possibly manage it?"

She smiled crookedly.

"I can't go with you because I haven't anything to wear," she said honestly.

Janet sprang suddenly out of her chair.

"Yes, you have, yes, you have!" she cried. "The shawl!"

Even Malcolm was dubious.

"I don't quite see how you can go to a dance in a shawl," he began.

"Nor I," said Mary.

Janet pushed Malcolm to the door.

"It isn't an ordinary shawl, idiot! Mary will go on Thursday, and you'll go now. Shut up, Mary, I've got a wonderful idea. Go away, Malcolm. I promise you that not only will Mary go to the Corinthian, but she'll be one of the best-dressed girls in the room. Go away!"

"You're mad," said Mary, when Malcolm had been hustled out of the house. "The shawl's all right, of course, but what about my dress?"

"The shawl is your dress!" proclaimed Janet, dragging it from its drawer. "The groundwork is black, so you can wear your old black satin shoes. And—and you'll clasp it on one shoulder with a crimson rose, and it'll be draped over the other. Oh, gorgeous!"

"Do you really think it could be managed?" taking off her skirt. "Let's try!"

### IV

MALCOLM gasped when he saw Mary on Thursday evening. Then he gave a long-drawn, admiring whistle, and said: "By *jove*!"

"All Janet's doing, the dear thing," said Mary.

Janet had coaxed the shawl into Spanish lines. It was draped over one shoulder, but left the other bare. The heavy fringe fell about Mary's ankles; a dark crimson rose was in her black hair.

They dined at a little restaurant in Soho, where the waiters all wore white aprons and shouted unintelligible Italian orders

down to the chef, and where one could have the most perfect French omelettes.

They drove to the Corinthian in a taxi, reckless all at once, and as she entered the brightly lighted ballroom it seemed to Mary that years had rolled back and she was once more "the beautiful Miss Nugent." The orchestra was playing a fox-trot; Mary's feet began to move. She slid into Malcolm's arms, and they danced.

"It's three years since I danced," Mary said. "I'm out of date."

"Rot!" said Malcolm. "Not a bit of it!"

For over an hour they danced, almost without a pause; then Malcolm remembered that he was thirsty, and that Mary must surely be thirsty too. He took her to an alcove and left her seated on a sofa while he went to collect refreshments.

Mary leaned back contentedly, watching the maze of dancers. Once she saw a face she knew, but in the vast hall it was well-nigh impossible to recognize anyone.

Suddenly she became aware of a man dodging in and out of the moving couples and making his way towards her.

"Mary!" cried this man. "Mary!"

She rose, trembling, wishing that she could escape, yet glad that it was impossible.

"Hallo, Bill!" she said jerkily.

Corkran seized her hands.

"My dearest girl, this is luck! I was coming along to see you to-morrow. I only got back the day before yesterday, and old Chalmer and his wife dragged me along here. I hoped I might see you. You're looking ripping! I say, let's sit down, shall we?"

"Have you been in America all this time?" Mary asked. She felt dazed, but curiously happy.

"Rather! I went to get rich quick, as I told you. I went gold-hunting in the Klondyke."

She laughed.

"You *didn't*? Bill, how—how mad, and how like you! Did you find gold?"

"Great Scott, no! That only happens in romance. I gained a whole lot of experience, though, one way and another. In a way it hasn't been a bad three years, but I'm glad to be back."

"And you didn't make a fortune out there, after all?"

"Nothing like it. Frightfully tragic thing happened. You know my cousin, Sir George Corkran?"

## THE QUIVER

"N-no. I've heard you speak of him, that is."

"Well, the poor chap took a fall out hunting and was killed. Awfully sad, wasn't it? Net result is, I'm the giddy baronet."

"Oh, congratulations!" said Mary, but her heart had sunk.

"Thanks awfully. How's Mr. Nugent?"

She started. Then he didn't know? For her life she could not tell him the whole truth.

"He—he—died three years—ago," she said. The words stuck a little in her throat.

"I say, I am so sorry!" He was genuinely concerned; looking at him she recognized the worried crease between his brows, and loved it. "Dreadfully sorry," he repeated, and patted her hand. "Poor old thing! Where—where are you living now?"

Malcolm's voice cut into the conversation, to Mary's relief.

"Oh—er—how d'you do?"

"Bill," said Mary hurriedly. "This is Mr. Trent, a great friend of mine. Malcolm, Mr. Corkran."

Corkran rose.

"How d'you do? 'Fraid I've been monopolizing your partner. I haven't seen her for donkey's years, you see."

Mary started to sip the drink Malcolm had brought her. Desperately she hoped that Bill would forget to ask again where she lived. She felt that she could not tell him, not because she was afraid that he would draw away, but because she knew that he still wanted to marry her, and it was unthinkable.

Malcolm was talking to him now, making polite conversation. In a minute or two he turned to Mary.

"They're playing that topping tune again. We must dance it."

"Yes, we must," agreed Mary, getting up.

Bill put his hand on her arm.

"I say, you must dance with me soon, Mary. There's such a lot I want to talk to you about. We'll meet again after this dance."



How she managed to keep out of his sight she never afterwards knew. Somehow or other she did it, and when she and Malcolm at last left the hall Bill was nowhere to be seen.

"Jolly good show, wasn't it?" said Malcolm. "I do hope you enjoyed it!"

"Ever and ever so much!" she answered mendaciously.

### V

IT was the third time the advertisement had been in the newspaper. It headed the Agony Column, and was imperative:

"Mary N. Communicate your address at once, dear. Bill C."

Mary N. was to write to Box No. 3175.

Mary's eyes were wet as she read the advertisement.

"Dear quixotic Bill," she murmured. "He'll—get over it—and be glad of his—escape."

"What did you say?" inquired Janet, looking up from her correspondence. She was wearing a sapphire ring on her third finger, which had been placed there three days ago by an adoring, many-times-repulsed young man. Mary felt unreasonably jealous of her happiness.

"I didn't say anything," she replied with dignity. "I've got a half-holiday to-morrow, and I'm going to take the Chinese shawl to a shop I know of and sell it."

Janet let fall her letters.

"You're not?"

"Yes, I am. I'm sick of it, and I want some money badly."

"I don't know how you can bear to part with it! I've got a sort of feeling about it—I don't know—almost as though it would bring you luck."

"Luck!" ejaculated Mary. "You're wrong. Anyway, I'm going to sell it."

Accordingly she set off next afternoon with the shawl tied up in a brown-paper parcel in search of a possible buyer.

It was a long time before she could make up her mind to enter a shop, and when at last she summoned up enough courage to do so, she was met with a chilly refusal to buy. Yes, the shawl was undoubtedly lovely, but Simpkins and Jones did not buy second-hand goods.

The same answer was waiting for her everywhere. Dispirited, Mary went home. The impossible crimson birds embroidered on the shawl seemed to regard her with derisive eyes.

"I shall advertise it," said Mary.

"Horrid thing."

She spent her shillings in advertisements, and still the shawl remained unsold. The



"Suddenly she became aware of a man making his way towards her.  
She rose, trembling, wishing that she could escape"—p. 1145

*Drawn by  
Battist Salmon*

## THE QUIVER

only people who answered her advertisements wanted to buy the shawl at half the price she asked for it. Mary threw their letters into the fire. It seemed as though fate were willing her to keep her aunt's gift.

But at last a belated offer to buy arrived, accompanied by a request that Mary would send the shawl first on approval.

"Aha!" said Mary. "It is going to be sold after all!"

Mary sent the shawl to the prospective buyer, and in due course received a wad of notes in return. Mrs. Mellowe was delighted with her purchase.

"Well—well—I've sold it," said Mary.

"You're sorry now, I reckon," Janet told her.

"I am not. Only—no, I'm not sorry. I'm glad."

### VI

MEANWHILE Corkran, in despair, had enlisted a detective on his side.

After what Netta Chalmer had told him of Mary's misfortune, and realizing that she had slipped through his fingers, he felt that, whatever happened, and no matter what the cost might be, Mary was to be run to earth.

Her father's old lawyers knew nothing of her whereabouts; they were rather averse to discussing the Nugent family with anyone. Mr. Nugent had not proved himself to be a distinguished client.

Corkran advertised in more papers, with the same discouraging result. He set his lips tighter, and vowed that Mary was the most obstinate, trying little wretch a man could possibly wish to marry. In the hope of meeting her again by chance he visited dance halls and theatres, naturally with no success.

On one of these hunts Netta Chalmer accompanied him. They went to a first night (Mary had made a hobby of first-nights in the old days), and sat in a box so that Corkran might rake the house with his opera glasses.

"I don't see how one could expect her to be here," complained Netta. "I have told you her father's death left her practically penniless. In fact, I don't understand how it was that she came to be at the Corinthian. Unless, of course, she was taken."

"My dear Netta," answered Bill irritably, "I tell you that Mary was in a most expensive rig."

"I'd like to know what sort of a judge you are," said Netta superbly. "She was probably in a black three-year-old hack frock, but, of course, you'd think it a Paris model."

"It was nothing of the kind. It was a priceless-looking dress, sort of swathed about her, Spanish fashion, with a fringe and quaint-looking red birds over it, like that shawl thing that woman in the fourth row's wearing. See?"

"Oh, yes, I know the sort of thing you mean. It couldn't have been one of those, though."

"I tell you it *was*!" indignantly reiterated Corkran. "And—hallo!"

"What?" Netta followed the direction of his opera-glasses, straining to see what had caught his attention. "What is it? Tell me!"

"I thought it was Mary," explained Corkran disappointedly. "It isn't, but—I'll swear it's her dress! Here, you take a look! The woman getting into her seat in the sixth—no, the seventh row. Quick!"

Obediently Netta focused the glasses on to Mrs. Mellowe.

"No, it's not Mary, but what a beautiful shawl! I've never seen one quite like that before. Are you sure it's Mary's?"

"Dead sure! I remember the way those red birds were flying about all over it. Hang the curtain going up! I'll have to wait till the interval."

"You can't very well go and ask her where she got the shawl," whispered Netta, giggling.

"Can't I!" he retorted.

As soon as the interval came Corkran left the box. With a beating heart Netta watched him appear downstairs and make his way towards Mrs. Mellowe.

Netta saw him smile and bow to Mrs. Mellowe. Through the glasses she observed Mrs. Mellowe's startled and puzzled frown. The man who was with her seemed to be amused; he gave up his seat to Bill and went outside, presumably to smoke. Bill entered deep into conversation with Mrs. Mellowe. To her relief Netta saw that lady laugh and nod. Evidently the two were hatching some plot, for Bill did not return to his box until the curtain was rising on the second act.

"What happened? Who was it? Does she know?" demanded Netta.

"Sh! I'll tell you after this act," said Bill. He was smiling, and his eyes were shining.



## THE CHINESE SHAWL

### VII

"HOW very queer!" said Mary.  
"Whatever can she mean?"  
"Who?" asked Janet.

"The lady I sold the Chinese shawl to. I have just received this letter from her. She says she has 'discovered something rather strange about the shawl, and should be so very grateful if you could make it convenient to call here one day, when I will explain to you what I mean.' Did you ever hear of anything so mysterious?"

"I always said it was no ordinary shawl!" exclaimed Janet. "What on earth's it been doing? Sounds rather uncanny. Are you going to do as she asks you?"

"I suppose I must. She writes very politely and nicely, and she asks me to choose my own day. It'll have to be Saturday. Hand me my writing-case, will you, Janet?"

On Saturday afternoon Mary dressed herself with unusual care. At three o'clock she let herself out of the house, intending to go to Mrs. Mellowe's house by omnibus. To her surprise a large saloon car was standing by the kerb, evidently awaiting someone. She descended the steps, staring, and as she did so the man in the driver's seat turned to look at her.

Mary fell back a pace, wondering whether she could escape, and what Bill was doing here.

Corkran slid out of the car.

"Ah!" he said sternly. "At last! Get in, please."

Mary began to stammer. Corkran gave a great sigh.

"Get—in!" he repeated, and took her firmly by the arm.

"B—but I c-c-can't! I don't know how you f-found me, but I d-don't want to see you, and I won't go with you, and I wish you'd go away!" She found that she was being forced relentlessly into the front seat. "No, Bill, I can't possibly go with you. I—I've got an appointment!"

"I'll drive you there," said Corkran, shutting her in. He went round to the other side and got into the seat beside her, setting his foot on the starter. "Now, then, young lady! Did you or did you not see my advertisement in the Personal Column of the paper?"

"Yes," murmured Mary, gazing straight ahead of her.

"Why didn't you answer it?"

"Because I—oh, because I—I didn't want to!"

"Am I supposed to believe that?"

"Yes, of course!"

"Oh!" He smiled. "You're an awful little silly, Mary dear. What possessed you to cut and run, as you seem to have done? I heard all about it from Netta. She was ever so upset when you disappeared. After we've seen Mrs. Mellowe I'm taking you to her."

"What!" Mary started. "What do you know about Mrs. Mellowe?"

He chuckled.

"That's how I found you. I saw her at the theatre in your shawl. Recognized it at once, and tackled her. Between us we hatched this plot to find your whereabouts. Now this, Mary, is Battersea Park. I'm going to stop the car and talk to you very seriously."

She uttered unintelligible protests. Bill took her hands in his.

"Mary, you know how much I love you. I always have loved you. Do you—could you care enough to marry me?"

She tried to pull her hands away.

"I can't! I can't! Please let me go!"

"You don't care for me that way?"

"It's not *that*!" she cried impulsively.

His grip on her hands strengthened. His voice lost its worried note.

"Then that's all right. You do care for me. Why won't you marry me?"

"Oh, Bill, don't you *see*?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't."

"How—how *c-could* I marry you? How could I let you marry a—a—suicide's daughter?"

"Why not?" he asked imperturbably.

She gasped.

"But—but—oh, don't be so silly, Bill! I couldn't *bear* to have all that old scandal raked up and—and attached to you! People would talk so!"

"Why should they?"

"Because—Bill, don't be dense! You *must* understand! For one thing I haven't a penny to call my own, and—everybody would say I married you for your money."

"I was waiting for that platitude," he remarked. "Wondered whether you'd be foolish enough to bring it out. Do you seriously believe people would say that?"

"Yes—no—I don't know. Didn't the Chalmers tell you about—about father?"

"Yes, but I don't see what that's got to do with you and me."

## THE QUIVER

"But it *has* got something to do with us! You've no idea what—what a dreadful scandal there was. You can't possibly marry me! It's—dear of you, and—and quixotic, but—"

"Quixotic be hanged!" he said. "I'm getting my proposal in before anyone else has a chance to. You seem to think that because your father was—er—unlucky, the blame and the disgrace will rest on you. Ridiculous, child! If you'd only waited you'd have had ample support from your friends, and no one would have stared at you or whispered about you."

Mary seemed to shrink suddenly. She tried to pull her hands away, and, failing, bowed her head over them.

"People—cut—me!" she whispered brokenly. "I c-couldn't—face them—after that. And I won't, I couldn't possibly marry you!"

Bill took her in his arms, where, after a slight struggle, she remained, weeping softly into his shoulder. Man-like, he patted her shoulder by way of comfort.

"How soon can you be ready?" he asked gently when the muffled sobs had abated.

"I won't! I couldn't! I'm not going to."

"One thing," said Bill severely, "is very evident; you've got a lot too pig-headed through living on your own all this time. I'm not going to stand any more nonsense. Understand?"

"I won't—"

"You'll do as you're told. D'you suppose I'm a child that I don't know my own mind? You've told me you care for me—"

"I didn't!"

"You wouldn't be crying your eyes out on my shoulder if you didn't. No, lie still, Mary! There! As I was saying, you admit that you care for me, and yet you won't marry me, because you don't think you're the proper sort of wife for me. Are you listening? Very well, then, perhaps you'll explain what you mean by trying to interfere in my concerns? If I want to marry you that's my affair. I'm not going to be dictated to on the choice of a wife by you. Mary, you darling, you're laughing!"

"I c-can't help it! You're s-so idiotic!"

"Not a bit of it. I'm talking sound sense.

There have been many too many 'I won't's' from you. You're going to do as you're told—aren't you?"

"I can't—"

Bill bent his head to kiss her.

"Aren't you?"

"I—"

He kissed her again.

"Aren't you?"

"Yes, Bill," she said weakly.

### VIII

WHEN Mary returned to her lodgings it was late that night, and she, too, was wearing a ring on her third finger. Also she was carrying the Chinese shawl over her arm. Janet sat up in bed and stared.

"You've got it back? But—whatever's happened, Mary?"

Mary danced to the bed.

"Oh, Janet, it's a wonderful shawl, and it did bring me luck, after all, because I'm engaged to be married, and, oh, Janet, everything's too wonderful for words!"

"Engaged! The shawl! Sit down at once, Mary, and tell me what you've been doing!"

Thus adjured, Mary perched on the edge of the bed and told Janet the whole story.

"And then Bill insisted on buying the shawl back again, and Mrs. Mellowe was awfully good about it. And after that Bill made me go with him to the Chalmers, and it was so glorious to see them again! I'm to be married next month. Oh, and I've got to give notice at the office, because I'm to go and stay with the Chalmers until the wedding!"

"It's—it's like a fairy tale!" said Janet, hugging her. "I *am* so glad!"

Mary slid off the bed and began to undress.

"To think that I was sore with Aunt Felicia for sending me the shawl," she marvelled. "If she hadn't sent it I should never have gone to the Corinthian, and if I hadn't gone to the Corinthian I shouldn't have met Bill. And if I hadn't sold the shawl to Mrs. Mellowe Bill would never have found me. I'll never part with it again. I love it!"

One of the crimson birds smiled sagely in the candlelight.



# Women Who Want to Marry

By  
MARIE HARRISON

**I** DISLIKE all emigration schemes for women, because the inducement offered to settle in a far country is almost always the possibility of finding a husband."

This was the criticism of emigration for women which I heard a few days ago in a famous women's club. The speaker elaborated her remarks, insisting that no modern self-respecting woman desired to be regarded as a husband-hunter, and that no emigration scheme should so much as point to the fact there are more men in the Dominions than there are in our own country.

## Women Who Do Want Husbands

Now, supposing that the truth is opposed to the views of this critic, and that modern women do want husbands and are not ashamed to look for them, is it a discreditable sign of the times?

In spite of all the changes which have taken place in the last ten years, in spite of the growing part which women are taking in public affairs, in spite of their brilliant success in professions to which access was so long denied them, I believe there are still tens of hundreds of women to whom the career of wifehood and motherhood appears to be the most delightful and engrossing of all careers open to women.

There are women, of course, who do not feel themselves called specially to the vocation of marriage, and there are women who find their complete happiness in teaching or in medicine, or in nursing or in business. But there is still a large number of women who do feel themselves to be equipped essentially for the duties of wifehood and motherhood.

## Obviously Fitted for Marriage

Most of us know such women. "She would have made a splendid mother!" "She is so clever at running a house that it seems a shame she hasn't one of her own." "She is such a capable, all-round kind of

a woman—the very woman who ought to have married." These are the remarks one hears of such women; their talents and their qualities fit them so obviously for marriage that they are observed and commented upon as the genius of a musician or the skill with a pencil of a potential artist would be noticed and discussed.

Is it not tragic, then, that such women should be debarred from seeking the fulfilment of their talents simply because of the convention which regards husband-hunting as unwomanly and alien to the temperament of the modern woman?

I do not suggest that women should make proposals of marriage to men with whom they feel themselves to be in sympathy. My suggested course of action is something much more subtle. But at a time when, in spite of the disproportion of the sexes in Great Britain, there are many unmarried men who would make good husbands and fathers I think the woman who wants to marry is entitled to make as big an effort to achieve that ambition as she would in preparing for any other career.

## Often a Lucky Accident

The meeting between the man and the woman which ends eventually in a happy and blessed marriage is frequently a lucky accident in its revelation of the real character of either. "I met my wife first as a patient in her ward in hospital, and I realized what a tender, gentle woman she was," I once heard a happy husband say of his wife. Now, I believe that if this man had happened to meet his wife at a dance he would not have been at all attracted by her, because the qualities which he most admired in woman would not have been so apparent. Some women are able to choose an environment which best expresses themselves or a profession which enshrines their highest ideals of life, and it is not difficult in such cases to discover that the environment is indeed the woman, that the profes-

## **THE QUIVER**

sion is part of a character, beautiful and good.

But the business girl who tries earnestly to make a success of her job cannot, however clever she is, express herself so readily by means of a desk and a typewriter. Perhaps she has all the woman qualities of the nurse, but she cannot reveal them in an office, and in such an atmosphere she has little chance of proving that, although her work is in an office, her vocation is really in a home of her own and among her own children.

I see no reason, therefore, for criticizing any emigration scheme because it puts before the women the fact that in the Dominions women are urgently wanted to take up the career of wife and mother, nor do I see any reason for despising the woman who, feeling that she is fitted for such a vocation, goes to a country where it is most likely to be quickly realized.

### **Why Emigrate?**

Well, then, if this principle can be accepted in relation to emigration to the Dominions, why not in relation to Great Britain?

Women who decide to emigrate usually equip themselves for an expert domestic life. They learn to cook, to sew, to ride, to drive, to milk cows, to garden, to understand poultry, to care for babies. They do not regard a knowledge of the latest variations of the fox-trot, though they may very well have that knowledge, as the only preparation needed for such a life.

Now why are there in this country still such a considerable number of men who have not married, and who apparently do not intend to marry?

It is not, I am confident, that such men are unaffectionate, or women-haters who are not interested in the opposite sex, or so mean that they actually prefer the greater luxury which bachelor life gives them. You do not find these unmarried men in the richer classes or in the very poor classes in anything like the extent that you find them in the middle classes.

The rich have not the problem of poverty to face, and the poor, while having that problem to face in the most acute form, are, because of the fewer conventions and restrictions of their lives, able to discover more easily the type of woman fitted for the sharing of a man's life.

Men of the middle classes, however, are hampered because of conventions which

prevent them from finding out what a woman can do and how she does it, and also because they fear that the modern woman has a far higher standard of living than her mother, and one that few men can afford.

Women who wish to marry should remember that housekeeping in these days is not easy. To make married life successful and happy on a small income means an expert direction of the home. A man may be very much attracted by a girl and yet refuse to sacrifice the ordered comfort of his living for the uncertain happiness of a joint home run badly, with the shadow of debts always above.

### **Qualify Yourself**

Therefore, I should say to any woman who definitely wishes to marry: Acquire some domestic qualifications and make them as plain as you make your social accomplishments. I think that almost always the man who contemplates marriage, as distinct from the man who rushes into it impetuously, makes a mental picture of the home that is likely to be his. Ask yourself: "Do I fit in with such a picture? Am I the type of woman that a man can visualize in the home atmosphere?" On the answer which you can give to the question may depend much of your future happiness.

"But ever so many women are obviously good housewives and devoted to children and yet remain unmarried," someone may object.

I think that very often in such cases the explanation lies in the fact that so many women are afraid to be themselves in the company of men. They think a small supply of light talk about the weather, theatres, books, is essential, or they discuss the latest dance music or songs, and so give the impression that they are not interested in anything else. If a man comes to the house they are afraid to let him see them with an apron on; their last desire, apparently, is that he should realize that they had anything to do with the preparation of a meal.

This is a destructive and a ridiculous convention. It would be equally perilous and silly if a woman were to talk incessantly to every man of her acquaintance of kitchen affairs.

No woman, however, who is genuinely interested in housecraft, who really knows something about it, and who hopes to make it her career, is likely to make that mistake.

## WOMEN WHO WANT TO MARRY

Few men would know her for long without becoming aware of her interests and her hopes, and any kind of attraction for such a woman would very soon result in a suggestion of marriage, with the probability of happiness to follow.

### Be Yourself

I have seen women behave so differently from their normal way while on seaside holidays that I could scarcely believe that they were the same women whom I knew at home. It is quite natural that a girl should desire to attract young men. Most women like to be liked and admired. But when a woman is meeting men, whether at home or on holiday, it ought not to be considered necessary to become for the while a different person altogether.

Marriages are often made by one's friends. If a mother is the greatest match-maker in the world the happily married couple figure second in the list. Marriages have not proved to be more unhappy in France than they are anywhere else, not, at least, if the statistics of French divorce courts, as compared with ours, can be accepted. Yet most French marriages even to-day are made largely by parents and relatives who introduce suitable young people to each other with the intention that a successful union shall result. And no French mother ever expected a daughter who was not equipped for wifehood to find a husband, nor would she cease her efforts until she had found a mate for a child obviously destined for the home.

These marriages are arranged with a tact and a discretion that remove the sting of the business touch which they undoubtedly possess. To our sentimental minds—and none of us need regret sentiment—they appear to be cold and calculating, and yet the very fact that they are arranged seems to guarantee a certain happiness.

Women who want to marry are probably most of them outside the possibility of getting help from their mothers, but where such women do live at home a clever mother can do a great deal to help her daughter to find a husband. If men are scared away from homes where there are unmarried daughters because they feel they are expected to propose after three weeks' acquaintance, men are also frozen away by the chilly attitude of mothers who "can't be bothered" with young men, and who find "hospitality of any but the most formal kind a nuisance. Many a happy marriage has

been formed from the kindly, warm and informal hospitality of a mother, of a happy-go-lucky invitation to some young man to make himself at home and feel that he has the run of the house. In such circumstances a man has a chance of seeing a woman as she really is, a chance such as a formal dinner or a game of bridge does not afford.

### Do Not Despise Assistance

No woman who wants to make marriage her career should despise the assistance which her friends can give her. Even if a woman feels that a certain man has been asked to meet her because her friends hope that the two may become more than friends she should be able to feel easy and happy and unself-conscious. To appear nervous on the one hand, or to be effusive on the other, is equally a mistake. The woman who simply wants to be herself has the mastery of the position, and will never feel uneasy or awkward, no matter what are the circumstances.

I know that there is not any solution which can find for every woman who desires to be married happily a husband who will make her happy, or any husband at all.

But while there are in this country men who have not married and women who have not married there is no reason why some attempt should not be made to bring them together. There will still, in spite of the success of any such efforts, be many thousands of women who are likely to remain unmarried. But their number will be fewer. And those women will not be so likely to be the women qualified for marriage as those who, while dreaming of a home and babies, have made no special efforts to equip themselves for a domestic life.

Already the clergy of all denominations have done much in bringing together at social gatherings the young people of their parish. I should like to see something of the kind done for men and women more than thirty. Anyone with a wide circle of friends and in a position to influence them to some extent could do much in bringing together the right sort of unmarried woman and the right sort of unmarried man. After thirty it is not so much the great romance of marriage which appeals as its solid possibilities of permanent happy companionship, and that is why a practical effort to make marriages would be most likely to win success if restricted to those who have not just emerged from flapperhood.

# The Minister's Son

His Trials and Compensations

By

Ivor Nicholson

WHEN I went to school and suffered the usual cross-examination as to my social antecedents, my father's occupation was, of course, carefully inquired into. That I was a minister's son soon became common knowledge, and on every hand I was informed that ministers' sons were "an awful bad lot," and was treated to a recital of the misdemeanours of all the ministers' sons who had preceded me at school and of the just retribution that overtook them. The gibe is so familiar, and considering it seriously for a moment

but this privilege was discounted by the unfortunate fact that he was too busy conducting the service ever to form a very reliable estimate of the numbers of his hearers. From my little corner I could sweep the galleries with my eye and form fairly accurate judgments of their seating capacity. My sister had the feminine faculty for spotting the new vagaries of fashion represented in the congregation, while my mother's kindly eyes noted vacant corners and made mental notes for calls in the coming week.

Well, was there a good congregation? Was Mr. Jerome there? (I borrow the name from the "pillar" of Milby Chapel in "Janet's Repentance.") What were the arrangements for the Sunday school anniversary? Were the Westell-Browns going to take sittings? Little Tommy grows up with an encyclopædic knowledge of the machinery of Nonconformity, and is expected, too, to set an example.

Setting an example was one of the banes of my early life. It necessitated regular attendance on a large number of occasions when I would fain have been absent. And, conversely, it frequently necessitated my absence when I would fain have been present. Not for me were the hidden delights of the pantomime at Christmas time, nor the joys of the ball-room. Why? For the sake of example. Yet a minister lives his life in public, and while the public may be small it is exacting and critical. Falls from grace on the part of the minister's family are not easily forgiven. If the children of the Manse are not at the Sunday school and at a number of meetings where they are expected, the parents at the Manse feel that it is a dereliction of duty. "Setting an example" is a strenuous business in Nonconformist circles.

Being a minister's son myself, I naturally combat his critics when I meet them, but it is not often one is given the opportunity of presenting a more positive picture of his life and of enumerating some of the advantages of being a son of the Manse. "Advantages" has rather a pecuniary

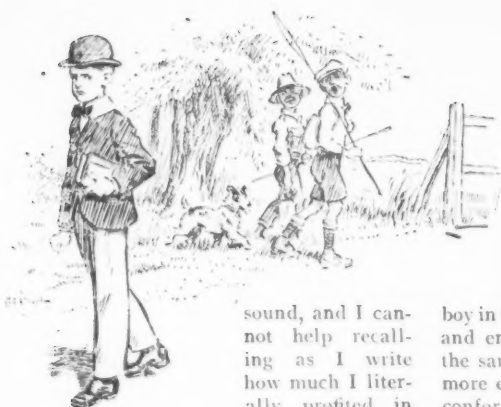


Social education

perhaps it has some justification, but there are without doubt some "extenuating circumstances." Ministers' sons, one must observe, have not a natural endowment of the Christian graces; they are human boys. They are not by nature "inclined to godliness." They do not take interest (any more than other boys do) in the affairs of a church. In the minister's home such things occupy a great deal of time and thought. At meal times the conversation is likely to be concerned with the minister's public life. At mid-day dinner on Sunday we used to discuss the size and nature of the congregation. In the first place father had seen it from the best point of vantage,



## THE MINISTER'S SON



Setting an example

kind by the generosity of the members of my father's congregations. My nursery bore eloquent testimony to this fact. Christmas yielded a rich harvest, indeed, of every kind of good thing dear to a child's heart. And then the coins I used to gather! Alas! that the time when it is seemly to receive "tips" is so short. It used to be terribly hard when one was returning to school after the holidays to say "good-bye" to the pillars of the chapel and other generous donors and not look expectant!

When I mention, however, the advantages of being a minister's son I do not think of such sordid benefits. The chief advantage, in my opinion, is the social education it furnishes. I am not enamoured of the abundant opportunities for social intercourse which Nonconformity provides, but when one has been a familiar figure at the mothers' Christmas treat, at the young men's club, at the literary society's social, at the debating society, and at the goose club, it is not to be wondered at that a minister's son is very seldom struck dumb with confusion in society.

While I recall some dismal hours when I was inwardly longing for my supper and my bed, I know full well that the experience has stood me in tremendous stead. It is easy for the average man to converse with a prepossessing girl and a hearty old gentleman who has once been athletic, but the elderly females and the usual flotsam and jetsam of society will prove his undoing. It is then that the minister's son has his chance. With all his experience he will not be long in evincing an engaging interest in

the opinions and doings of very difficult folks, and will earn the undying gratitude of the whole company for tiding successfully over those critical moments before dinner is announced or the cabs are at the door.

Does Tommy from the Manse follow in his father's footsteps? I was for ever being asked this question when I was a child. My experience has shown that it is more likely where there is more than one boy in the family. "Going in for the Church" and entering the ministry are by no means the same thing. There is no doubt but that more emphasis is laid on preaching in Nonconformity than is so in Anglicanism. I say nothing of the respective systems, but a young man entering the Nonconformist ministry without a natural desire and ability for delivering sermons is simply courting disaster. For him there are no livings where a natural gift for pastoring will balance his ineptness in the pulpit. Hence young men from the Manse do not follow their fathers unless they have very pronounced gifts, or pathetically believe themselves possessed of them. The pulpit has no glamour for him who knows the cost of the ministerial life, who has seen his father weighed down perhaps by illness and anxiety in the home and yet compelled to deliver his message to a congregation who little realized the hours of toil behind that sermon. Only a minister's son knows what joy can be brought to a minister's



Not calculated to inspire the minister to any great height

## THE QUIVER

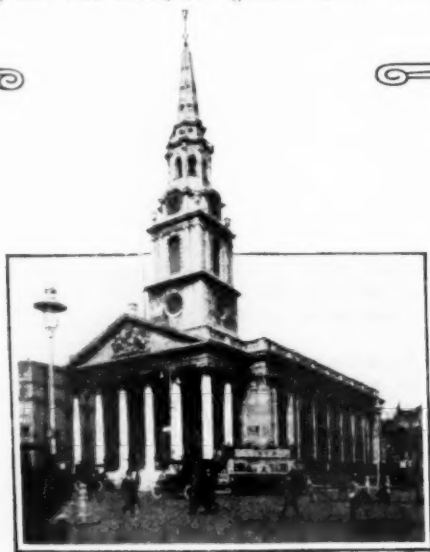
heart by a word of frank appreciation or encouragement, and how painfully seldom it is forthcoming. "Good intentions stand in their own way so much," remarks a character in Conrad's "Chance," and people who have been honestly helped by a sermon never seem to take the trouble to tell the minister. On the other hand, remarks this same character in "Chance," if you want to do harm to anyone you need not hesitate. You have only to go on. No one will reproach you. If a preacher displeases a member of his congregation it is surprising how quickly the information reaches the right quarter.

Some time ago there appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement* an article on "Sermons," in which the writer observed very truly that to-day was the hey-day of newspapers—not sermons. If we have no eloquent sermon-makers, he went on to point out, it is because we have no appreciative and attentive sermon listeners. A good many of us resemble Robert Louis Stevenson, who once wrote to the late Mr. Crockett: "I am no great kirk-goer, for many reasons—and the sermon's one of them, and the first prayer another, but the chief and effectual reason is the stuffiness." An audience composed of men and women who have come to church from habit or from a sense of duty, and who refuse to

use their best faculties when listening to the sermon, is not one calculated to inspire the minister to any great heights of eloquence and thought.

Many a sensitive man in the ministry has seen only too clearly that his labours are meeting with no success. The witness of empty pews is painfully eloquent. Only a son of the Manse can know the anguish of apparent failure in the ministry. It is all very well to speak slightly of numbers and to quote yet again the virtue of two or three being gathered together; but it is patent to any speaker of experience that the audience itself exercises a great influence on the pulpit or the platform. A chapel is conducted in its affairs of business by business men. When collections drop and pews empty the congregation is not slow to conclude that the fault lies in the pulpit.

Of all the cruel strains which the modern Free Churches put upon their ministers the business of raising money is surely the most cruel. If he volunteers to help, well and good; but to turn the minister into a tout is a form of refined cruelty. I once heard of an ignorant member of a Nonconformist chapel, who, when it was suggested that his minister should go round and try to wipe off a debt which his predecessor had incurred, remarked complacently: "A very good idea, too. We pays 'im."



Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

(The scene of the ministry of Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, whose article appears on the next page.)

# The Problem of Church Attendance:

*Are Things Improving?*

*By the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, M.A.,*

*Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. (In an Interview.)*

SOMEONE asked me the other day if there is manifest among the masses any real soul-hunger, and if church attendance kept pace with the growth of the population—hinting, I suppose, that in the questioner's opinion conscious need of God is declining.

## Confusing the Issues

My interlocutor, of course, simply confused the issues. There is to-day a tremendous hunger after God, as known in Jesus Christ, though perhaps the symptoms are not always so diagnosed by those who feel them. But it were foolish to think that church attendance is any criterion of the depth and prevalence of soul-hunger. The religious revival, which I think may easily come, will not be a revival such as we church people have been accustomed to recognize as such. It won't be a matter of crowded Matins and Evensong. It may come at the artisan's bench or the teacher's desk. We are accustomed to feel the pulse of our own denomination only, and think that if we are attracting the people that is the only way in which the revival will come; whereas it will burst the channels of convention entirely.

## Popular Ideas at Fault

Popular ideas, both of religion and of the Church, are in fact sadly at fault. Real religion—and by that I mean Christianity as Christ taught it—is extremely difficult. Too many of us are attached to this or that Church because our people were. We have not realized that at the centre of Christianity is a Cross. It is easy to feel good, and on specific occasions even the crowd feels tremendously so. Think how enthusiastic it is, for example, towards any suggestion of idealism. At any Labour meeting or church gathering the rafters are shaken with applause when a speaker strikes

some lofty idealistic note. But does anything concrete really happen? Rarely.

The fact is, if we are not moral cowards, we are at least moral sluggards, and men are worse than women. They loudly applaud a principle, but, remembering their darling vices, fail to embrace it. Perhaps their recession would be less easy if the moral appeal were not left so exclusively to Church leaders. Why have we not more spiritual leadership from statesmen and others who are not specifically religious? When a bishop utters a denunciation, it is discounted in advance by the fact that, in the popular putting of it, "He is paid to say it." That gives the moral sluggard another excuse for backing down.

## What the Churches have to Answer For

Sluggardliness and cowardice must share with the Churches the responsibility for any present alienation of the masses. But they must only share it. The Churches themselves have something to answer for. The real trouble is that they have lost the people's heart. I don't think the people are tremendously worried intellectually—I mean it is not the intellectual problems of faith that keep them away. They bring no accusation against the Church of teaching what is false or only partially true; the Church is simply teaching what is true in an unlovely and inhuman way. To put it concretely, it is not the language of the Prayer Book that shuts the church's door, but the lack of felt relationship between what goes on in the church and their own ordinary difficult lives. Of course, I want the Prayer Book reformed; its God is not the God we believe in, but Jehovah the God of thunderbolts. But does anyone suppose that when this is done the people will flock to church?

Personally I believe in the Church, not

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so much as it is, but as it might be. Yet one cannot begin by destroying. In any human organization, however divine its origin and spiritual its mission, there must inevitably be a tendency for the machinery to outgrow and smother the message. But it won't help matters to smash the machinery. What we have to do is to concentrate on reality, love and common sense.

### Do Church Members Know?

How many church members themselves have a clear idea of what the Church really is and exists for? Too many regard it as a kind of bank in which one should invest at regular intervals in view of a possible rainy day. To others, less cautious and in their thinking more hazy, it takes its colour from their own personality. The boy would probably dub it a sort of hobby chiefly taken up by women. The girl would say it existed to induce people to do things not natural to them for the sake of some intangible future advantage to themselves or to others. The young man with bright ties and socks would "stand up" for it as he would for his side at Rugger or for his country in a "scrap," because it is an essential organ of British social life. The political Labour man would be influenced by its attitude to the "Capitalist system" and "the worker."

Nor is that all. There is a danger lest organized Christianity smother not merely its message but also its Founder. This sacred Figure should stand at the heart of it as the jewel is the heart and glory of its setting. Unless the Church exists in and for His honour, it has no other purpose. Without Him religion is dull and unlovely—merely irksome discipline that may command obedience but cannot win love. Give Christ His place and the Church is transformed. It becomes divinely human and full of meaning.

Yet when all is said, there has been a steady change for the better during the last fifty years. Here also the best cordial for troubled spirits is the study of history. Ministers to-day are more human; church people are more human. The clergy, in fact, are in advance of the laity, and the bishops are a long way ahead of the clergy. But the whole trouble is that the leaders of the Church will not do anything that is dangerous. Some will say they are hardly to be blamed for that, so complex is life, so delicate are the issues, so precious are the values at stake. But the fact remains.

Sometimes I am asked if the increased

social amenities of to-day, such as the Sunday opening of museums and picture galleries, the playing of golf and tennis, the popularity of the cinema, are not responsible for the defection of the masses. One is glad to think there are strong competitors with dull churches and sterile preachers. My view, however, is that true religion can hold its own. It need shrink from competition with nothing that is beautiful. What is good in us, in our teaching, in our services, in the ordinances we impose, will win its own way. Indeed, in so far as museums and pictures and healthy games increase a man's appreciation of what is good in life, they fortify religion, not assail it. They may even increase his appreciation of going to church, although, as I hope I have made clear, going to church is not the beginning and the end of religious life.

### Fellow Pilgrims, not Cocksure Guides

Hitherto, I am afraid, the attitude of the clergy to these things has been too much as if trying to drive everybody into the same kind of groove. We are fellow pilgrims with our people on the road to truth, not little cocksure guides boasting of having the last word of truth and frowning on those who speak outside ourselves.

It is true, perhaps, that the divisions of Christianity have been a sad obstacle to progress. They have at any rate provided an excuse, if not a reason, for staying away from church. The reunion of Christendom might impress the masses and bring them back. But personally I doubt it. The masses are at the present time for the most part profoundly uninterested in our ecclesiastical arrangements. It is not that they have weighed us and found us wanting: they have never bothered to consider us, first, because they are frightened of being caught by religion, and, secondly, because we have so badly exemplified it.

But from the Church point of view reunion is an ideal to be striven and prayed for, bearing in mind, however, that those vexed questions on which the problem turns do not touch the heart of things. Take Apostolic Succession. It may be an excellent theory, but its acceptance does not make anyone a better man. As it is, in essentials, in the things that make for character, there is nothing that separates me from the Roman Catholic on the one hand or the Free Churchman on the other.

# NINE PARTS of the LAW

by  
Anne Weaver

## PART III

MRS. AVORY'S secretary, having pinned on a shady hat and collected a lightly packed basket from the kitchen, started off down the drive on an errand for her employer. A servant could have done the errand just as well, but Cecilia had grown into the habit of feverishly inventing jobs for herself, since the orders laid upon her were so few.

As a rule her day's work meant a couple of letters to write—chiefly invitations or answers to them—the flowers to arrange (the drawing-room looked very different now that Mrs. Avory had given her a free hand to pull the furniture about and arrange masses of flowers everywhere), and perhaps a little reading aloud of the day's news. For the rest, the easy, pleasantly filled life of any girl in her own comfortable home—golf, tennis, or an afternoon drive with Mrs. Avory to pay calls.

For her employer had made it clear from the beginning that she was to consider herself "one of the family." Cecilia had by now almost got over her first little wry sense of humour at the unconscious appropriateness of the term. Her position was practically that of a daughter of the house; she went everywhere with Mrs. Avory, and the latter was gratefully aware of the many solecisms on her part which the girl's swift tact had averted.

Cecilia was earning her pay at Barcotes (and, oddly enough, finding a genuine if mixed pleasure in the doing of it), but six weeks had gone by and the object for which she had come down here was seemingly as far removed as ever. The lost will was still lost. She didn't believe that there was a square inch of the empty old writing-table in the library which she had not "gone over" thoroughly; she had sounded all the lower panels on the walls

and searched carefully for knobs or grooves which might lie hidden cavities. For the upper panels she would need to have recourse to the tall stepladder used for getting down books from the higher shelves, and she dared not try that unless she was perfectly certain that neither Jim Avory nor his mother was in the house. What reason could she give for being found on the top of the ladder, peering at the wall?

And Jim seemed lately to have overcome his dislike to the library; he had developed a trick of sauntering in there at odd moments, with golf clubs to clean, or fishing tackle to sort out, or any of the odd jobs on which he spent his superfluous energy.

Cecilia sometimes caught herself smiling in a queer little indulgent fashion at his earnest face bent over his work and the big hands that were so surprisingly deft. In spite of his breezy "Don't let me disturb you, Miss Armstrong, I'll be quite quiet," she had begun to find that when he was in the room it was difficult to concentrate on her reading or writing. His presence—he was such a very vital person—*did* disturb her.

Only this morning, finishing a letter to her father, to be sent under cover to Mrs. Moore's friend, she had found herself writing all sorts of absurd things. And it was so important that her letters to Colonel Avory should be non-committally devoid of any real information whatever; it was only to Georgina Moore that she could allow her eloquent pen to be an overflow for her varied emotions.

To the latter she had, in consequence, written more freely than she quite realized; and Mrs. Moore was a woman of quick perceptions. The divided state of her young friend's mind did not escape her.

Cecilia had gone down to Barcotes still

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sore at Rupert Bredon's treatment of her, obsessed by one idea only—the finding of the lost will. That idea might yet materialize; but of what use would it be to Rupert if certain other ideas, which his cousin strongly suspected to be disputing possession with it, should go on developing?

Georgina Moore, on receipt of Cecilia's last letter, had for the second time taken matters into her idle, managing hands and acted promptly. But of this Cecilia was blissfully unconscious as she walked briskly through the park with her basket and turned out of the lodge gates along the road to a small farm which lay close to the golf links. She was taking grapes and beef-tea jelly to a child there who had been ill. It was only about a mile from the gates, but the morning was hot and when she arrived at her destination she was glad to go in and rest a minute or two in the cool farmhouse kitchen and drink a glass of milk.

"Tommy was better to-day," said Mrs. Vickers, a sturdy little woman, harassed by the cares of a large family. Doctor said he was mending fine, but it was difficult to get him to fancy his food. Those beautiful grapes would be just the thing to tempt his appetite. She took it very kind of Mrs. Avory, that she did.

"Mrs. Avory was very sorry to hear about your little boy," Cecilia said. She had tried hard to combat her employer's prejudice against visiting her son's tenants personally, but she had failed. Mrs. Avory remembered that they had known her as plain Kate Jennings, and she dreaded lest they should think she was patronizing them. "Mr. Avory told us about it yesterday; he came in to see your husband, didn't he?"

Mrs. Vickers looked gratified.

"Yes," she said, "the squire dropped in to see Vickers about the new barn, quite friendly and informal like. Very pleasant it was, as Vickers was saying, to see a squire of Barcotes outside the park gates after all these years."

Cecilia sipped her milk, and remarked that she understood the late squire to have been a great invalid.

"Ah, yes; a great invalid he was. Hardly ever moved out of his big chair. But always ready to see his tenants, and clear-headed to the end. Why, if you'll believe me, miss, the very day he was took ill Vickers had been up to the house to talk about that same barn, and Joe Durrant—him that farms the land t'other side of Merriton—he'd been up,

too, and he was leaving just as Vickers was showed in. And the squire, he says, 'Stop a moment, Durrant,' he says; 'now that I've got two of you together, you might as well witness my signature to this paper. I want to post it to-night.' And with that he put his name to it in as clear a writing, Vickers says, as ever you saw."

Cecilia suddenly set down her glass with a hand that shook a little.

"That's very interesting," she said slowly and encouragingly. "To think that he felt well enough for business that day. . . ."

"And important business, too," Mrs. Vickers was easily encouraged to gossip. "Papers as needs two folk to witness 'em should by rights be serious matters, you'd think."

"They should," Cecilia agreed, and rose as she spoke. She was breathlessly eager to get away by herself and turn over in her mind the unexpected piece of information which had so unexpectedly been bestowed on her.

"Papers as needs two folk to witness 'em. . . ." The words echoed in her ears after she had said good-bye to Mrs. Vickers and latched the garden gate behind her. Had she at last come upon a clue? Her thoughts raced furiously. Mrs. Vickers had said that the paper had been intended for the post. If it really *was*—what she scarcely dared whisper to herself—the missing will, where had the squire meant to send it? To his lawyers? Then it had certainly never reached them. He had been taken ill that night; it was possible that the outgoing post had been put aside somewhere and forgotten in the general confusion.

In the agitation of her thoughts, Cecilia was walking fast and blindly. For the moment all her warring instincts were swamped in excitement. She had been right—that was her chief thought. . . .

Her ears were deaf to the footsteps coming along the road towards her. It was only when a voice hailed her—the last voice in the world which she expected to hear—that she pulled up short and stared in bewilderment at the man standing before her.

Rupert Bredon!

"You!" she gasped.

He smiled, and not for the first time it struck her how unusually good-looking he was. Perhaps she had never been quite so desperately in love with him as she thought herself to be, but her impression of his finely cut features and dark, expressive eyes—the whole graceful, immaculate air of



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him—had certainly become a little blurred since she had left London.

"What in the world are you doing down here?" she asked, as she gave him her hand and flushed in spite of herself. "Did Georgina—"

She stopped there, furious with herself. Why should she take it for granted that he had come down to see her? How utterly idiotic! But he didn't seem to think so; he answered her unfinished question as though it were the most natural thing possible.

"Yes, she told me . . . what you were doing." His hand still retained hers. In that long pressure and in the meaning, half-whimsical expression in his eyes she sensed the implication of a shared secret. "And I thought, as I know someone who belongs to the Merriton Golf Club and who'd put me up as a temporary member, I might as well spend my holidays playing golf here. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'm very pleased to see you," she answered. And to herself she was saying with a little thrill of triumph that swamped an unaccountable feeling of remorse, "So he *does* care a little, after all."

She asked him where he was staying, and he told her at the Avory Arms in the village, an inn where golfers and fishermen often put up. He was on his way now to the links.

"May one come and call on you?" he asked.

"You may do more," Cecilia said gaily. "You may come to tea—this afternoon, if that's not too soon for you."

His eyes supplied her with the answer to that. It was a truthful one. If he had thought her pretty in London, where there were so many pretty girls to compare her with, he found her infinitely prettier in the country. The hot July sun had already burnt her a little, and it suited her; also her big shady hat and crisp washing frock were essentially becoming.

"How do they treat you, these people?" he went on solicitously.

"Oh, they don't bully me," she said, laughing. "Rather the reverse. I've nearly the whole day to do just what I like in."

"By George! that's pretty satisfactory, isn't it?" he commented meaningly.

She nodded, flushing once more. And then, partly because her pride jibbed at having to confess that she had made no progress towards the end which she and his cousin had discussed so often, and partly

because she was uncomfortably aware of having often felt actually relieved when a day had passed without giving her an opportunity to carry on her search, she told him of the discovery which she had made only that morning.

Rupert Bredon whistled long and softly. "By George!" he exclaimed again. And then, "Any chance of pumping the servants?" he asked eagerly. "Or"—his face fell—"this old butler now; he might have collared it, you know. Either because he had a sentimental sort of loyalty to the son of the house, or—by Jove, yes!—to black-mail the fellow when he arrived."

"Good heavens, no! What an idea!" Cecilia was aghast at the thought. "Old Dawson's as honest as the day; I'm sure he couldn't do a crooked thing if he tried."

It was a horrid suggestion; that he should make it—being, as he was, in her confidence—almost seemed to smirch herself. And she wasn't feeling any too proud of her own part in the matter as it was.

"Then it's got mislaid, somehow," Mr. Bredon said thoughtfully. In his absorption he missed the glance of startled revulsion which his companion had thrown at him. He had come down to Merriton, urged by Georgina, half incredulous of the wild-goose chase which she seemed to take so seriously, and more than doubtful of his own wisdom in reviving an old attraction. And now, on the first day, he was confronted not only by unmistakable evidence that Cecilia Avory had some grounds for her belief, but by a conviction that Cecilia in herself was even more attractive than he had thought her. She had an air of more vitality, of fuller life. Rupert Bredon's varied experience of women had taught him that a girl who knows herself to be desired nearly always gains correspondingly in charm. Down here, no doubt, she had found many admirers. This cousin, for instance; Georgina had hinted. . . .

"So you're teaching the clodhopper squire and his worthy parent how to hold their knives and forks?" he said presently. He had turned and was walking back with her. "I can imagine that it has its humorous side."

Six weeks ago Cecilia, too, would have said that it had its humorous side. To-day, oddly enough, it didn't strike her as being in the least funny. Besides, it wasn't true, and exaggeration ceases to amuse when the point of it strikes oneself as well as the subject of it. After all, the "clodhopper"

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--p. 1160

at whom Mr. Bredon sneered was her own cousin, and his mother had been kindness and consideration itself to the conscience-stricken little serpent that had wormed its way into her maternal bosom.

Yet even now a feeling of self-consciousness held her from defending them. Rupert Bredon would see for himself this afternoon.

"Life at Barcotes has a good many 'ides—for me," she said evasively, "though I'm not sure that any of them are humorous. But I think that in many ways it's an improvement on life at the Jerningham Hotel! Are the Molluscs as bright and chatty as ever, dear things?"

"They don't chat to me," said Mr. Bredon, "thank heaven."

Cecilia broke into involuntary laughter

at his disgusted expression, but her laughter died suddenly away. She was remembering Jim Avory's spontaneous courtesy to the middle-aged lady in the train, his readiness to help her. She had a feeling that his good nature would have made him very

popular with the Molluscs; Mrs. Mowbray and Captain Beamish would have chatted quite a lot to him. Friendliness was an essential part of his character; it had even triumphed over the brief hostility caused by her own atrocious rudeness to him at first sight. She thought that it was perhaps the outcome of a life

lived more or less in the wilds, where people are accepted and welcomed at their face value, until it is shown to be unreliable.

To-day, at lunch, when she mentioned her encounter with an old friend, the hospitable instinct of the Colonies made both Jim and his mother immediately declare that the young man must leave his quarters and come up to stay at Barcotes.

"We can't let a friend of yours put up at an inn when we've got all these empty rooms up here," Jim said, and his mother seconded him.

"Oh, but he wouldn't dream of expecting such a thing!" Cecilia exclaimed vainly, with inward dis-

may. She was flattered, a little thrilled, by Rupert Bredon's sudden appearance, but she didn't want him established up here at Barcotes, knowing what he knew. Her state of mind was complicated enough without that.

Then to herself she added consolingly that of course he wouldn't accept this embarrassing invitation. Under the circumstances his finer feelings would prevent him.

But she was wrong.

Mr. Bredon came to tea and stayed to dine. He was much impressed, though he was careful not to show it to Cecilia, by the way in which things were done at Barcotes. Old Dawson knew his work, and so did the cook, and Mrs. Avory had been wise enough from the beginning not to interfere

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too much with them. In no house of its kind could the wheels of service have run more smoothly; there was nothing even for Mr. Bredon's fastidiousness to criticize. The Avory Arms was comfortable enough, but this was a thousand times better. He protested that it was really much too kind of them—it really was!—and agreed to let his luggage be fetched from the village tomorrow.

Cecilia's mute signals went unnoticed. He was entirely occupied in making himself agreeable to his host and hostess.

A young man with a moderate income who moves among the "elect" of the land finds the art of pleasing a very valuable one. But it was an art which Cecilia, thoroughly vexed, for the first time failed entirely to appreciate. She wasn't as amused as usual by his anecdotes of the well-known and smart people with whom he fraternized. Somehow they fell rather flat, seemed a little puerile, here in the country, where nobody knew his particular friends. Up in London, at the Jerningham, it was different. One lived among people whose chief delight was in this kind of futile gossip. The Molluscs loved to study celebrities in picture papers, or to identify them in flesh and blood, walking in the park and shopping in Bond Street.

But how could Jim or his mother be expected to show anything but a politely vague interest in people they'd never even seen? To imagine that they could be was to assume in them an innate snobbishness, and Cecilia's knowledge of Mrs. Avory's shrewd, broadminded simplicity fired her with an oddly hot indignation at such an idea. It jostled another idea in her inner consciousness: Was Rupert Bredon the least little bit of a snob himself?

She was glad—honestly glad—when he rose to take his temporary departure. It was early, but he explained that he had arranged for a game of golf to-morrow morning, so that he must pack to-night if he really meant to take advantage of their kind invitation.

"Your friend goes about a good deal, my dear," said Mrs. Avory mildly after he had gone. "One of these young men who've plenty of time and money on their hands."

Cecilia said rather hurriedly that he worked for his living in an office.

"He don't talk much about that," Mrs. Avory remarked.

"N-no," said Cecilia slowly. She had always realized that to Rupert Bredon the

hours which he spent in earning his daily bread were hours which he frankly loathed. Life for him did not begin till his office closed.

Jim Avory made no comment on their guest. He had been unusually silent during the evening—tiresomely silent, Cecilia thought; for he could talk well and interestingly on matters he understood. She herself was beginning to share his keen interest in questions of agriculture and rural housing problems, though the revolutionary views which she sometimes suspected him of adopting on purpose to tease her led to many a brisk sparring-match between them.

To-night, after the guest had gone, they drifted into some such argument, and Cecilia's nerves being a little rasped by the strain of the evening, she found herself blazing out at one of his sweeping statements with all the privileged freedom of the cousin whom he did not know her to be.

"If you two young folk are going to have words, as usual," said Mrs. Avory good-naturedly, as she hoisted her ample person out of her arm-chair, "I shall go to bed and leave you to quarrel and make it up. Cecily, my dear"—(she had decided some time ago that "Miss Armstrong" was too formal, "from an old woman like me to a chit of a girl like you")—"come in to see me on your way to bed. I've something I want to show you."

She went out, and Jim, closing the door after her, came back to where Cecilia sat and stood looking down at her, frowning.

"Why do you always get so ratty with me?" he asked her. "What did I say to annoy you just now?"

She looked up a little startled. She hadn't realized that he was taking it seriously.

"Why, I don't quite remember," she stammered.

"Do you pitch into that fellow Bredon like that?" he went on.

"Mr. Bredon? Oh! No . . . I don't think I do," she said slowly.

"He's *your* sort, I suppose," Jim said with concentrated gloom; "the kind of fellow that knows exactly what you like and never treads on your toes, as I do. You've known him a long time, haven't you?"

"Not so very long." Cecilia wasn't looking at him. She was pushing a bangle absently up and down her slim arm, and a demure little smile trembled on the corners of her mouth. "But I don't think we've

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ever disagreed, as you and I disagree," she went on. And there was something unconsciously intimate in that "you and I" which sent a glow to Jim Avory's heart. "Your mother says that we spend half our time quarrelling and the other half making it up. Well, I've never quarrelled, and . . . I've never made it up—with Mr. Bredon."

Now that she came to put it into words there was a peculiarly literal truth in the admission. It had not been a quarrel, that drifting apart and disillusionment some months ago; but neither had the gulf been bridged over since then, and she knew it. It lay there still between her and Rupert Bredon. They had *not* made it up.

Suddenly she rose to her feet.

"I think I shall go to bed," she said.

"You haven't made it up with *me* yet," her companion reminded her. "That last remark of yours about uncivilized points of view was particularly beastly."

"Was it?" A little demon of mischief danced in Cecilia's eyes and matched the smile that had curved her lips a moment ago. "Well, I take it back. Forget it; you ought to be able to. It's only the civilized memory that's a long one; you said something like that yourself the first time I met you."

She held out a slim hand, standing very straight and demure in her rose-coloured taffetas frock. That frock had been the most treasured investment of the cheque which Mrs. Avory had sent in advance of her salary, and Cecilia would have done unwisely had she challenged comparison at the moment with the portrait of Anne Avory, for the likeness was startling. Some dim memory of that portrait struggled to life now at the back of Jim Avory's mind, and was blotted out by a rush of more personal feeling. What an adorable, provoking little witch the girl was! He made a sudden step forward, ignoring her outstretched hand.

"That's a rotten way to make a quarrel up," he said, and he put his arm swiftly round her and kissed her. It was the veriest shadow of a kiss, barely a touch of his lips upon her cheek. Then he released her and stood back, his face darkly flushed, half laughing, half penitent.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I didn't mean *that*!"

She wondered afterwards why she hadn't felt furiously angry—it was such an *impertinence*. And he didn't attempt to apologize either. He just stood there, look-

ing at her; and Cecilia, with a rather thrilling and half frightened consciousness of having lost control over the situation, uttered a hurried "Good night" and fled.

Mrs. Avory was standing by her dressing-table as the girl knocked and entered. A big leather jewel-case was open in front of her, and other smaller ones were scattered over the table.

"Come and look at these, my dear," she said. "I've had them out to-day to go through them. We really ought to put them in the bank. Dawson says that's an old-fashioned safe in the library, and burglars are so clever nowadays."

"These" were the heavy diamond parure that Great-Aunt Charlotte had worn on state occasions—the tiara and necklace and long ear-rings, and many other valuable ornaments in the shape of brooches, bracelets and rings, set with coloured stones of all kinds. They sparkled and glowed in the candle-light like live things released from the dark prison of their velvet beds. Cecilia uttered a cry of admiration.

"Oh! they're *perfectly* lovely! Why don't you wear some of them in the evenings—when you have people to dinner, for instance?"

"A homely old body like me?" Mrs. Avory scoffed. "No, my dear." A little frown crossed her placid forehead. "Old Mr. Avory, Cyril's father—he wouldn't have wanted me to wear 'em, not if he could have helped it; I know that right enough; and I'll not be indebted to him for more than I need." There was a ring of hard pride in her voice. "Besides, what do I want with gewgaws at my age? But a pretty young girl could wear some of the simpler things quite suitably, wouldn't you say? That's what I was meaning to ask your advice about, my dear. You see, it's like this: I don't know whether you've ever heard Jim and me speaking of him, but old Mr. Avory had a nephew who used to stay at Barcotes in the old days. Him and my husband never got on, not really well; but that's neither here nor there; I don't suppose Richard Avory was the one to blame. Well, this Richard would be an oldish man now, and the lawyers say he's none too well off. Yet it was always understood, when Jim's father and grandfather parted in anger long ago, that Richard Avory was to have the place. Old Mr. James told 'em both so; told my husband to his face that he had cut him out of his will and put his cousin there instead."

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She paused. Cecilia made no comment. The thing had come upon her with absolutely no warning, and the sound of that deep, placid voice was paralyzing her. To her guilty conscience it was like the menacing advance of a destroying wave.

"So you see how it is, my dear. There's poor Richard Avory counted on coming into Barcotes and living in comfort for the rest of his life; no one expected any different, not even the lawyers. And here he is as poor as ever, just because old Mr. Avory changed his mind at the last moment. It must have been a bitter blow to him, and Jim and me feel he's been hardly treated."

She paused again. She didn't look at Cecilia; she had taken up a shimmering necklace of small, beautifully matched pearls and was winding it about her gnarled fingers. "But you're wondering what all this has to do with the jewels, my dear?" she said. "Well, I'm going to tell you. Jim's thought it over, and he's going to arrange with the lawyers for some way of pretending they've found a—what did he call it?—a codicil; that's the word. An extra piece to the old gentleman's will, leaving his nephew a legacy that'll make up to him a bit. And then, there's a girl, you see." The matter-of-fact voice softened a little. "He's got a daughter, has Richard Avory, and I'd like to make it up to *her*, too. It'd be only natural for me to send her a present, wouldn't you think? She's Jim's cousin; she couldn't well be offended. This necklace now. . . . I thought you'd know what a young girl would like. Should I send her that?" . . .



Cecilia never knew *how* she got out of Mrs. Avory's room that night.

She had a dim recollection of some voice—not her own, surely—gravely weighing the merits of the pearl necklace against those of a pendant of pale blue sapphires and diamonds. She had known one moment of acute, agonizing fear that Mrs. Avory, lingering over some of the less valuable things, was going to make her a present of one of them on the spot. But Providence was merciful. Jim came in at that moment to say good night to his mother, and his entrance diverted her attention. The jewel-boxes had all been closed and locked, and Cecilia had seen him depart downstairs with them before she went to her own room. The pearl necklace, alas! remained upstairs in Mrs. Avory's room. It had all

been a nightmare—a dreadful, unbelievable nightmare. Why had she ever come to Barcotes!

Why, indeed? For she knew now that as far as her original purpose was concerned she might as well not have come at all. Her search for the lost will was over. If it should ever turn up, it must turn up through other agency than hers; she would have nothing—*nothing*, she decided passionately—to do with it! All her sophistries fell away from her. She had begun to tell herself lately, with a woman's distorted outlook on legal matters, that if she found the will she would be more or less entitled to make what use she chose of it; that, under the peculiar circumstances, some agreement could be arrived at between all the parties concerned—even to an equal division. Her father could not fail to like Jim; and, after all, since he had no son, wasn't Jim the natural heir when he himself should die? Jim would be Squire of Barcotes again in the end. (For of one thing Cecilia had been determined: she would refuse to be regarded as her father's heiress—Barcotes *ought* to go back to Jim; he was in the direct line.)

Oh, she had thought it all out, and now she didn't feel any whit the happier, not a scrap less small or treacherous! She hated herself. Her cheeks flamed against her hot pillow far into the night.

It was a damp pillow, too, bedewed by a good many tears. For she would have to leave Barcotes; it was the only thing to do, since discovery and exposure were so close upon her. Her father was still abroad; but when he heard of this codicil he would be bound to return to England, and she must make some excuse to get away before there was any possible chance of his coming down to Barcotes and finding her there.

What was it that Rupert Bredon had suggested? To "pump the old servants" about the afternoon on which Great-Uncle James was taken ill?

She wouldn't dream of it! No use should ever be made of Mrs. Vickers's information.

But Cecilia had yet to learn that it is sometimes easier to set a ball rolling than it is to stop it once started, and it took her less than forty-eight hours to learn it.

Rupert Bredon arrived at Barcotes soon after lunch next day, and in one way she welcomed his advent. To add to the other discomforts of her position, that absurd kiss last night had complicated her relations with Jim. It had made her self-conscious at

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breakfast alone with him this morning. Ridiculous, of course; he was her cousin, after all, although he didn't know it. And he had only done it in a spirit of fooling. . . . Why couldn't she take it in the same way? She only knew that she couldn't; that the gay self-confidence which marked her usual attitude towards him was beyond her now. What an idiot he must think her! She didn't know that the touch of shyness in her manner, her avoidance of his direct gaze, and the occasional ignominious flush which mounted to her cheeks were just all that had been needed to make Jim Avory fall irretrievably in love with her. He had been on the brink of it for some time; he was over the brink now.

But if she didn't know it Rupert Bredon saw it quickly enough. Before the first afternoon of his visit was over he knew that he had a rival in his host, difficult as it was for his vanity to recognize such a thing in this uncultured "backwoodsman." At once Cecilia, with or without her heiress-ship, became infinitely more desirable in his eyes. It is not the highest or most enduring form of love, this passion that needs the spur of rivalry, but for the time being it flames as fiercely as any.

In Rupert Bredon it rose to fever height with astonishing speed, fed by his wounded vanity. He couldn't bring himself to believe that he would have any real difficulty in cutting out Jim Avory; but he still retained sufficient self-control to realize that unless the missing will were found he could not afford to marry Cecilia. Therefore it entered his head that he might do worse than set himself to assist in the search.

The rector's son and daughters came up to tennis that afternoon and stayed late. He could not contrive a moment alone with Cecilia either then or during the evening that followed. The rectory youth was a local tournament celebrity, and gave him all he could do to hold his own, though he played tennis, as he played most games, extremely well; it was another of his assets as a popular guest in other people's houses. And he was particularly anxious to shine before Cecilia. It was not enough to defeat his host, for Jim made no pretence at being anything but the rawest of duffers. He had only taken up the usual country games at Cecilia's suggestion, and beyond a slashing service which "came off" about twice in a set he was, as he frankly owned, simply a handicap to his partner on the courts. His serene unconcern about it rather annoyed

Mr. Bredon; it seemed to belittle his own performance.

The evening was not, from his point of view, a much greater success. He had somehow lost that mental "rapprochement" between himself and Cecilia which had been the foundation of so many little jokes and confidences unshared by their neighbours at the Jerningham. She did not seem to be consciously aware of the fact that he was drawing his hostess out very amusingly, nor that he and she moved, as it were, in a world set miles apart from Avory and his queer old parent.

The next morning was spent on the golf links, where Jim acquitted himself if anything rather worse than he had done at tennis. The club professional found him as yet a disappointing pupil; he had a good, natural swing, but he was impatient and over-keen.

On finding that Mrs. Avory and Cecilia were driving out to pay some calls that afternoon, and that his host was riding into Merriton on business connected with the estate, Mr. Bredon decided to have lunch up at the links and play another round of golf with the professional.

"If I'm not back to tea, Dawson will look after you," Jim told him hospitably; "or if you'd rather wait at the clubhouse, my mother could pick you up on her way back."

Rupert Bredon said he thought he would prefer to walk home after his game and laze in the garden.

He wasn't a person who ever took exercise excepting for sport or in a ball-room, but this afternoon, having shortened his proposed game to nine holes, he walked quite briskly home, and at half-past four Dawson found him lounging in the drawing room.

"Would you prefer tea here or out in the garden, sir?" the old butler asked.

"Oh, here, I think," he said carelessly. Then, as Dawson was leaving the room: "Oh, I say, I wonder if you can tell me where I can find a book to read? Anything will do."

Dawson hesitated. "In the library, sir, there are a great many books, but I don't know whether you'd care for them. They're, as you might say, a little dry. Very old, most of them. History and travel and science, not modern stuff at all, sir."

"Well, I might look," said Rupert Bredon easily. "Next door to the dining-room, isn't it?"



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"I'll show you, sir."

Dawson led the way to the library.

"My late master was a great reader, sir," he said in his dignified way. "An invalid for years, he was, and reading was his hobby."

"He seems to have been a wonderful old man," Mr. Bredon remarked, absently glancing over the uninviting titles on the old leather backs. "Clear-headed and businesslike to the very last, wasn't he? I hear he transacted quite a lot of business the day before he died."

Rupert Bredon had a very pleasant manner with servants. Old Dawson, who might otherwise have resented an attempt on the part of a stranger to discuss "the family," unbent.

"That's so, sir. He saw two of the tenants that very afternoon and seemed quite his usual self."

"So I heard," Mr. Bredon nodded. "Amazing vitality. Perhaps he rather overdid it that day. A man of his age dealing with a heavy correspondence. . . ."

Old Dawson's short-sighted eyes missed the keen, probing glance which flashed through and away from him. He looked faintly puzzled.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir. The squire was never one to write many letters. Never more than a couple at the outside, and often days would pass that he didn't take up a pen, excepting to make a note on the margin of some book. Used to have an armful of them out every afternoon, and dip into them one after another. I've found as many as half a dozen lying open on the table beside him when I came in to bring his tea and take away his letters for the post if he had any. And that afternoon I remember quite well—it was a terrible shock to me, sir—I came in as usual and found the squire crumpled up all in a heap on the floor. Shocking sight it was. And when all the fuss was over and we'd put him to bed and sent for the doctor, I came down to the library again to put the books away—great heavy books of history they were—down

there in that left-hand corner. And I remember there was only one letter for the post that day, because I took it up and said to myself: 'Shall I keep it back and see how the squire is to-morrow?' For I knew what it was, you see, sir; just a note to the builder at Merriton to come over and see him about repairing the coachhouse. However"—the old man shook his head sadly—"I sent it in the end."



"He chuckled. 'I got it out of him pretty neatly,' he said"—p. 1168

and the fellow had his journey for nothing. He came over next day, but the squire was dying and couldn't see no one."

The expression of deep interest on his listener's face had made Dawson oblivious of all but his story; and Rupert Bredon, to whom, beneath that mask of grave sympathy, had come the flash of a sudden illuminating suggestion, started when he

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heard a sound at the door. He turned and saw Cecilia Avory standing there.

Her eyes moved swiftly from one to the other of the two men.

"Mrs. Avory wants tea at once, please, Dawson," she said. And then, lightly, to Rupert: "We're home earlier than we expected. The second lot we called upon were out, so we've had no tea. Is Mr. Avory back yet?"

"No," the other answered. Dawson had gone, and, moving closer to her, he added in a low voice of breathless excitement: "If you want to know where to look for the missing will, I recommend you to hunt through those books in the lower corner by the fireplace. Your great-uncle had them all out the day before he died. And—you were quite right—Dawson didn't pinch that document, but . . . *it never went to the post either.*" He chuckled. "I got it out of him pretty neatly," he said.

Cecilia had suddenly grown very pale.

"I'll look . . . on the first chance I get," she muttered between dry lips.

She might have guessed that this would happen! It was a judgment on her, so her heart cried out bitterly.



But it wasn't till she was alone in her bedroom that night that she had time to realize the situation in its full horror.

She stared tragically into the looking-glass.

"You began it and you've got to face it," she said between her set teeth. "It's no good telling yourself that if the will's there, it's *there*, and that someone else will find it sooner or later, if *you* don't. . . ."

Her thoughts checked suddenly.

Someone else? How did she know but that to-morrow Rupert Bredon, driven by the time-honoured thrill of the treasure hunt, might not start the search on his own account? He had only to pretend that he was interested in old books; no one would put any barrier in the way of his ransacking the whole library if he wanted to and finding the hateful thing.

"Hallo! here's an old letter," he would say. "Never been posted." And he would give it to Jim, and Jim would probably there and then open it. . . .

No. . . . *no!* Cecilia drew a long breath and made up her mind in a sudden blaze of shuddering revolt. Jim should never open it. *No* one should! Simply an old letter. Who was to say, who *could* say with any

certainly what had been in it . . . *when it had once been burnt unopened?*

Cecilia slipped rapidly out of her evening-dress and threw over her petticoat and bare arms a dressing-gown whose rustle would not betray her. She wouldn't give herself time to think; she would steal down to the library now, like the thief in the night which she had lately begun to feel herself, and find the horrible thing and destroy it. She didn't care if she were doing something illegal or not; in a fine fever of quixotic exaltation she decided that morally she was justified. Heaps of people would say that a man had no *right* to disinherit his own nearest flesh and blood.

Cautiously she opened her door and peered out. It was about half-past eleven. She had heard the two men go to their rooms a little while ago. All was in darkness, and she would have to take a candle, for Barcotes, comfortable though it was in every respect, had remained behind the times in the matter of lighting. There was no electric light in the house; candles and lamps had sufficed for James Avory and his generation.

So, candle in hand, she sped noiselessly down the stairs and passed ghostlike across the shadowy hall. She opened the library door and, closing it gently behind her, turned, to smother a startled scream that rose to her lips. A man was standing at the far end of the room, and in the uncertain, flickering light of the candle she did not recognize him at first. Then she saw that it was Rupert Bredon.

He was still fully dressed, and what he had been doing was obvious. He held a pocket electric-torch in his hand, and a couple of the big books from the lower shelves lay on a little table quite near to him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in an odd, breathless voice that was half-vexed and intensely relieved, "you gave me such a fright that I lost my head and turned my torch out. I'm a pretty rotten conspirator, what?"

His laugh had a rather nervous ring. In spite of the story he had carefully prepared in case he were found here by any luckless chance—a story of insomnia and a book which he had noticed in the library that afternoon—it was clear that he didn't feel at his ease. A life of little diplomatic insincerities hadn't quite dulled him to the fact that it wasn't exactly a pretty thing to sneak about a man's house in the dead of

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night, hunting for the evidence to dispossess him.

For Cecilia Avory it was different; her interest in the matter was an intimately personal one. Yet even Cecilia—so oddly is the human mind constituted—lost caste for the moment in his eyes as the two of them met here in this stealthy, undignified fashion, linked together by the bonds of a mutual conspiracy.

The fact didn't disturb him; he wasn't an idealist. And, by George! how fascinating she looked in that soft wrapper thing which clung so closely about her.

"You frightened me," Cecilia said. "I didn't expect to find you here."

"Or you wouldn't have come?" he asked.

"Don't speak so loud!" she said hurriedly, and added, "But of course not," with quick emphasis. She had regained her self-possession a little. The one thing that mattered was to get him away, to stop this abominable, interfering search of his, before it was too late. "Supposing that anyone came in and found us here—at this hour?" she said. "What on earth would they think? Please put those books back at once!"

She advanced towards the little table, but Rupert Bredon, with a quick movement, interposed himself between her and the evidence of his late proceedings.

"Don't be a goose," he said. "Who *should* find us?" His eyes were riveted on her, excited and eager. His face was flushed. He had lost that odd diffidence where this particular girl was concerned, which—luckily, as he had thought at the time—had held him back from making too easy and rapid love to her in those days just before her great-uncle's funeral. Their joint secret and the late hour had combined to shatter it, together with the alluring intimacy of her unconventional garb, emphasizing the lines of her slender limbs, the delicious curves of bare throat that melted into warm creamy shadows where her thin wrap was folded over her soft, young breast.

And beneath the sudden passion which fired him there lurked a knowledge—a certainty—which drove him on.

For Cecilia had been too late. On the table behind him, somewhere in the middle of "The Reigns of the Tudors," he had already found what he sought—the long, sealed envelope, addressed in a fine sloping hand to Messrs. Carter and Tresham, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, slipped in, no

doubt, as a temporary book-marker by the old man, whose queer methods of reading had been so graphically described by Dawson. Rupert Bredon had closed the volume swiftly at the sound of the opening door. And now that cool brain which always governed his wildest impulses suggested that it would be more graceful to woo the woman before he proposed to the heiress—more graceful and easier. And the peculiar circumstances at the moment would surely stand for sufficient incentive and excuse.

"Hang the books!" he said. "Let them stay where they are." He came closer to her. "How can you expect a man to think of anything but you when you're looking so absolutely sweet?"

Cecilia was dismayed and taken aback.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a disturbed voice, "I wish you wouldn't say things like that! You don't mean it." (Why was she so sure, somehow, that he *didn't* mean it? Didn't mean it, anyhow, in the only way that mattered.) "And I don't like it, either," she went on, "so please don't."

"But I *do* mean it," he said, "and you know it, even if you can't know how mad-deningly pretty you look! Cecilia . . . can't you think of anything but that wretched will? Supposing that you're only chasing a will-o'-the-wisp after all? It's very likely. By Heaven, I could almost be selfish enough to hope it might turn out one, if it's going to be a barrier between us."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Cecilia protested in flushed discomfort, shrinking before his hotly possessive gaze, "and, anyhow, this isn't the right time to stand here and talk at all. If you won't put back the books and go, I shall do it myself."

She passed him swiftly as she spoke, and for a moment he hesitated. Then the impulse to sweep forcibly aside her absurd pretence of not understanding carried him away.

After all, what the dickens did she expect, the dear little fool, if she came downstairs looking like that? A man wasn't made of stone.

He turned and caught her in his arms and held her tightly in spite of her cry of indignation and alarm. Her struggles only fired his determination to conquer her. She might be angry for the moment, but she would give in when she could no longer pretend; would give in all the more quickly

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because—to a girl of her type—the whole incident, unless it ended in an engagement, would have degraded her in her own eyes. She heard his muttered "Little darling" close to her ear as she writhed desperately, knocking one of the books off the little table in her struggles. It fell with a heavy thud on the floor, but neither of them heeded it. In another moment he would have kissed her.

But the moment never came.

For the second time that day the old library saw two people so absorbed in their own affairs that the entrance of a third went unnoticed. It was a particularly noiseless entrance. When you have been disturbed in the midst of your preparations for bed by the advent of a large and portentous lady in a grey flannel dressing-gown with the information that something or someone—probably burglars—is moving about downstairs, you do not announce your arrival on the scene of action with any blare of trumpets.

Jim Avory had stood for some time that evening by his bedroom window, smoking thoughtfully; he was only half undressed when his mother summoned him, and he had hastily pulled on his garments again and crept downstairs.

"Bredon!"

It was an amazed, curtly interrogative voice that interrupted the little scene. Rupert Bredon relaxed his hold of the girl, and she broke away from him and took refuge with a little spontaneous cry of thankfulness at the new-comer's side.

"What's all this?" Jim Avory asked.

His eyes, hard as steel in the candle light, were fixed on the other man, yet in every fibre of his being he was fiercely conscious of Cecilia's nearness. His arm slipped round her lightly and protectingly as she clung to him, panting.

The attitude of the two was a revelation to Rupert Bredon. He could not help realizing, with a sense of bitter shock, how much it meant—that instinctive clinging of the girl to her cousin—and a wave of hot, furious jealousy surged up in him.

He had thrown his dice and lost. She had only been playing with him, the infernal little flirt! The primitive type—the rough, uncultured brute—was her choice. So she meant to have them both, did she—the man and the money? Heavens, no! He would score off her there, and the clodhopper, too. His voice shook with sheer spite as he answered.

"A little misunderstanding between Miss —er—Armstrong and myself," he said. "I'm sorry, Avory. But it's hardly one's own fault when a lady is willing to meet one at this sort of hour in this informal kind of way. . . ."

"Oh, that's *not* true—it's not!" Cecilia cried, scarlet and trembling, as she hurriedly drew the disarranged folds of her dressing-gown closer about her throat. "I didn't come down here to meet him. I didn't dream he'd be here! I came—" She stopped.

"Yes?" said Jim gently. It was difficult to believe that a voice could be so gentle and so hard at the same time.

Mr. Bredon interposed. "For this, perhaps?" he suggested smoothly. He had thrust aside with his foot "The Reigns of the Tudors," sprawling face downwards on the floor, and beneath it, where it had fallen, lay a long envelope, stamped and sealed. But as he stooped to it Cecilia, swift as a flash, sprang past him and snatched it up.

"It's mine!" she gasped defiantly. "Mine!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Certainly you've taken a lot of trouble to get it," he said unpleasantly, "if that constitutes any right to it. Avory may be interested to know that you came down here under a false name, solely to try and find that piece of paper, if it existed at all. Well, it apparently *does* exist. I wish you joy of it."

Jim Avory strode to the door and opened it wide.

"Get out," he said between his teeth. "This is my house and—until to-morrow morning—you're my guest. I don't want to forget it if I can help it." There was an ominous ring in his voice.

Mr. Bredon laughed nastily.

In moments of great tension the veneer rubs off a man and he shows as what he is. This particular man, for all his breeding, had the instincts of the small mongrel who snaps safely at a big dog's heels.

"I shall be interested to know if you still take that attitude—to-morrow morning," he said meaningly, and went out, just as Cecilia became aware for the first time that there was someone else in the room, someone who had entered only a second or two after Jim, and had stood silently watching the whole scene with her shrewd, steady light eyes.

She made the discovery suddenly, as—



"Get out," he said  
between his teeth "

Drawn by  
J. Dewar Mills

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seeing Jim's back turned on her—she sprang towards the lighted candle on the writing-table with that hateful envelope in her hands. She had thrust it into the flame, one corner of it was blackened, beginning to scorch, when strongly gripping fingers closed over her wrist and frustrated her purpose. Standing beside her, massive, immovable and unmoved, was Mrs. Avory.

"Oh, you don't *understand!*" wailed Cecilia breathlessly. "Let me burn it. Oh! *please* let me burn it!"

"Give it to me," said Jim Avory's voice curtly over her shoulder. "If it was found in Barcotes it's mine."

He relentlessly detached the grip of her clinging fingers and drew the envelope away. Cecilia sank weakly into a chair.

"Oh, if you'd *only* let me burn it!" she whispered.

"What is it?" He turned it over with an air of repugnance—this apparently harmless object which had been the mysterious pivot of a little drama that had left him in a maze of painful, bewildered suspicion.

Cecilia was silent. It was his mother who answered him, surprisingly.

"I've a fancy," she said in her deep, placid voice, "that it's likely to be your grandfather's last will, Jim."

He stared at it, his eyes darkening.

"His *last* will?" he repeated slowly.

Mrs. Avory nodded. "Hadn't you better open it? I see it was meant for the lawyers, but you can send it on to 'em afterwards."

As though in a daze, he followed her suggestion. Silence fell on the big room while he smoothed it out and read it. Cecilia steeled herself to bear what must follow—that hollow, hideous triumph which she had once anticipated so heedlessly—tortured herself by picturing the startled dismay that must be creeping coldly over him. . . .

Then he broke the silence.

"Well? What's all the fuss about?" he said impatiently. "What the dickens did that fellow Bredon mean? It's the old man's will, right enough, and practically the same as the one they proved, excepting for two things." He looked at the document again. "I see he leaves everything to me instead of to my father, and he leaves a legacy to his nephew, Richard Avory."

"Ah!" commented his mother with a little sigh of satisfaction. "Then he did the right thing after all. It always

seemed queer to me that he shouldn't have made a brand-new will instead of falling back on an old one."

Cecilia sat as though stunned. The blood was drumming in her ears. Her revulsion of feeling, the shock of relief, were so intense that she felt dizzy with it.

"He knew my father was dead, then?" Jim said, frowning thoughtfully.

"Yes," Mrs. Avory said. "He wrote me after your father died. I never told you. He was a hard old man and it was a cruel letter; it hurt my pride. He wrote me that he'd got to hear, somehow, of your father's death, and about *you*; and that you were more like to be a credit to him than he'd ever fancied any son of mine could ever be, and that he'd changed his mind and made you his heir after all."

"Still, I don't see . . ." Jim began, then turned suddenly on Cecilia. "What on earth did you want to burn it for?" he asked her. He'd never spoken to her in that voice before. Cecilia shivered. "And how does Bredon come to be mixed up in the business? And what the dickens did the cad mean," he added savagely, "by what he said about *you*?"

Cecilia met his bewildered, angry eyes with the courage of despair.

"I'm Richard Avory's daughter," she said in a very low voice. "I'm Cecilia Avory. My name isn't Armstrong at all, and he knew it."

"Good heavens!" said Jim.

"And I knew it too," remarked Mrs. Avory calmly, with that amazing unexpectedness. "I knew it from the second day you were here."

"You . . . *didn't!*" gasped Cecilia.

"Bless your heart, my dear," the old lady retorted, "do you take me for a fool? If you do, you're the first that's thought such a thing of Kate Jennings, let me tell you. And you as like the picture in the little gallery-room as two peas! Oh, yes; I guessed it then. And I wasn't so astonished either. I said to myself, 'She's an Avory, and she's poor and she's proud, and she'd hate to have her friends know she's taking on a job like this, and she's not the sort to sponge on relations. So there it is.' It wasn't my business."

"Then, when you showed me the jewels . . . you *knew*," repeated Cecilia under her breath. She had risen to her feet and was standing with one hand grasping the writing-table, supporting herself. She felt



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limp and crumpled up both physically and mentally.

There was the glimmer of a twinkle in Mrs. Avory's eyes.

"'Twas the pearls you chose," she remarked ruminatively. "I don't say but that the sapphires wouldn't suit you—"

"Oh . . . Oh-h!" cried Cecilia in an indescribable voice. "Don't . . . don't! What *must* you think of me?" And then, recklessly, "You'd better hear it all while I can bear to tell you—all of it!"

And forthwith out it came, the whole miserable story of a deception, started so gaily, that had every day become a heavier burden. It was told very baldly, with only the barest hint of those sharp pangs of conscience, that growing shrinking, the wild schemes of compensation.

She faltered on, poor Cecilia, unable to raise her eyes to meet the utter disillusionment and condemnation which she felt would scorch her in those honest blue eyes of Jim's.

"Did your father know what you were doing?"

She flinched at his grim question as at the lash of a whip.

"Good heavens, no! He'd have been furious—horrificed! . . ."

"Of course he would," said Mrs. Avory in her matter-of-fact way; and the girl flashed her a look of almost tearful gratitude. "Not that I'm saying you hadn't a right; not for one moment, my dear," she added in her shrewd, tolerant fashion. "Who should know, if I don't, that a woman's got to fight for her own?"

"That's true," Jim said, reluctantly as it seemed. His mind worked slowly; the thought that this girl had all these weeks been scheming under his roof had bitterly hurt and angered him. And yet, as his mother had said, she had thought she had a right. And Jim Avory had no illusions on the score of his late father; his cousin, from what her father must have told her, could have none either. If there had been such a will as she had imagined, and Cyril Avory, being in possession, had found it, would anyone else have ever seen it? The chances were against it. She had been justified, perhaps, in not risking her hopes on such chances.

"I'd like to know," he said now, in sudden; swift impatience—he was still honestly puzzled—"why on earth, after all this, when you thought you'd got what you

came here for"—Cecilia winced, and seeing it, his voice softened a little—"you tried to burn the thing? What was your reason?"

Mrs. Avory laughed.

"You're young, Jim," she said kindly. "Haven't you learnt yet that a woman always has five reasons for everything that she does and that she'll always tell you the fifth to start with and leave out the first altogether?"

"Let's have one of them, at any rate," Jim said.

"Oh, don't you *see*?" Cecilia said in a halting voice, twisting her restless fingers together. "I felt it wasn't *fair*. You were his grandson; you had the *real* right. . . ."

"You had time to think of all that before, hadn't you?" he retorted with rather crushing irony; but from the eyes that were bent upon her the look of uncompromising steel had vanished.

"Y-yes; but . . . oh! it was impossible!" she cried miserably. "Your mother had been so good to me. . . . You'd both been so . . . amazingly generous about my father."

"You can cut that out," he said almost roughly. "We may be allowed to be human, I suppose."

Again Mrs. Avory laughed. It was a short, dry laugh, but it held something benevolent in its dryness—and gathered the folds of her voluminous dressing-gown firmly about her.

"Ask our little cousin for the first reason, my son," she said.

She moved towards the door, and Cecilia, panic-stricken at the departure of one who at least seemed willing to judge her exploits with kindly charity, started forward to follow her. But Jim barred her way.

"Well?"

"I've given you all my reasons," she said desperately. "All the reasons that matter," she repeated breathlessly. "And . . . I'll go away to-morrow—"

"You won't," said Jim. "You'll *stay*; because of the reason that you *haven't* given me." His voice deepened to a note of half-impatient, half-exultant tenderness as he caught her to him. "It's the only reason that matters between you and me," he said under his breath, and he bent his head to hers.

This time it was emphatically not the merest shadow of a kiss that crushed her soft lips beneath his.

(The End)

# Conquering Space

*Another Step Forward*

*By*

*Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S.*

*Wonders of the Latest Telescopes and the Secrets they are Revealing*

**A**MONG the treasures in one of the rooms of the Royal Society is a little telescope used by Sir Isaac Newton. It only stands some twelve inches above the desk upon which it reposes and its mirror is scarcely larger than a spectacle lens. Contrast this instrument with the recently completed 96-ton Hooker telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory, in California, whose powerful mirror, which measures 100 inches in diameter, brings the moon to within a hundred miles of this earth and

makes a star appear 250,000 times as bright as the eye sees it, and you get some idea of the wonderful advance man has made in designing mighty telescopes for revealing the wonders of the heavens.

Now comes the news that the Canadian astronomers have planned a still larger instrument, one which will possess an optic glass 120 inches, or ten feet, in diameter. This giant of mirrors has already been cast and is now being polished. The fact is, there is a race going on between the great observatories as to who shall own the largest and most powerful of instruments. When it is remembered that as much as £50,000 to £75,000 is now spent upon the erection of a single telescope, the layman may be pardoned for asking, What do these great instruments reveal and are the secrets they discover of any real value?

The question can be answered better by first noting the size and power of the world's latest stargazers and what they have done in revealing the mysteries of the heavenly bodies. Until a decade or so ago the Yerkes telescope, on the outskirts of Chicago, held the palm for possessing the largest optic glass. It was built through the generosity of the late Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, after whom it



**The 72-in. Canadian Telescope**

Most powerful in the British Empire, and the second largest in the world.

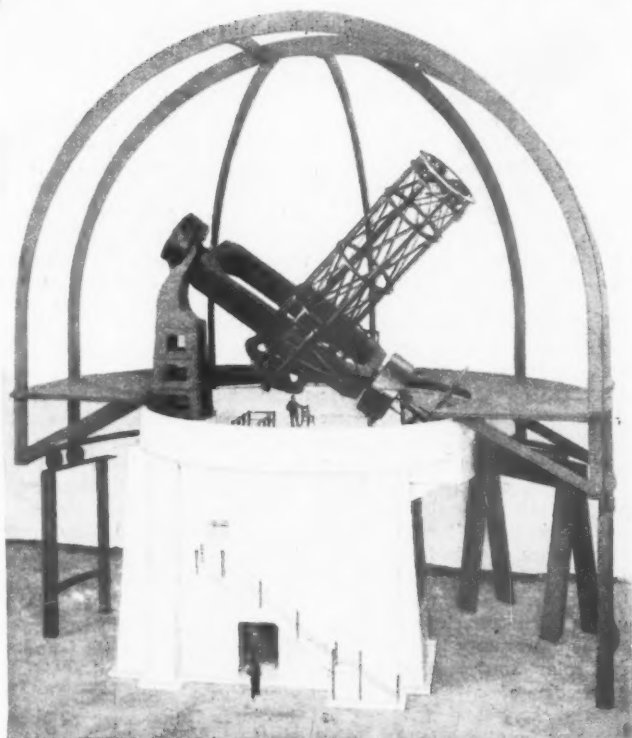
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was named. When he ordered the telescope he declared: "I don't care how big it is, but let it lick the 'Lick'" — referring, of course, to the 36-inch instrument of the Lick Observatory.

The Yerkes telescope, with its 40-inch glass, has now gone the way of the Lick, having within the space of a single decade been eclipsed by three powerful instruments possessing reflectors of 60, 72 and 100 inches in diameter respectively. The first-named was completed in 1916, after six years of patient toil on the part of mathematicians, opticians, engineers and builders on the summit of Mount Wilson, in California.

During its erection the Canadian astronomers, jealous of the big instruments of the American observatories, induced their Government to enter the race for the world's greatest telescope, with the result that an instrument with a 72-inch glass was planned and erected in a special building on an eminence outside the City of Victoria, in British Columbia. Over six years were spent on the undertaking, and all told a sum of £60,000 was expended upon the enterprise. It represented the largest single contribution any government has ever contributed to astronomical research. All the other great telescopes have been erected through the generosity of wealthy or interested individuals after whom the instruments are named.

In the 72-inch telescope Canada possesses the largest star-gazer in the British Empire and at the present moment the second largest telescope in the world. As already stated, she is now planning one which will possess an object-glass ten feet in diameter.



**The Largest Telescope in the World**

The Mount Wilson reflecting telescope, largest in the world, with 100-inch mirror. The tube is eleven feet in diameter and forty-three feet long. It surmounts a pier thirty-five feet high and twenty by forty-five feet at ground level. The dome is 100 feet in diameter. This is a skeleton view conveying a striking idea of the enormous dimensions of the instrument and its housing.

The erection of the seventy-two-inch instrument was a daring piece of work. All that the designers had to guide them at that time was the existing 40-inch instrument of the Yerkes Observatory. Not only did the mirror represent a decided step forward in point of size, but every feature of the mechanism of its operation represented pioneer work involving prolonged and careful study. It is work that you cannot hurry. Although the various parts of the instrument may weigh many tons, they have to be assembled with mathematical accuracy—the least miscalculation being sufficient to spell ruin.

The Canadian giant weighs some 56 tons, forty-five of which are movable. The mere pressing of an electric button is sufficient to move this immense weight in any direction, thanks to an elaborate system of ball-bear-

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ings and the delicate manner in which the instrument is poised. When ready for mounting its object glass—which had taken over two years to fashion—weighed 4,340 lbs., or nearly two tons. The instrument is doing good work and the other month discovered a new star, the most distant from this earth. It has been appropriately named Plasket, after Dr. Plasket, who is in charge of the observatory. This far-distant globe of fire is 52,560 million millions of miles from our planet, and an aeroplane travelling at 200 miles an hour would take 30,000 million years to reach it.

### The Race for the Largest Telescope

Long before this great Canadian telescope was ready to wrest new secrets from the heavens, however, the American astronomers, not to be outdone, started upon the erection of a still bigger instrument, one that should possess a reflector measuring 100 inches, or 8 feet 4 inches in diameter, a great circular piece of glass  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet higher than a tall man. It reposes in its steel house, perched 6,000 feet above sea-level, on the summit of Mount Wilson, in California, almost within a stone's throw of the older 60-inch instrument.

The observatory here was founded in 1904 for solar work. The sun is the most accessible of all the stars, and it was rightly thought that this great luminary was worthy of special study. Accordingly two great skeleton steel towers, 60 and 150 feet in height respectively, were constructed on the mountain top, each tower carrying a little observation station wherein is placed a small but powerful mirror which, catching the sunlight, reflects it down through the tube in the centre of the tower, so that it can be studied and examined in the observing room below. Through gifts and the generosity of the Carnegie Institute, however, the work has been extended to the stars themselves, and to-day the observatory is the largest and best-equipped institution of its kind in the world.

The erection of the great 100-inch telescope proved quite a formidable feat. All the heavy steel work of which the instrument is composed, as well as many tons of material for the observatory itself, had to be conveyed up a steel mountain track. A whole day was often spent in hauling the heavy pieces of mechanism up the last nine miles of the ascent. Many single parts of the telescope, which alone turns the scale

at 96 tons, weighed as much as ten tons and more. To assemble these pieces together powerful cranes had to be installed. Not least, there was the climatic conditions. In midsummer the workmen were scorched by the sun, and frozen by the piercing cold in winter. What they dreaded most were the sudden and violent thunderstorms which burst upon these mountains, when the lightning played around them for hours at a time. The sudden snowstorms were equally trying, burying material and tools many feet deep in snow.

Above all, the work had to be done with mathematical accuracy, rendered all the more trying because of the daring innovations it was decided to follow. The manner in which the telescope is mounted is entirely new. It rests on a pier of hollow reinforced concrete 35 feet in height. This pier in turn rests on other piers—forty in all—built in the form of a double ring. The object here is a twofold one. By standing the telescope 35 feet above the ground on a hollow structure it is sufficiently removed from the ground to be affected by earth radiations, while the forty piers upon which the hollow platform rests provide footings heavy enough to withstand the severe wind and snowstorms which are experienced at this bleak altitude.

Another new departure is that no part of the dome or the wall is allowed to touch the pier on which the telescope rests. This is to prevent vibrations that may be set up by the dome or wall reaching the instrument. As a further precaution against vibrations affecting the delicate mechanism of the telescope, the outer wall is built entirely of steel and stands in a bed of sand six inches deep. Every precaution, in fact, which science can suggest has been taken to ensure a perfect home for this goliath star-gazer.

### The Marvels of the Mirror

But the most vital part of the whole instrument is the mirror. As already stated, it is 100 inches in diameter. Glass discs of such size are most difficult to cast, and there is only one firm—a French institution—who can undertake such a task. And they had eight failures before they turned out the disc. In its rough state it was 101 inches across, 13 inches thick, and weighed over five tons. Now came the task of grinding and polishing and boring the necessary hole in the centre. From first to last four years was spent in this work,

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during which period a ton of glass was removed. The delicacy of this work may be gathered from the fact that nowhere upon its surface must the deviation exceed the two-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. After the grinding and polishing was accomplished the mirror was given a coating of silver, deposited by chemical means, when the colossal disc, weighing  $4\frac{1}{4}$  tons, was ready for mounting in the bottom of the tube, and the great instrument, upon which £70,000 had been expended, stood complete. Some £50,000 of this sum was contributed by Mr. D. Hooker, a wealthy Californian business man, after whom the telescope is named.

### What You See

Here it should be explained that this latest of star-gazers—and the remarks apply also to the Canadian giant—is of the reflector type; that is to say, it is the reflection of the heavenly body which the observer sees. You do not look through the mirror directly at a star. The star's rays are caught by the mirror at the bottom end of the telescope tube and reflected back, up the tube, upon a secondary mirror or prism. The mirror does not actually magnify the rays it reflects, but gathers them together and concentrates them. The secondary mirror, which catches the reflection, slightly enlarges it and sends it back through the hole in the centre of the big mirror on to the eyepiece behind it, which is really a high-power compound microscope. Thus the reflected image is seen through the eyepiece considerably magnified, and there held and examined or photographed. The great mirror is enabled to make a star appear 250,000 times as bright as the eye sees it. It is enabled to do this because a mirror with a diameter of a hundred inches possesses an area 250,000 times as large as the pupil of the eye. True, a little light is lost in the process of reflection, but virtually nothing to speak of.

The principal work of these great telescopes is the observation and study of stars and nebulae which emit little light, with a view to learning something of their size, form, composition and, not least, the general construction of the universe, though their powerful glasses are also turned upon the sun, the moon and the planets. Indeed, the 100-inch giant virtually brings the moon to within a hundred miles of this earth.

Recently some wonderfully clear photo-

graphs were secured of this satellite by this great telescope, one of which is reproduced herewith. It depicts over 400,000 square miles of the moon's surface on a scale of about fifty miles to the square inch. The great mountain ranges, some of them towering 20,000 feet in height, are plainly discernible, as well as the numerous large and small craters. These latter vary in diameter from a few feet to fifty miles and more, and from a few hundred to 8,000 feet in depth.

### Solving a Vexed Question

This photograph is expected to solve what has hitherto proved a vexed question among astronomers and scientists, namely, whether the numerous craters that cover the moon's surface are of volcanic origin or whether they are merely "shell-holes," the shells in this case being meteorites. Those who have contended they were the result of volcanoes have had slightly the better of the argument, partly because similar holes on the earth's surface are undoubtedly volcanic, and partly because the lunar craters exhibit streaks radiating from their sides that the mere splash of a falling body does not duplicate. A study of the craters made by exploding aeroplane bombs, however, shows that they are exactly similar in every feature to the craters on the moon. Hence the theory that they were caused by meteorites exploding on striking the moon in ages past. The earth escaped or does not show the marks of similar meteorite bombing, because her atmosphere disintegrated most of the meteors before they reached the ground.

### Photographing Sun Spots

In the same way some wonderful photographs have been secured of sun spots. Some of these dark blotches which appear on the face of our luminary are so large that you could drop half a dozen worlds the size of our earth into them without filling the breach. The point here is, do sun spots affect our climate? Some say they do, and others that they do not. The big telescope should decide. That the heavenly bodies do exercise a direct influence over our climate cannot be denied. Prof. Pickering told us in the summer of 1916 that the ice-caps of Mars indicated that our coming winter would be a very cold one, and his prophecy turned out to be correct.

What is regarded as the most wonderful photograph taken with the world's most

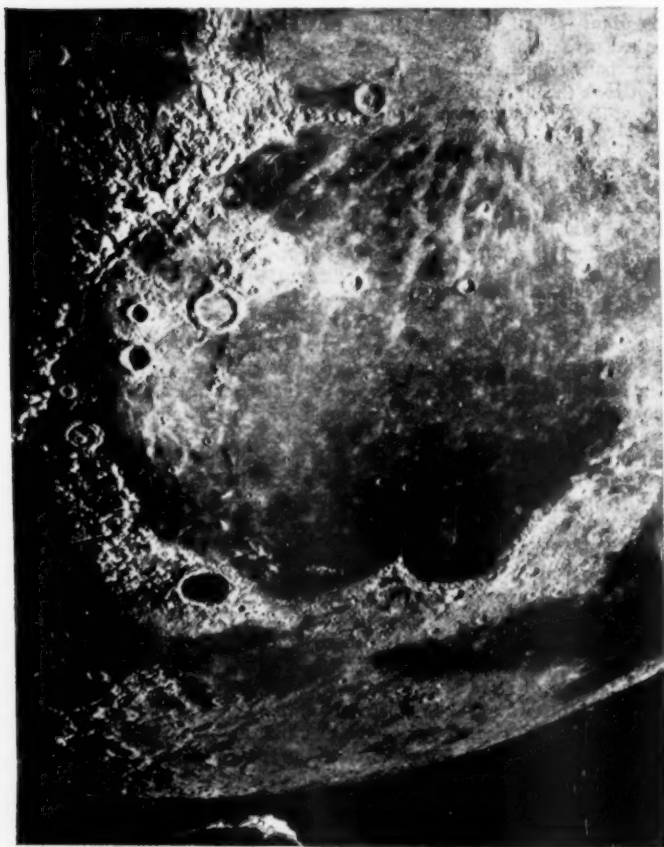
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powerful telescope is that depicting a certain dark patch in the huge constellation of Orion. The characteristic feature of this dark patch is that one portion of it suggests the head of a black horse. Its existence has been known for years, but for the first time a wonderfully clear and distinct photograph of it has been secured after an exposure lasting three hours.

The point about this black mass which is puzzling astronomers is this. It is evident that it consists of vast fields of dust and gas stretching a distance of 140,000,000,000 miles. Some declare it is *débris* of past worlds, while others think it is material for future worlds. But it is so massive and dense that it veils from vision the light of the stars behind it.

Whether an examination of the photograph will throw any new light on this controversy remains to be seen. In any case, astronomers are devoting a great deal of time to a study of these vast nebulous clouds, and the dark patch in Orion, which has the appearance of a horse's head, is made up of such clouds; but whether they represent new worlds or are the *débris* of past worlds cannot definitely be stated. During the last five years two thousand new nebulae have been catalogued and photographed, and yet astronomers tell us there are many more waiting to be mapped. A nebulae is a vast whirling mass of gaseous matter, a solar system with its suns and worlds in the course of formation.

Attached to all the large observatories are machine, instrument and optical shops, as well as physical laboratories, and it is with their aid that the big telescopes are enabled to accomplish such marvels. Thus by means of the spectroscope the star's light is analysed, and we are enabled to ascertain its position in the universe, its diameter, speed and composition. Until the other month, however, astronomers were unable to measure the diameter of the more distant stars. Through the aid of a special instrument, known as the "interferometre," this difficulty has been overcome. The instrument was recently attached to the big Californian telescope, and for the first time the area of the giant star Betelgeuze, in the constellation Orion, was measured. Whereas our own sun has a dia-



Volcanoes or Shell-holes?

A remarkably clear photograph of a section of the moon taken with the new 100 inch telescope which is expected to solve an interesting controversy.



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meter of nearly a million miles, Betelgeuze has a diameter of over 300 million miles. It is, in fact, the largest of the known stars.

Perhaps the most fundamental thing we have learned about the universe, as a result of the work of the great telescopes, is its unity—that it is not a chaos of whirling suns and planets and softly luminous nebulae, but something having form and structure, with harmonious relations between its varied parts. Astronomers now liken the universe to a flattened, disc-like form with rounded edges. As to its size it is almost beyond conception. It is computed that light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, or just over 10,000,000 miles a minute, would require 55,000 years to pass from one end of the universe to the other. These figures will convey more if we think of a model of the universe, carefully built to scale, with our sun, itself nearly a million miles in diameter, represented by a globe, measuring one inch in diameter.

Such a model would have a diameter of about six million miles, and on the same scale the earth would be a grain of dust a hundredth of an inch in diameter. Yet the hundreds of millions of stars within that vast extent of space, moving in many directions and at varying speeds, are all actuated by laws so all-pervading that they



**The First and the Last**

The reflecting telescope of Sir Isaac Newton compared with the 96-ton instrument of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

apply alike to infinitesimal and to infinite, so enduring that they survive all wreck and change, so powerful that all things created are controlled by them, and yet simple enough that man, by means of his great telescopes and by patient endeavour, can learn their secrets which should enable him to re-echo, with far greater enthusiasm and meaning, the refrain of the Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."



## "The Quiver" New Volume

The New Volume of "The Quiver" starts with my next issue. Full particulars will be found in "Between Ourselves."

# The Cup of Happiness

A Dentist's Story  
By  
Austin Philips

"ARE you satisfied, Primrose?"  
"You know I am, Wilfred. The house is delightful. The old-fashioned rooms are quite wonderful. And I appreciate, darling, to the uttermost, all that you have done!"

The young man pressed the hand of his *fiancée*—it was half-past nine, and morning, in the open High Street of Boconnoc, so that it was quite impossible to kiss her; and they walked together from the house which he had bought—and which they were to occupy as soon as they were married—to the rather ugly villa near the station, where he practised his profession, and now lodged.

As the pair passed on, people looked at them. They were really rather good to see.

Primrose Coniston was dark and straight-featured, quick-eyed, lithe of limb, with all the grace of movement which seems the prize reaped by those women who play games, yet do not play them excessively; Wilfred Beckingham was handsome, with character written in his face. He held himself admirably. He put his feet down surely. The poise of his head, which he carried thrown back slightly, was that of a man of some pride.

A few yards distant from the villa a grey-bearded man walked past them, half-hesitated, then raised his hat. Wilfred Beckingham raised his own in answer, and then turned to the girl.

"My enemy, Primrose!" he said smiling.

"Doctor Towers!"

"Yes, darling!"

"Your *beaten* enemy then, Wilfred. You have wrestled with Apollyon, dear—and won!"

Her lover laughed happily. They reached the gate of his villa, then parted there till lunch-time, Primrose Coniston returning to the Dolphin Hotel, where she was staying for the time with her mother, Wilfred Beckingham making for his surgery to begin his full morning's work.

He worked well. He also worked very

rapidly. Exaltation and happiness were written on his well-marked features—and perhaps as much pride as either of them, for he had no small reason to be proud.

He had dared very greatly. He had bought progress by his courage. He had risked whole-heartedly. He had won.

Wilfred Beckingham was a dentist. Discharged with shell-shock from the R.A.M.C. before the war ended, he had made a fine recovery by sheer will-power, had collected his slight pension and small savings and had *daringly* started on his own. Fortune—and that Fate which is each man's character—had smiled upon him. He had built up a fine practice. He had bought a good old house in a fine business position. His girl had trusted and been true to him. He was going to be married very shortly. He had succeeded—succeeded by sheer energy, initiative and application—despite having made a bad enemy of the foremost doctor in the town.

Patient after patient was dealt with. The young dentist spent the morning busily, yet with song subconscious in his breast. His pre-lunch appointments were all dealt with. A little after twelve-thirty a new client was shown in.

This was a woman—a Mrs. Berriman. She was altogether unknown to him, though he seemed to recognize her features. Her jaw was swollen considerably. Examination showed that the third molar—the so-called wisdom-tooth—was decayed very badly indeed.

"There is nothing for it but to extract this," said Beckingham quietly. "I will give you a local anæsthetic. You will feel very little. I can't guarantee it to be absolutely painless, as the gums are so spongy that the injection may not stay in!"

The woman nodded. She remained calm, absolutely. Beckingham injected monos-  
thetic and took out the molar forthwith. The woman bore it unflinchingly. She smiled as she rinsed out her mouth.

"I hardly felt it at all," she said. "It wasn't a bit painful. I'm glad it's gone—

## THE CUP OF HAPPINESS

awfully. What do you think about my others?"

"Well, since you ask me, every one of them ought to be extracted. You've got gum trouble—pyorrhœa, it's called—"

"I know I have. But I'm really not allowed to have any sort of anæsthetic. I shouldn't have had it this time if the tooth hadn't been so agonizing. Doctor Towers has absolutely put his foot down—"

"Doctor Towers!"

"Yes. He insists that my system can't stand it. It really seems absurd!"

Beckingham gave a gasp and stood looking at her. A minor state of shell-shock had returned to him; he was trembling, he believed, visibly; on the edge of what morass had he been standing, or did he stand, even now! Certainly she seemed well—indeed, cheerful. But under her tan—the result of sun and wind, for no doubt she had come in from the country—he could see that her skin was cachectic, telling of hidden unhealth.

"You might have told me," he managed to stammer presently. "Even though I had given you an injection I could first of all have mixed you some kind of preparatory draught!"

"But I feel absolutely all right."

"Do you?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"That's good, then!" He looked at her carefully and closely, and could see no signs of faintness. "'All's well that ends well,' at any rate. I am thankful that things are no worse!"

She fee'd him and he escorted her from the premises, then went off to the Dolphin, where he was to meet Primrose Coniston and her mother, who had at first opposed the engagement, but who was now completely won round. Mrs. Coniston had a definite touch of worldliness, which, happily, was wanting in Primrose, who had inherited her father's temperament. In the pleasure of his *fiancée's* company—she strolled up with him to the villa gate when lunch was over—he quite forgot his strange patient and the frightening statement she had made.

But, once back in the surgery, his mind reverted to the incident; and he found himself thanking Heaven that the drug had proved so harmless and that nothing untoward had occurred. But he had been a fool—thinking of his Primrose and his happiness had, of course, accounted for the unusual lack of carefulness—he had been

a fool, surely, not to have put a formal question to the woman first as to whether her heart was weak or whether she was one of those rare, but existent, persons who collapse as soon as they take drugs.

It might have been awkward. It had seemingly turned out so fortunately. For Doctor Towers—of whom she had spoken as having forbidden her all anæsthetics—was indeed (as he had told Primrose Coniston only that morning, and many times) his enemy—and a person of influence in the town.

Wilfred Beckingham and this doctor—each of them, for a small provincial town, at any rate, of strong and outstanding personality—had come into conflict eighteen months ago about the treatment of a certain patient, all of whose teeth needed extracting, and to whom Beckingham, up in all modern ideas, had refused to give chloroform or ether, and had insisted on treating with a local injection instead.

The doctor's point was that his patient—a Mrs. Latimer—was so nervous that the local injection would excite her; the dentist insisted that the lady had pyorrhœa so badly that were she made unconscious she might swallow septic discharge. Each held strongly to his opinion, the one protesting his experience, the other claiming to be following the most recent clinical views.

The patient, faced with the decision, had chosen to trust the young dentist, and had ignored her physician almost rudely; more, probably, because she disliked the idea of losing consciousness than from any other cause. Doctor Towers—possessing an immense practice, and of great local influence—had told her flatly that she could find a fresh medical adviser, and had broken completely with the dentist. He had ceased to recommend him. He had even spoken against him. He had used his influence unfavourably in connexion with certain local posts. There was also another ground for quarrel. Doctor Towers was most keen on the Town Cricket Club. He had founded it, nursed it, and was its president; and the dentist—for seemingly no good reason—when coming to Boconnoc had refused quite sternly to patronize it, to join it, or help in any way.

Worries pass, though, when the mind is well occupied. Beckingham was kept busy until tea-time; he had patients until seven; and even after dinner had an appointment at half-past eight. Primrose Coniston

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strolled up from the hotel, arm-in-arm with him, to the surgery, and she went to sit in the waiting-room, as soon as the patient came. The patient was a gentleman-farmer who, taking advantage of the long light evenings, had come in to have some extractions for which he had no time during working hours. He was on very friendly terms with the young dentist; indeed, his was almost the one house in the neighbourhood to which Beckingham—always working so strenuously—went for social relaxation, sometimes, on Sunday afternoons.

The extractions were made. The farmer sat resting and chatting, leaning back in the adjustable chair. He talked prices for a little; then, suddenly, tangentially, he swung off to something else.

"It's awfully sad about this woman," he said.

"What woman?"

"Why, haven't you heard! As I drove in, everybody was full of it. The one they picked up about an hour ago. She collapsed and fell dead in the street!"

Beckingham knew a kind of nervous spasm. It was as if someone had dropped a piece of ice on him. He nearly let fall the glass of warm water and boracic which he was handing to the man in the chair.

"Do you know her name?" he asked with a kind of tremulous carelessness.

"Yes. Berriman. She came from out our way. She was the widow of an Indian Civil Servant who had retired."

The dentist nodded and swallowed something, or, rather, went through the process of doing so; the other continued awhile talking, then left for his rural grange. Beckingham went into the waiting-room. His *fiancée* looked at him amazed.

"Wilfred!" she gasped. "What's happened?"

"I've lost a patient!"

"Lost a patient!"

"Yes; listen. I'll tell you how it happened. It's a terribly serious affair!"

He dropped down beside her and explained things. She listened in sympathy and silence until he had finished his tale.

"It will be bad for the practice!" she said presently.

"Bad for it! It will ruin it. Doctor Towers is my enemy. He was the dead woman's doctor. He will give evidence at the inquest. I shall be censured for my carelessness. I shall lose clients wholesale. It will take me years to recover my prestige

again—and how can we keep up that huge house?"

She nodded. Like him she fell silent; neither of them cared, possibly, to utter their innermost thoughts. His struggles had been stultified by this happening. Their marriage must surely be deferred now. If his practice was destroyed, as seemed probable, they would have to wait, and to rebuild things—to wait, it might be, several years.

It was the woman—who perhaps least realized the graveness of it—who broke the silence first.

"Wilfred," she said at last. "Aren't we rather looking on the very worst side of things before we are absolutely certain? Wouldn't it be wiser to go out and see someone—and to make absolutely sure!"

"Yes, it would be best, dear," Wilfred Beckingham answered her. "But though we may hope, we mustn't expect anything. We must be prepared for the worst!"

She nodded. At once they left the house together and walked up the hill into the town. The same old buildings were there, the same people and faces with the same loves, hopes, and passions, but to these two how terribly changed! It was the city of their dreams, the land of their life's aspirations no longer. Although in their hearts hope still lingered, it looked like the country of despair.

At the extreme top of the High Street—where four roads crossed each other—a young constable was standing on point duty. A patient of Beckingham, he saluted. The dentist casually approached.

"A pleasant evening!" he said.

"Yes, sir. The weather has taken up wonderfully."

"Your teeth are quite comfortable?"

"Yes, sir. The lower ones pained me greatly for the first three weeks or so. But they're a great comfort to me now!"

"That's almost everyone's experience. Well, I must be getting home again. By the way, is it true that there has been an accident to some woman?"

"Oh, not an accident, sir. A collapse, they call it. I suppose it was heart failure. One of our lot picked her up and put her on the ambulance and took her to the station and Doctor Towers was sent for. Life was quite extinct, he told us. She had died on the spot where she fell."

"A local lady?"

"Yes, sir. From out at Martlebury.

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Berriman, her name was. She was about forty-eight!"

Beckingham nodded—he could not trust himself to answer—pressed his arm against the arm that rested within it—and, his heart beating loudly, descended the hill. Neither he nor Primrose spoke until they were back in his waiting-room. There he motioned her to a chair.

For his own part he stood by the mantelpiece, looking down on her sweet English face.

"Darling," he began presently. "We must face the facts, mustn't we?"

"Why, yes, Wilfred, certainly!"

"Well, I'm in the cart. Our marriage is impossible. My career is ruined——"

"Ruined!"

"Yes, darling. I'm afraid so. I shall have to go and start all afresh again. In Boconnoc, at any rate, I'm done!"

Primrose nodded and sat looking at him. There were tears in her beautiful blue eyes. The shock was so great. She had begun to realize the worst now. But, though speechless, she was trying to be brave.

Beckingham, who could not bear her anguish, walked many times up and down the room. Then, wheeling, he stopped in front of her and began to state the whole case.

"Darling," he began. "This is the position. You must listen to it—listen to it carefully. Then you must advise me what to do."

"To begin with, there is going to be an inquest. Doctor Towers—my enemy—who has already consistently striven to harm me



"Wilfred!" she gasped.  
"What's happened?"

Drawn by  
Toby Hogg

since I fought him and beat him two years ago—was the dead woman's medical attendant and must inevitably appear. As the constable told us, he has already examined the body at the police station. He will have seen the wound in the mouth where I extracted the tooth this morning—and the signs of the injection in the gum. He will mention this to the coroner. He, or some other doctor, will receive instructions to make the post mortem; and by the simple process of calling all the local dentists it will be discovered that I have administered a local anæsthetic—having cocaine as one of its constituents—to a person with a delicate heart. There will be comments from the coroner—a self-advertising local solicitor—

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an adverse rider by the jury; and a whole practice, built up by sacrifice and energy, will melt away in an hour!"

"It is certain to come out."

"Perfectly certain. Doctor Towers will make a very full examination. He is very, very far from a fool."

"Then write to him immediately."

"Write to him!"

"Yes—and so forestall his discovery and go down with the flag flying. Write and tell him frankly what has happened. Say that you will be present at the inquest, ready to answer straightforwardly any questions the coroner may ask of you. He—and all men—will think well of you for facing the music like an Englishman! And I—I'll come and stand by you in the Court and out of it—and wait—till you rebuild once more!"

"Primrose! You're magnificent. I can't tell you what I think of you. I'll do what you say—and do it now!"

Beckingham put his arms round her and hugged her, then rushed to the bureau, and took up his pen.

DEAR SIR (he wrote)—

I understand that Mrs. Berriman, a patient of yours, died suddenly in the High Street this evening. I think it right to let you know that I extracted a tooth for her (with injection—monosthetic) just before one o'clock to-day.

He showed it to Primrose, signed and sealed it; they went out to put it in the post. They spent another hour, walking quietly in the outskirts of Boconnoc. Then he took her back to the hotel.

He went in awhile and talked to her mother; then got up to bid her good night. He parted with Primrose in the corridor. As she kissed him tenderly, she said this:

"I shall say nothing to mother—till after the inquest. Remember, I mean to come, too. And whatever happens, I shall stick to you. It's bad luck and rotten bad fortune. But these things are nothing—when one loves."

Wilfred Beckingham went home and slept soundly—because his conscience was clear. He knew a great, a strange *soulagement*. It was because he had behaved like a man. Somehow or other—how he could not imagine—only in his heart he seemed to know it—all was going to come right.

But in the morning everything seemed otherwise. The reaction—inexorable—appeared. Dark apprehensions descended on

him. He felt he was a broken, ruined man.

He got through his work by sheer will-power. No summons to the inquest, though, arrived. He learned the time at the police station. It was two-thirty. He and Primrose Coniston attended at the venue—the Guardians' room at the Workhouse. The jury were already being sworn.

And stern, handsome, and erect—when young he had served in the army—his enemy, Doctor Towers, was there.

The constable deposed to finding the body in the roadway, and two civilian witnesses to seeing her collapse. The doctor was next sworn. Beckingham glanced at his *fiancée*. She smiled bravely, as though to hearten him, and gently pressed his hand.

"You knew this woman, doctor?" asked the coroner.

"I did. She lived at Loosemore House, Martlebury."

"She was a patient of yours?"

"Yes, I have attended her for ten years, nearly."

"You saw the body at the police station?"

"I did."

"What in your opinion was the cause of collapse and death?"

"Bright's disease, most emphatically. She was liable to die at any moment. She was in the very final stage."

The coroner nodded—and asked one or two formal questions. Then the doctor sat down. Sad as was the occasion, Beckingham and Primrose were looking at each other, as happy as any in the world. She had held his hand tightly through the evidence. She had forgotten to let go of it now.

They wanted to go out—and be joyful. But they dared not till all was at an end. They feared that something might happen. The news was too good to be true, nearly. But it *was* true. A verdict of "Death from Natural Causes" was returned with small delay.

The jurors dispersed. The pair got up and left the building. In the street a voice stayed them from behind.

"Mr. Beckingham!"

They turned and saw Doctor Towers. The latter raised his hat. He put out his hand quite naturally. The dentist took it surprisedly. The grip was friendly and hard.

"I had your note," said the doctor. "It was good of you to send it to me. But, as you see, you weren't wanted."

"No—mercifully."



## THE CUP OF HAPPINESS



' A second time it was taken and shaken in a manly, comradely way "

*Drawn by  
Toby Hogg*

" You were anxious ? "

" I should say so. "

" I don't wonder. But all's well that ends well. What ! "

Beckingham nodded, and introduced the doctor to Primrose ; then they all three strolled down the High Street ; the dentist happy inexpressibly, but still at a loss most completely to explain his ex-foeman's change of front. They reached the house—the new-old house that Beckingham had bought and had looked so like having to sell again. Outside it both men paused.

" You'll be wanting to go in here and see the workmen aren't slacking," said the doctor, smiling. " But I'm glad—very—to have had this opportunity of talking to you. I've been pondering that case we quarrelled over, for some time past—and I've come to the conclusion you were right. "

" Thank you. That's very generous of you. "

" Not a bit. It's only just. And now I think far more of you for sticking out against me—though at first I was horribly annoyed about it. "

Beckingham nodded appreciatively. It was his turn to put out his hand. A second time it was taken and shaken in a manly, comradely way.

" I, too, have an apology to make," he said impulsively.

" Indeed ! "

" Yes. It's for not joining your cricket club. As a matter of fact, I was really afraid to. "

" Afraid to ? "

" Yes. I love cricket so much and I wanted to give it right up. It's so much easier to say ' no ' altogether than to half say it——" "

" But why say it at all ? "

" Because I was under an obligation. I had just got engaged. I had next to no capital. It was a matter of pride with me to win through speedily, and I was my own dental mechanic until a couple of months ago. Now I've won through. We're just going to get married. You can imagine this afternoon's suspense. "

The doctor's lips primmed. His strong jaws came together. He looked hard and long at the young dentist. Then he nodded and patted his shoulder with a big strong surgeon's hand.

" Splendid ! " he said. " That's playing cricket with a vengeance. We must make you a vice-president. And while I think of it I want to have a word with you about another thing. "

## THE QUIVER

"Another thing?"

"Yes. It's about the dental work at the asylum—as you know, Mr. Gardner has resigned. It's not everyone's billet; but it would bring in a clear couple of hundred, and—you know I'm one of the governors—I can get it you if you think it worth your while. Of course, you may turn up your nose at it, but when I was young and entering into matrimony it would have been just the sort of thing that I should have jumped at——"

"And I, too, doctor. Thank you greatly. I shall be glad to get it, indeed."

The strong man of Boconnoc smiled, assented, and shook hands again, and passed on swiftly down the street. Wilfred Beckingham and Primrose Coniston went into their new-old house—but not into a room where any men were working—and there

he took her in his arms. When she managed to get back her breath a little, she whispered these words in his ear:

"You see what comes from taking a straight line and standing up to trouble, Wilfred, and being true to yourself. You've made Doctor Towers respect you. Your fancied foe is your friend now. You've safely carved your career."

Her lover nodded and stood looking at her, then took her once more in his arms.

"Darling and true one," he answered very softly and most tenderly, "if you are as good and as staunch to me in all the rest of life's battles as you have been to-day in this first one, I think the future's full of hope. In fact, so long as we're true to ourselves—which means being true to each other—I don't see how we can fail."



A Quiet Game of Draughts



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I know it's right  
if this name is on  
the packet."

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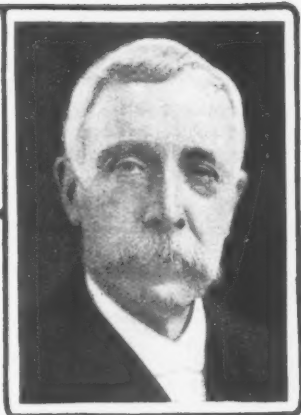
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# THINGS THAT MATTER

*By Rev. Arthur Pringle*

## LUCK AND DESTINY



**H**OW far are we the orderers and framers of our own lives? To what extent are we responsible for what happens to ourselves and, through us, to other people? Or, to put it in another way, in what degree are we the victims of chance, luck, fate, destiny—whatever you choose to call it? This is a question we cannot help asking, and, quite obviously, very much turns on the answer. From one point of view, of course, it raises the ancient and undying problem of free will and predestination; but I need hardly say that I do not propose to invite my readers to enter into a philosophical discussion of this subject. My aim is less pretentious and, I hope, much more practically helpful; yet, as this talk proceeds, it will be seen that I am not shirking the more difficult sides of the problem.

### Logic Not Enough

Let me say right away that, in this as in so many other matters, instinct is more than cold argument, and our personal experience of greater importance than mere logic. In the days when he wrote "God and My Neighbour," this is how Mr. Robert Blatchford used to put it: "Man being only what God made him, and having only the powers God gave him, *could* not sin against God, any more than a steam-engine can sin against the engineer who designed and built it." Such an argument leaves me quite unmoved, if only because I carry within me feelings of responsibility, self-respect, shame, remorse that, presumably, are denied the steam engine. After all, we must take ourselves as we are; and what we are is a big factor in any argument on this subject. The bedrock of the whole matter is that we are human beings and not machines; and, if language has any meaning, this implies that, at least to a great extent, our lives are within our own control.

This brings us back to the question: Is there such a thing as luck, and what do we mean when we talk of destiny?

Readers of Maeterlinck will remember that in his "Buried Temple" he has a characteristic chapter on "Luck," in which he recalls an old Servian legend that relates the experiences of a man who goes in search of Destiny. He finds her at last in an enormous and luxurious palace; but her wealth is dwindling day by day, and the doors and windows of her abode are shrinking. She explains to him that she passes thus, alternately, from misery to opulence, and that her situation at a given moment determines the future of all the children who may come into the world at that moment. "You were born," she says, "when my prosperity was on the wane, and that is the cause of your ill-luck."

### The Vagaries of Fortune

This has its interest as an example of how all ages have in their own way tried to account for the vagaries of fortune. These so obtrude themselves at every turn that a surface reading of life gives it a quite haphazard character. Both as regards individuals and families the element of what we call luck often seems to be predominant. For some everything goes right as readily as for others everything goes wrong. The smiles and frowns of fortune are dispensed with such caprice that in battles and accidents miraculous immunity appears to stand side by side with magnetic attraction for danger.

The healthy and Christian verdict is that,

## THE QUIVER

whatever our handicap, we have power to run our race and reach the goal. For us the crowning infidelity would be that God can furnish an ordeal for which He denies strength. In spite of disadvantages and misfortunes, we shall do well to persuade ourselves that self-reliance and determination have far more to do with "luck" than is generally supposed. To be ready for opportunity when it comes is much more sensible than to make up our minds beforehand that it is never likely to reach us. The forest may be thick and difficult, but every man can and must cut his own pathway. We may be, from the ordinary point of view, the most luckless and forsaken of men; nevertheless, we shall have no cause to complain of our star if we are true to ourselves and bravely make the best of our lives. By taking such a view we get rid of the paralysis of superstition, and at the same time call out the finest resources that are within us.

### Every Man has his Good Star

In thus cultivating a brave self-reliance we can find inspiration in the faith that every man has his good star, seeing that every man is born under the love of God, which means more than the "luckiest" of portents. The Bible has its own impressive way of saying that God is on the side of the good. Thus, the stars in their courses fight for the chosen people; the sun tarries to give them victory; the star of Bethlehem signals Christ's advent; and at His death there is darkness over all the earth. All these may be but poetical suggestions, but they point to something deeper than themselves.

Happiness, health, prosperity, all the things it is so natural to desire, may or may not come to us; but we have the assurance that nothing but our own will can effect the working out of our destiny, which is the perfecting of our character and the accomplishment of our work. The Apostle Paul is a conspicuous example of what this means; and I am not thinking of him as a theologian or as a specially inspired writer, but as a man whose experiences were fundamentally far more like our own than we generally imagine. We think so much about his doctrine that we are apt to lose sight of his amazing grit and dauntlessness. If we once realized what a wonderful "human" Paul was, we should come to his teaching with an altogether deeper appreciation.

For the fact is that, with more than a man's share of disadvantage and trial, he was always unconquerable because he had a true belief in his destiny. He was persuaded that God had a definite purpose concerning him: "*Whom He called . . . them He also glorified.*" He was also persuaded that nothing but his own unfaithfulness could frustrate that divine purpose. And that is likewise the key to your life and mine. We should believe in election: not as Calvin taught it, making it an arbitrary expression of divine favouritism, but in the sense that *every one is elected*, destined by God to the highest blessedness; so that even the poorest and most wretched are born under a good star.

If we believe this, we shall feel that, behind what we call luck and chance and fortune, there is something stronger than all else, from which we can draw unfailing courage and power, giving a fine meaning to Maeterlinck's words: "So long as calamity do not attack the intimate pride of man, he retains the force to continue the struggle and accomplish his essential mission, which is, to live with all the ardour whereof he is capable, and as though his life were of greater consequence than any other to the destinies of mankind."

### Our own Luck-makers

I am not, of course, pretending that under this view all difficulties disappear; but, at all events, it does present something reasonable and practical. And in regard to all the great problems of life we have to be content with what remains far short of a complete solution. We need not, however, stop at this point. We owe it to ourselves, and all whom our lives touch, to emphasize the fact that we human beings are very largely our own luck-makers. When we talk about "making our fortune," we are nearer the literal truth than we imagine; for, indeed, our fortune, good or bad, depends much on what we do or leave undone.

To bring this home in the most practical way, think of some of the people you are acquainted with. Some of them are, according to ordinary standards, fortunate, others are unfortunate. They started the race of life from different handicap marks; and it might seem as though nothing could prevent the favoured ones from "having the best of it" in every sense. But what, as a matter of fact, has occurred in several instances? "Good fortune" has brought curse instead



## THINGS THAT MATTER

of blessing; and, on the other hand, what appeared to be hopelessly "bad luck" has proved the occasion of blessing and achievement. What has happened? There was the outward inequality for all the world to see; but, somehow, the result has not gone according to handicap: the destined victors and losers have changed places.

### Warring Forces

I suppose it has come about somewhat in this way: while the outward forces were working, another set of *inward* forces were working—forces of personality and character. In the one case these forces spelt grit and alertness and industry, the resolute conquest of difficulties, keen readiness in the creating and grasping of opportunity. In the other case these personal forces turned to slackness and feebleness and general lack of character, so that good fortune and privilege, instead of being a tonic, proved an opiate, sapping the manhood and paving the way to disaster. Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus" serves as a whimsical warning to people who are too ready to lay the happenings of their lives to the account of their "stars" rather than to themselves.

The instances thus merely hinted at provide an outline which every reader can fill in for himself. I am as sensitive as anyone can be to the anomalies of life, and to the pathetic difference between one person and another in health or means or the opportunity of reasonable development and happiness. But it only makes me insist the more strongly that this difference is not to be regarded as in any sense the last word of fate or destiny. The last and crucial word is with ourselves. We cannot tell ourselves too often that we are captains of our souls and masters of our fate. Let predestination or "fate" be a dogma to the theologian or an interesting subject of speculation to the philosopher; but don't let it be a bugbear to *you*. There are men and women on every hand, no better or stronger than you, who are proving all the time that handicaps can be carried and obstacles surmounted. By their dazzling courage they have, as it were, flung their own star into the heavens; and there it remains, the witness of their grit and the assurance of their final victory. And what they have done we can do. These words of an educational expert will help to clinch this aspect of the subject: "There is a saying that every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful of hay. Every time you allow yourself to say 'I have not the ability

that others have, I am a failure, luck is against me,' you are laying up so much failure for yourself."

### The "Luck" we bring to Others

Besides all this, there is the "luck" we are responsible for bringing to others. When we say that certain people were born under an unlucky star, we mean that their parents were drunken or criminal; and it were better to think of our own responsibility for the existence of slums than to conclude that thousands of our fellow-creatures are "destined" to live in them. This is but another way of saying that to a large extent we hold the fortune of others in our hands. Much of the mystery we are so anxious to explain is of our own making, and is to be dispersed not by speculation but by action. A pathetic illustration is suggested by our relation to animals. "They have the same right to speak of their star, their good or bad luck, their prosperity or disaster. Compare the fate of the cab horse, that ends its days at the knacker's, after having passed through the hands of a hundred brutal and nameless masters, with that of the thoroughbred which dies of old age in the stable of a kind-hearted master."

Yes, the more we think of this question of luck and destiny, the less shall we be inclined to speculation or superstition, and the more shall we feel braced to healthy and ennobling action.



### The Quotation

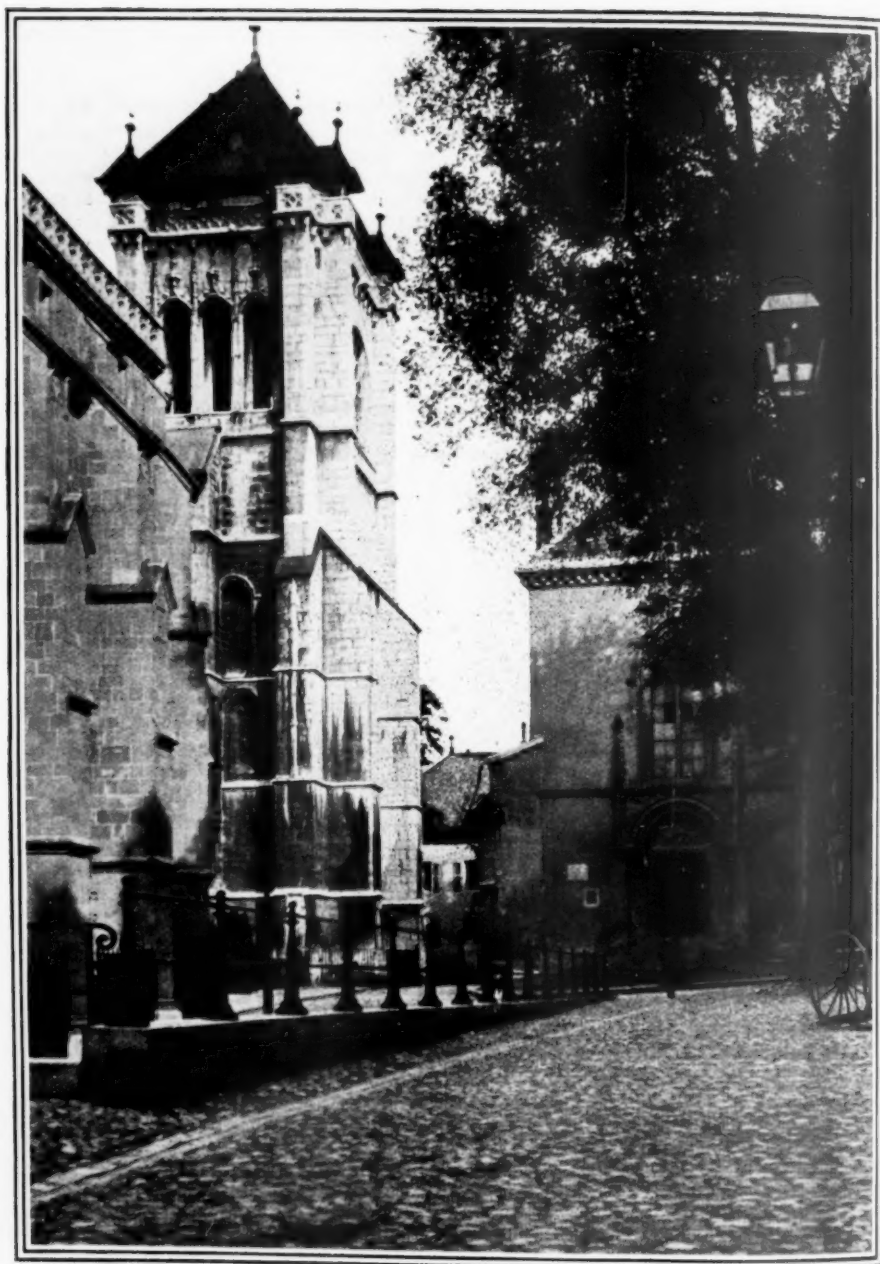
*A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast-table, the conduct of your fellow-workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea round, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or the misery of other people's days.*

GEORGE S. MERRIAM.



### THE PRAYER

As we go on our journey, may it be as though we saw the star of our destiny ever beckoning us to keep a good courage and to do our best. If Thou art for us, and we are true to ourselves, what can prevent us from reaching the goal at last? Help us, then, however obscure and ordinary we may be, to live as men and women whom God has called to some high destiny.



An Old-world Corner  
in Geneva

Photo:  
Donald McLeish

The home of the League of Nations is more noted for its Lake than its other features, but there are many quaint spots to attract the tourist. Here is the tower of the Cathedral of St. Peter, and (on the left) the house in which John Knox, the great Protestant reformer, lived.

# At Home with the League of Nations

How the  
"Parliament of Man"  
does its work

*Many articles on the subject of the League of Nations have to be studied with a towelled head. In this article questions of high politics are forsaken, and an intimate description is given, from first-hand experience, the result of two visits to Geneva, of how the League does its work.*

IT is twenty-four hours from London to the Parliament of Man—or the nearest approach to such a senate that the world has seen as yet. At least it is twenty-four hours by the ordinary route, which involves the Channel steamer. When the regular air service to Geneva is inaugurated the time may be quartered.

## Across the Frontiers

As it is, you leave Victoria about nine in the morning, reach the Gare du Nord late the same afternoon, leave the Gare de Lyon four hours later, pull down the blinds of your carriage window on the lights of a receding Paris, and draw them up again the next morning on the gaunt scenery (at this point) of the Jura Mountains. Here, on the Swiss frontier, you are hauled out of the train, your luggage is rummaged over, your passport examined, it may be with suspicion, but more likely with contempt, and the amount of coin of any realm you have in your possession inquired into. The customs office on the frontier, even of such a country as Switzerland, is not yet an outpost of international brotherhood. This awkward episode over, and having at last proved to a dubious official that the gilded farthing in your purse is not an English sovereign, you solace your injured feelings with a cup of coffee and clamber back into the train for the hour or so of further journey from Bellegarde to Geneva.

As a city set for a great world parliament Geneva falls far below expectations. The little restaurants by the lakeside proclaim this modest town, which is more French than Swiss, as the "capital of the world"; but it is difficult to imagine Geneva as a sort of political Sion to which all the nations will look. It is a comfortable, up-to-date pleasure resort, with just enough of ancient history clinging to it to provide some mild

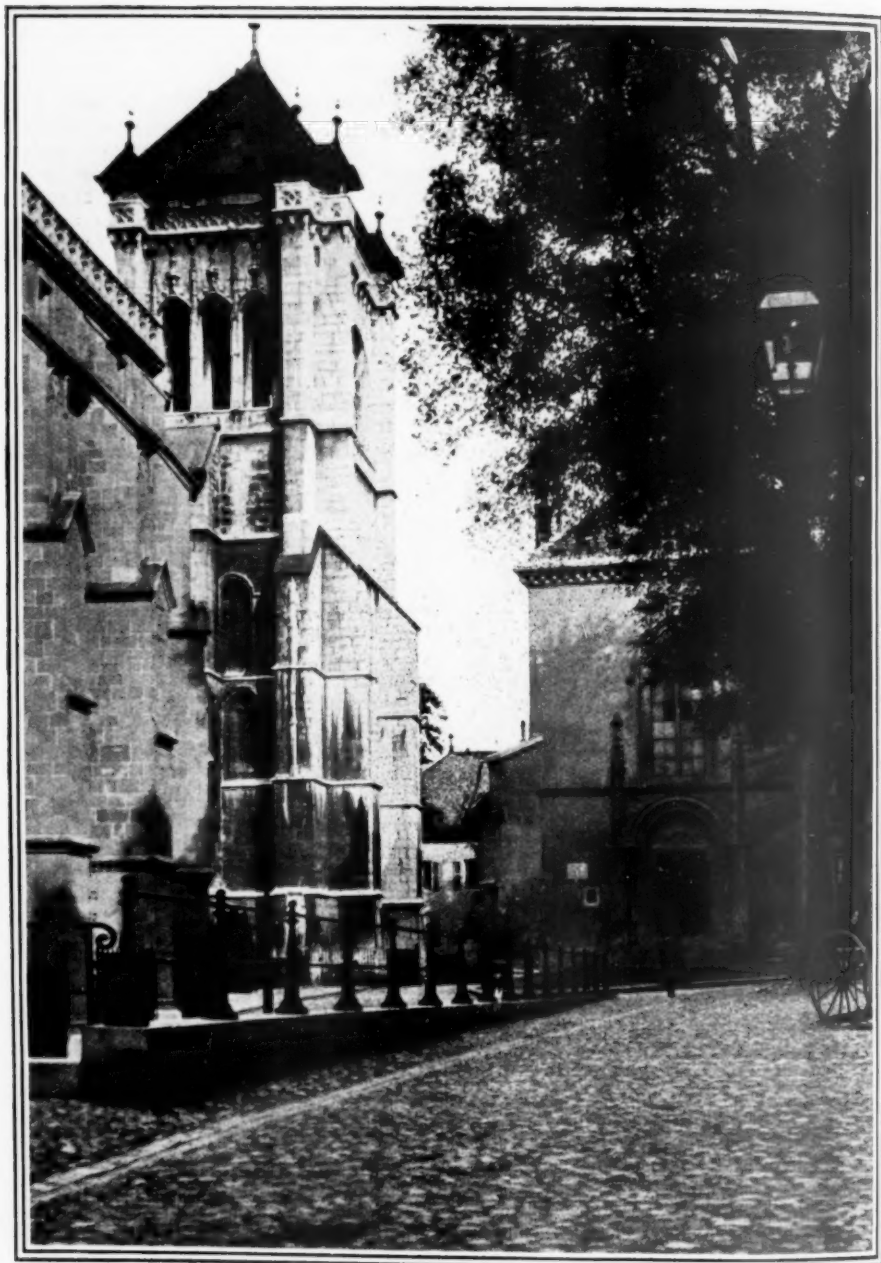
intellectual interest. The steep lanes which lead to Calvin's cathedral and the cobbles of the city plain, beneath which the reformer lies buried, will be trodden as a matter of duty once or twice; but if the visitor is like most visitors he will be glad to get back to the shores of Leman, that wonderful lake with its fringe of cosmopolitan hotels flying the flags of all nations, its white wings by day and sparkling lights by night.

Geneva has no great architecture to express the international idea. It awaits, as Lord Robert Cecil says, a millionaire with imagination. There are no Corinthian porticoes as at Washington, or Gothic arches as at Westminster. The fact is that the League is only a boarder in Geneva, and Geneva's pride as a landlady in the occupant of her first floor front is proportionate to her charges. Two years ago much was heard of the possibility of the League forsaking Geneva for some less extortionate city, but I think that will never come about.

## Where is the League of Nations?

You might wander along these clean and prosperous streets for hours, and if you did not ask someone you would never find the home of the League of Nations. There is no building to which you would obviously direct your steps, such as, in Brussels for instance, the Palais de Justice. You may catch sight of the words, "Société des Nations," but as likely as not they are on a garage, whose proprietor thought they sounded well. Similarly, you may see the "Café de la Pacte." The League headquarters are about a mile away from the centre of the city, one of the last of the line of luxurious hotels which skirt the lake. It is an hotel building considerably less imposing than the Cecil or the Ritz.

Here in half a dozen salons, in which it had been intended that visitors should have



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in Geneva

Photo:  
Donald Wolek

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## THE QUIVER

their lounge and table d'hôte, the council and the six principal commissions of the League sit to their work; and upstairs, in what were meant to be hotel bedrooms and dressing-rooms, rank on rank of secretaries and typists perform their labours. At the secretariat, as it is called, 350 men and women are ordinarily employed, and when the assembly meets for a month of the year the staff is greatly augmented from London, Paris and Brussels. The cost of maintaining the League is twenty million gold francs a year (about £820,000 at par of exchange), not a very large insurance premium to pay for the peace of the world. To this sum Britain and France each contribute to the extent of about one-eleventh; other nations in smaller proportions—Spain, for instance, about one-thirtieth.

### A Staff in Duplicate

The head official of the League, Sir Eric Drummond, a man still well below fifty, who was one of Mr. Asquith's private secretaries during his premiership, receives a salary of £4,000, and in addition an entertainment allowance of £6,000. There are French, Italian, and Japanese under-secretaries, and among the heads of departments are a Czech, a Yugo-Slav, a Chinaman, a Greek, and members of several other nationalities. The whole staff, like the documents it prepares, is in duplicate, one half French-speaking and the other half English-speaking. French and English are the two official languages of the League, and every report and journal is issued in both.

### Ladies Everywhere

The staff is predominantly feminine. There are ladies, ladies everywhere, on the stairs, along the corridors, out on the verandas.

The member of the secretariat in charge of social questions is a lady, Dame Rachel Crowley. The ladies, like their male colleagues, are sensible of the idealist character of their work. It is not just office work that they do, they feel that they are helping to bring in a better order, and—the English girls—they are willing to pay no small price, nothing less than exile in a foreign city. They smilingly put in a great amount of overtime. During the weeks of the assembly they work up to any hour of night or morning, and the League has a fleet of motor-cars to take them to their "diggings" in the small hours.

Women also make their voices heard in

the assembly itself. The Scandinavian countries in particular have sent some very earnest and able women delegates—Mdlle. Forchammer, from Denmark, for one. It was scarcely to be expected to find a woman delegate from Eastern Europe, but the Roumanian delegation included a lady who very capably represented not only her country, but the wider interests of women in her part of the world. One of the most moving speeches in that assembly was her address on behalf of the women persecuted for their faith by the Turks.

### Five Weeks

The assembly of fifty nations opens each September. It is a deliberative, not a legislative body. It compresses all its business into five weeks, if possible into four. The delegates come to Geneva from all quarters of the compass, but, again, Geneva has no great portal through which to admit them. The secretariat simply hires a hall on the other side of the city, reached by a fifteen-centime ferry across the lake. It is an unimpressive hall which might be taken from its external appearance to be a warehouse, and from its internal appearance to be a drill-shed. No tinted glass or groined roof, no fretted column or vivid fresco gives it dignity. The world is set to rights, wars are averted, international co-operation is furthered in what might well be—and perhaps is at other times of the year—a skating rink. Let this much be said, however, Geneva has done a great deal to prepare for the League, and the Swiss Government spent as much in adapting buildings in Geneva for the first assembly as Great Britain contributes to the League funds every year.

The Salle de la Réformation will hold, if the galleries be counted, perhaps a couple of thousand people. On the floor are solid desks arranged in groups for two or three or four persons sitting side by side. These are occupied by the delegates, with their deputies and technical experts, from the fifty nations which belong to the League. The arrangement is strictly alphabetical: the alphabet is so useful for getting rid of the troublesome question of precedence. Thus the first country of the League is little Albania, whose delegate is said—but when I heard his pacific speech I could not believe it—to come to the assembly with knives concealed all about his person. Next comes Argentina, which has been doubtful about maintaining its adhesion to the League at all; and then Austria, only recently admit-



## ***AT HOME WITH THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS***

ted, and perhaps grudgingly in some quarters. The tail of the League is made up of Uruguay, Venezuela, and Yugo-Slavia. The names of the countries are in French, so that when the roll-call is taken on a division—every nation, little or big, has equal voting power—you will hear the voice of Spain under "E"—"Espagne"—and the voice of Holland under "P"—"Pays-Bas." The United Kingdom under this arrangement would come at the back of the hall, but here its title is Grande Bretagne, and it is well up towards the front.

### **From Australia to Finland**

Well, here they are, these delegates of fifty nations—the president taps with his ivory mallet and says, "Gentlemen, the session is open"—from the Australian bush and the Finnish icefield and the Brazilian forest. Siam is here, not in Oriental costume riding a white elephant, but a very dapper little gentleman in a suit of West-End cut, and very careful lest what he says should be improperly recorded in the minutes. Asia, by the way, speaks English, Europe speaks French. The white turban of India is here, and the black lambskin cap of Persia. Little Haiti is here, a delegate whose dignity does not prevent some ribald persons from referring to him as "Hi-tiddledy-hi-ti." In fact, almost every nation known to civilization is here, except, in the eastern hemisphere, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Egypt and Hungary, and in the western hemisphere, the United States, Ecuador and Mexico. Twenty-nine states were originally members of the League by ratification of the peace treaties, thirteen others came in under the invitation contained in the annex to the covenant, and nine have been admitted by the assemblies.

There are two galleries in the hall of assembly, the upper one for the public and the lower one chiefly for the journalists of all nations. Very busy are these latter, representing as they do 250 newspapers, from Cairo to California. At the tables just in front of the platform are the official reporters. There are six English reporters and about the same number of French. They take down verbatim what is said, and the "Hansard" of the League is issued every morning in parallel columns, English and French. Each reporter takes a "turn" of about a quarter of an hour, and then retires behind the scenes to dictate his notes to a typist, and is ready to "take on" when his turn comes round again. A session of the

assembly usually lasts about three hours, and except on the concluding days it is unusual for the assembly to sit twice in a day.

### **All Speeches Twice Over**

Above the reporters are the interpreters, of whom usually four are employed each session, two to translate into French the speeches made in English and two to return the compliment for the speeches made in French. Wonderful indeed are these interpreters. A delegate may spin out his words for a full half-hour, and then the interpreter, who has meanwhile taken some rough notes, rises, and amid a babel of conversation—because most of the delegates do not need the interpretation at all—rolls off the speech in the other language. This business of interpretation is no light undertaking. There is always the possibility of international misunderstanding over a clumsy phrase. Happily for the world at large—though unhappily for the interpreters—most of the delegates, who are accomplished diplomats, some of them ambassadors, understand both French and English, and are well aware if the interpreter errs or slurs.

Above the interpreters is a desk for the delegate who happens to be in charge of the particular matter before the assembly at the moment, and behind him are seats for the members of the secretariat in whose departments the subject falls. The League works through committees and sub-committees, and only after matters have been very thoroughly threshed out in the smaller bodies are they brought up to the assembly. It would surprise some people to learn how various are the subjects of debate. The assembly is not always dealing with the limitation of armaments and the settlement of boundary disputes. There are such matters as hygiene and preventive medicine, transit and communications, industrial peace, the drug traffic, the social evil, the relief of famines, the exchange of scientific information, commercial treaties, hydrography—all of which have their international aspects.

Then there is a special rostrum for the speaker of the moment, for nobody addresses the assembly from his place on the floor, and at the top of the tiered platform, under the great canopy, is the president, with the secretary-general of the League on his left, and on his right M. de Caemmerlynk, official interpreter to the Council of Ambassadors, familiarly known as "Jimmy," who changes every word the president may

## THE QUIVER

utter into its equivalent in the ether language. Hitherto "Jimmy" has only interpreted into English, for the presidents of the three assemblies—a Belgian, a Dutchman, and a Chilean—have all spoken in French.

### Some Dominant Figures

Of the dominant figures in the assemblies hitherto Lord Balfour has been easily first. One episode in which Balfour was concerned filled me with great pride as an Englishman. The assembly was sitting that afternoon in the Salle de la Réformation, the gallery of journalists broadcasting every word. But over at the secretariat a small committee meeting was called to consider international measures for dealing with the hideous traffic in women and children. Certain delegates—not British—had adopted an obstructive and truculent attitude, suggesting, what surely cannot have been the case, that they were not anxious to see this iniquity put down. To that committee, forsaking the larger assembly, came Lord Balfour. No newspapers were represented, nobody outside a little circle was aware of what was proceeding, but he made one of the most eloquent and impassioned speeches that has ever fallen from his lips, and by his persistence, his firmness, his appeal to chivalry, together with a rare gentlemanliness in debate, he bore down all opposition and gained the day. In that mirrored lounge I think he did a great thing for humanity.

Another great figure in the assembly is Lord Robert Cecil, with domelike head, deliberate speech, awkward gestures, impressing everybody with his evident sincerity. Yet another is Nansen, the man with the burning eyes, a Viking, of splendid physique, rugged eloquence, commanding tone, speaking to the League as though he were addressing the polar winds rather than his fellow-statesmen. Figures picturesque rather than great are Sastri, the Indian delegate, and Wellington Koo, the cultured young Chinaman. The Swiss have some great men in the councils of the League, notably Motta and Ador; the French have a venerable figure in Léon Bourgeois, and the Belgians a forceful one in Paul Hymans. The others are more like shadows so far as the British observer is concerned. It is because we know foreign statesmen so slightly that the proceedings of the League of Nations appear so dull. Our home politics are interesting because they are suffused

with personality. We do not know many statesmen of other countries, and therefore the personal element which gives such stimulus to political discussion is absent. There is no doubt that the proceedings of the League of Nations are dull. There has been a suggestion lately that to liven things up some more volcanic personality should take the place of the present secretary-general. Mr. Winston Churchill's name has been mentioned.

### No "Scenes"

But if the meetings of the assembly are often dull, they are also polite. If there is no antique ceremony, and not much cut-and-thrust of debate, at any rate the members do not throw books at one another, or hit one another with agenda, or interject offensive expressions, or howl one another down. The assembly conducts its proceedings generally in serenity, although the delegates have come from fifty jangling nations, literally from China to Peru. There are almost no "scenes." The committee proceedings may be rather more emotional, but even there a verbatim report—none is taken—would have nothing like the rich insult of our Parliamentary debates. The nearest I have known to any personal "scene" was when a certain delegate protested against his name appearing on the agenda bracketed with the name of another delegate, which came first, preceded by the letters "MM." Apparently the aggrieved delegate failed to realize that his own name was included in the courtesy of the "Messieurs," and he gave the officials a severe wiggling.

Rarely does sentiment find expression either. The most eloquent gesture I recall was made on the last day of the assembly, after the last word had been uttered and the president had declared the session closed. All the delegates in the hall rose simultaneously in their places, sweeping to the floor the accumulated papers on the desks in front of them, and bowed ceremoniously and repeatedly in the direction of the chair. It was a fine climax, so much better than prosy votes of thanks. An hour later they were besieging the offices of the tourist agencies for reserved seats on the Continental express. Was it satisfaction which filled their minds as they reflected on five weeks of close session and crowded labour? Or did they feel, as all statesmen with vision must, "The petty done, the undone vast"?

# The Truth about Alcohol

A Medical Opinion

By

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.

THE truth about alcohol is that it is a mocker which has perpetually deceived all but the wisest of mankind for thousands of years. Recently we have studied it by rigorous methods of science, and we find that the truth about it was finally stated in one word in the Book of Proverbs ages ago. Of course there are other instances of drugs which have an opposite action to that which first appears, the most remarkable instance being fox-glove or digitalis, which was introduced into medical practice as a heart sedative, and is really the most powerful heart stimulant known; but there is no other substance which mocks us by its action so completely and in so many ways as alcohol. This is not to say that alcohol is not a most valuable substance, well worthy of being called "God's good gift to man." Surely we are not bound to suppose that because God made it man should swallow it. That argument applied to petrol is evidently absurd.

## Valuable and Versatile

But alcohol, in its innumerable chemical uses, is the most versatile of all substances, except water; and, unlike water, it can burn and yield us energy. It makes an excellent liquid soap; it is the precious source and agent from which we derive those priceless boons, ether and chloroform; it can run motor-cars and engines; it is the chemists' great solvent for almost everything; it is thus a superlative cleanser; it is indispensable in the preparation of invaluable medicines old and new, including insulin; and never a month passes without the advance of chemistry finding some new use for alcohol. The day will come when our maltsters and distillers will all be hard at work, just as usual, making industrial alcohol to help to run our country instead of beverage alcohol to help to ruin it.

Now let us see how alcohol is a mocker inside the body.\*

It looks like water and suggests that it will quench thirst. The exact opposite is the truth. Thirst is the need for water, and nothing but water—the precious stream in which all life is lived—can quench thirst. Alcohol is itself the thirstiest substance known, used by chemists to remove the last trace of water from anything; and even "absolute alcohol," so called, can never be wholly freed from water. In the body alcohol takes up water instantly and removes it from the blood, thus increasing thirst. To talk of the desire for alcohol as thirst is sheer stupidity; it is no more thirst than the desire for the white powder called cocaine or for drops of laudanum.

## Keeping Out the Cold

Alcohol seems to make us warm, and is therefore often used to "keep out the cold." Yet no surer way of predisposing us to the attacks of pneumonia and other such diseases can be found, as all statistics prove. Alcohol relaxes the walls of the blood vessels in the skin, which become flushed with warm blood. The drinker blushes all over, so to say, and feels warm. Meanwhile the blood is being cooled at his surface, and the temperature of his lungs and other internal organs is falling, to their danger. Exact observation proves that alcohol makes us *feel* warm and *become* cool. All Polar explorers are agreed as to the extreme danger of touching it in cold climates.

## What Alcohol Does

Alcohol makes the heart beat more violently and seems to stimulate it. For ages it has been used as a heart stimulant. We have been mocked, just as we were mocked by digitalis, which has exactly the opposite action. Alcohol paralyses the nervous control of the heart and leads to its rapid exhaustion. The faster-beating heart is merely tiring itself and doing less, not more, work, whereas the slow-beating heart under digitalis is actually doing more work with less exertion to itself. When anyone faints the mere act of swallowing anything stimulates the heart. Hot water is better

\* The best book on the subject is "Alcohol and the Human Body," by Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. Mary Sturge. Fifth edition, 1920, with special chapters by Sir Leonard Rogers, Sir Arthur Newsholme, and Dr. C. W. Saleeby. (Macmillan; price 3s.)

## THE QUIVER

than cold. Ammonia is the most rapid and active of all stimulants in such cases. If the diagnosis be wrong, and the person has not merely fainted but is the victim of a stroke or other grave illness, a dose of alcohol may determine a fatal issue at such a time. There was never any alcohol in the home of my mother, the daughter of a very wise doctor, and there never has been any in mine, except, of course, methylated spirit, which serves us for several of the uses of "industrial alcohol."

Red wines are supposed to enrich the blood. Red ink might do so, indeed, but red wines never. This red colouring matter has no relation to the red matter of the blood and cannot contribute to it. Nothing makes red blood like white milk. The blood of alcoholic persons is known to be defective in certain of the valuable agents which enable a normal person to stand up against infection. Hence the excessively high death rate of alcoholic persons from pneumonia, blood poisoning, and other infections.

### Is Alcohol a Stimulant?

The unanimous verdict of all authorities defines alcohol as a pure narcotic from first to last: the direct opposite of a stimulant. From the slightest trace of any action until it lays its victim out "dead drunk," it does nothing but paralyse. The most expert and impartial committee\* that has ever studied the subject reported unanimously in this sense in 1917—the members including such men as Sir Charles Sherrington, President of the Royal Society, and Dr. A. R. Cushny, Professor of Materia Medica in the University of Edinburgh, Sir George Newman and Sir Frederick Mott.

But everybody has seen the boisterous condition of an alcoholic man, or has seen a person aroused from fainting after swallowing spirits: how, then, can men of science call alcohol a pure narcotic?

The answer is that we all live under self-control of mind and body, technically called *Inhibition*. Without it we should exhaust our reserves and die, like a runaway horse on a mountain road, or swine rushing over a "steep place" into the sea. Alcohol paralyzes self-control, the highest thing in us. Its results are therefore particularly noticeable in such a race as the Scottish, everywhere remarkable for its self-control when

sober. This applies to *behaviour*, such as speech, control of temper, of the sex instinct, and so on; and to the *body*, as in the case of the heart, which normally runs under the control of a pair of nerves, and the rate of which doubles when they are cut or paralysed—with exhaustion and death looming near.

Any solitary drinker shows the pure narcotic action of alcohol. He simply becomes fuddled, slow, stupid, sleepy, unconscious. Alcohol is often mixed with chloroform and ether (A.C.E. mixture) as an anæsthetic in surgery. All three drugs act in the same way. The patient is violent at first—his inhibition is paralysed, "first to go," but soon he is unconscious.

True stimulants, some of which are, of course, used in acute alcoholic poisoning to combat the paralysis, are coffee and tea, hot water, cold water, sunlight, moving air; and, for certain and rapid action on heart and breathing, ammonia, best of all, as in the form of smelling-salts.

Alcohol dulls feelings of effort and fatigue and makes us feel stimulated; but when our work is tested with and without, it is always found to be slower and less accurate with alcohol, though we thought the reverse.

Proverbs called it a "mockery" thousands of years ago; that is the last word of science about it to-day.

### Alcohol and Youth

Many children of high promise fail to realize it and begin to decline, in quality of intelligence and *moral*, at adolescence. Such decline is the general rule amongst such races as the Kaffirs and others which we call primitive. The problem is to maintain, if possible, the promise of childhood, and to fix its best qualities for life. By narcosis of inhibition, of judgment and of self-criticism, and by thus permitting the sex-instinct to act unchecked, alcohol notoriously interferes with the due development of adolescence, and is the direct enemy of that "sublimation" of the sex-instinct upon which the highest powers of adult life depend. For civilization and for life as an individual member of a social organization, these psychological considerations regarding alcohol are all-important.

But, further, this narcotic drug is also a local irritant, and has been proved to do chemical injury to the germ cells, thus being liable to act as what I call a "racial poison." Long disputed, this action was recognized, and its importance was stated as second to

\* See "Alcohol: Its Action on the Human Organism." Fourth impression. (H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, W.C. 1s. 6d.)

## THE TRUTH ABOUT ALCOHOL

none, in the unanimous report of the authoritative scientific committee which we have mentioned above. Since that date abundant new evidence of a confirmatory nature has been forthcoming.

### An Incredible Enormity

In alcohol, therefore, we must recognize, wholly apart from any questions as to what the police call "drunkenness," an enemy of youth and the race. This has been long recognized in other parts of the English-speaking world—not to mention the recent action of "heathen" Japan, which has forbidden the sale of alcoholic liquors to persons under twenty-one. In this country we are blinded by custom to what strikes our visitors from, say, Canada and the United States as an almost incredible enormity. In May, 1919, shortly before the legalized saloon came to an end in the United States, I was taken to see several of those places in the city of Chicago—and notably to "Hinky Dink's," of conspicuously evil repute. There was nothing to admire and much to deplore in all those saloons, but in them I saw no woman of any age, scarcely any young men, and no boys at all. So far as youth and the race were concerned, even the American saloon, an institution which had and has no reputable defenders, was well-nigh innocuous. The tradition which had permitted other things did not tolerate the exposure of boys and girls to its atmosphere.

### The Protection of Youth

The excellent term, "Social Hygiene," now in general use in the United States and Canada, is specially concerned with the protection of the home, of youth, and the race. In its five-fold plan, already achieved in considerable measure, the protection of youth from alcohol plays an essential part; as does the whole-hearted provision of recreation, not as a luxury or a concession, but

as an essential and constructive part of the true hygiene of youth. The findings of the Adolescence Commission, based upon the North American evidence submitted to it by myself, and the evidence from psychology submitted by the late Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, consort very well with the principle, at once simple and profound, hygienic and eugenic, which underlies Lady Astor's Bill, now the law of the land. This is a measure well devoted to protect the home—in which, according to King George, are laid "the foundations of national glory."

### The Greatest Killjoy

Lastly, instead of being the friend of joy, alcohol is the greatest killjoy on earth, because of its malign influence upon home and childhood and public health. Some years ago I predicted that the action taken against alcohol in America would prove to be "the greatest public health measure in history." The present American statistics of infant mortality, tuberculosis, pneumonia and the various illnesses directly caused by alcohol have fully verified that prediction. The enemies of alcohol are not killjoys, but champions of joy against its most malignant enemy. Elsewhere I have expressed the view that the black darkness of our cities, especially in winter, drives many to alcohol, for the false, toxic, transient and terribly paid-for "joy" which it gives in the early stage of its action. To do without alcohol is easier in North America, where sunlight abounds, and where fresh and vitalizing food is more abundant. In condemning alcohol as a mocker here we must seek to provide ourselves and our children with Nature's true boons, which have never mocked those who trust her—air and light and water and fresh food. Wordsworth was right:

For Nature

Never did betray the heart that loves her.



## A MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

It is difficult for "grown-ups" to realize the joy that girls and boys feel at having "a magazine of their own." The Editor of LITTLE FOLKS every day receives numbers of letters from enthusiastic young readers saying how delighted they are with the magazine. Next month is the start of a new volume, and the Editor will be pleased to send particulars to any boy or girl who does not know LITTLE FOLKS.



## EDITING A MAGAZINE

### What the Business Means

**M**OST people, I find, think they could edit a magazine or newspaper; but most people, I also find, have a very hazy idea of what the business means. There are usually two—and conflicting—conceptions of the work. One idea is that the Editor is a tremendously busy person. He sits at a desk piled up with manuscripts, wearing a worried look and no coat, with a long-haired "printer's devil" in the offing and a collection of tame artists, spring poets and importunate contributors hanging somewhere around. On the walls of his den there is a despairing legend "This is My Busy Day," and he is vainly endeavouring to get his paper to press in time to meet the mails. The other idea is the reverse. "Soft job that," says the busy merchant, or clerk, or housewife, "editing a magazine—I could do it with one eye shut."

Both ideas, of course, are wide of the mark.

### The "Busy Editor" Legend

Take the "busy editor" legend. Needless to say, editors, like most people these days, are busy people. But "business," after all, is often a matter of temperament. Some of the "busiest" men I have known show the least signs of it. It is possible to make an appointment with them—and to get them to keep it; they will listen quietly and carefully to what you have to say, will discuss the point at issue without any appearance of haste, arrive at a decision and bid you a courteous farewell. Really, it is only by quiet orderliness that they are able to compress so much into the day. And if you could get a record of one day's work you would marvel at the amount accomplished.

Other people are temperamentally in a hurry all day long: they flit about from one thing to another, hustling much—and sometimes accomplishing little.

### Seeing a "Daily" to Press

Of course, an editor on a daily paper must be a very busy person. I once had the privilege of seeing one of the great London daily papers go to press. Everybody was very busy, but there was no particular suggestion of haste, no "Stop-press" urgency such as is conveyed by the hustling news-boy yelling the very latest news at the top of his breath. I caught sight of the Editor—he was, as a matter of fact, coatless, and was writing some extra late bit of "copy" in the composing department, but I fancy this was an unusual incident. For sheer hard work a small provincial newspaper is difficult to beat; I speak feelingly, for I edited one for some months, years back, and remember one particular week when the editor himself contributed about ten columns to the paper. It is a hard life, with periods of intense application alternating with times of idleness which are apt to be demoralizing.

### Time to Think

But however much a news editor or reporter must hustle, I fancy an ordinary editor must have times when he can think, can learn and can relax—or he cannot be a successful editor for long. It is generally conceded that one of the foremost editors of the present day was the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll. The amount of work he turned out was truly amazing—not merely editing, but writing. It is difficult to



## BETWEEN OURSELVES

imagine how he found time to write his several long articles every week, edit two or three publications, and act as Book Editor, too: yet he did. I remember calling upon him on one occasion years ago, and being solemnly assured by the editorial watch-dogs that it was quite impossible to see Sir William. Yet when my card was taken up he not only saw me, but kept me there an hour or so—not giving me his views on anything, but questioning me, sounding me. He had an extraordinary faculty for gathering information, for finding out what ordinary people were thinking, and this was one of the qualities that went to make him the great editor he was. He was busy—but he had time to do his work.



### Just Reading Manuscripts

The other view of the editor's life—an easy time sitting in a comfortable chair glancing through manuscripts—is, I regret to say, rather beside the mark. An editor, of course, has to read manuscripts. This part of his job, however, he often regards as the "last straw that breaks the camel's back." Alike with everybody else, a great part of an editor's time is—waste. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that out of one hundred manuscripts he reads ninety-nine are useless. Sheer waste of time reading. Yet this is simply what every business man has to suffer; what seller of goods does not know the ninety-nine inquiries that lead to no business? It is the hundredth that brings in an order. And the good businessman must endure patiently the ninety-nine for the sake of the hundredth. People who read "Sherlock Holmes" think that detecting is very interesting and exciting work. I fancy, rather, that detecting is like editing—the ninety-nine inquiries that yield no clue; the hope of the hundredth that shall solve the mystery.

No; manuscripts are the burden of an editor's life, and it is a tedious business separating the gold from the dross. Manuscripts, too, have an evil habit of getting lost, or of accumulating, and woe betide an unfortunate editor who has left a manuscript unread for three months or so! Yet manuscripts *will* accumulate unless one doggedly, regularly wades through them and—

And a successful magazine is not put together just by wading through manuscripts. That is the pity of it. Good stories, good articles, good illustrations have to be

sought after diligently. There is the strange anomaly that whilst crowds of writers are besieging the editorial den, clamouring for a space for the fruit of their brain, the editor himself is worrying, clamouring, beseeching other hard-worked writers and artists to let him have of their wares—and often he, too, asks in vain. The trouble is, as always, that there is plenty of room at the top of the tree, and the lower rungs of the ladder are too crowded by far.



### The Search for Treasure

The real editor, therefore, is not the man in the easy chair mechanically sorting the sheep from the goats in the way of manuscripts. He is, more truly, a person with an idea and an ideal. Like the seeker of pearls, he knows what he wants and is prepared to search long and diligently until he finds it.

There are disappointments, of course. Sometimes it is really impossible to get what one wants. At other times the pearl, when gained, is not flawless. Or, to vary the metaphor a bit, the diamond wants a lot of polishing.

But the work has joys of its own: to come into contact with men of ideas, men who are moving the world, to pass on some of the inspiration of the world's great minds to one's readers is, indeed, a satisfaction in itself.



### A New Programme

Every time your Editor puts his hand to a new volume of *THE QUIVER* he tries to get something better than before, something new, and something really helpful. The quest takes time; for the forthcoming Christmas Number of *THE QUIVER*, for instance, I started commissioning stories in February. One particular artist whom I was determined to have in the number was so busy that orders have to be given six months before delivery, so I got a story ready seven months before time, and the Christmas Number will have that feature in it in due course.

On page 1201 I am giving some details of the programme for the New Volume of *THE QUIVER*. It is not yet complete, and, of course, there will be many articles of a topical nature that cannot be announced in advance. But it gives some idea of the contents.



### A Brilliant Writer

I asked David Lyall to write the first

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serial because I find that my readers like so much the work of this brilliant novelist. I have read the story through, and can safely promise that it is equal to any that have gone before. It is the story of two girls who are left to face the world, and who determine that they will wring success out of a troubled world. The scene is in rural England—a graphic picture of farm life, of love, of intrigue in the old country.

The story which is to succeed it—in April or May of next year—is already started. Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, too, is an old QUIVER favourite, and I shall have more to say about "His Second Venture" in due course.

### Sir Philip Gibbs

I have said a good deal about the pleasure and pains of editing: editing is only one side of a journalist's life; writing, reporting, special correspondence is more "journalism," as it is understood. And on the trials and rewards of journalism no one can write with more knowledge than Sir Philip Gibbs. Sir Philip is a man who has worked his way to the top of his profession by sheer merit and hard work. He knows the bitterness of the way, and can testify, too, to the beckoning lights that the born writer cannot resist. I asked Sir Philip to tell my readers, "Is Journalism a Good Profession?" He has consented, and his article will appear in November.

### For Music Lovers

A musical reader once complained that THE QUIVER did not sufficiently cater for music lovers. I am out to atone for this defect in the forthcoming volume. The November Number will contain an exclusive and fully illustrated article entitled "An Afternoon with Madame Tetrassini." It will be followed in the December Number by a similar article on Madame Melba. After that Mr. Percy A. Scholes, the well-known writer on musical topics, will contribute a series of articles on how to "appreciate" music.

### Mistress and Servant

Do you really *know* that you are in the right when you give your maid a month's notice, or threaten to dismiss her on the spot? A friend of mine found himself facing an action at law through dismissing a servant summarily. Every mistress and every

servant should know just what are the facts governing the situation—how the law stands in regard to their contract, and what can be and what cannot be done legally. Miss Helena Normanton, barrister-at-law, is writing a series of brief articles on the law and everyday life, and the first of these, dealing with the law between mistress and maid, will appear next month.

### The Sympathetic Audience

I have given some idea of the lines on which I hope to run THE QUIVER during the forthcoming volume, and should like to have the opinions of my readers on the various features as they are printed. Those who have the privilege of preaching or lecturing speak of the tremendous influence coming from an audience which is sympathetic. It is quite possible to tell, of course, when one is speaking, what is the effect of one's words—though that fact is not always patent to the man who lets his eyelids droop when the preacher is waxing eloquent! But the writer cannot see his audience. He can only hear *from* them. And this I hope to do more and more. Do not hesitate to criticize a feature you do not like—and do not hesitate to praise when praise is due!

### A Word of Thanks

Having said this, I have it on my heart to say how deeply grateful I am for the continued support of my readers. Thousands of them have bought this magazine for the whole fourteen years during which I have had the honour of conducting it; many of them have been readers for more years than that, and some have read THE QUIVER for forty or even fifty years! Whilst I tender them my most cordial thanks, I should like to say what a pleasure it is to welcome new readers. I am hoping for a big move forward during the coming twelve months. My present readers are the ones who can most easily recommend the magazine to others, and I look to them with confidence to help me in this way. If any of my readers have the time and will to make a special effort to introduce THE QUIVER to their friends, I have a scheme which will be materially to their advantage. Will those interested please write me?

*The Editor*

# The QUIVER

PROGRAMME for  
the NEW VOLUME

*The following are some of the Features for 1923-24 :*

**TWO SPLENDID NEW SERIALS:**

## "OUT OF REACH"

By DAVID LYALL

*"It is the fruit over the wall, out of reach, that most of us long to grasp."*

## "HIS SECOND VENTURE"

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

*The Story of a Widower's Second Venture in Matrimony*

### SPECIAL ARTICLES by

Sir PHILIP GIBBS—

"Is Journalism a Good Career?"

E. V. LUCAS—

"The Eternal Servant Problem"

CLEMENCE DANE & A. C. BENSON—

"What is a Gentleman?"

A. MAUD ROYDEN

"Four Great Novels."

ROSE MACAULAY—

"The Modern Girl and Her Mother"

Dr. ALICE HUTCHINSON—

"What Makes a Child 'Naughty'?"

Dr. CECIL WEBB JOHNSON—

"Do We Eat Too Much?"

MARIE HARRISON—

"Is the Novel Played Out?"

### THE LAW & DAILY LIFE

By HELENA NORMANTON, B.A.

1. The Legal Rights of Mistress and Maid
2. The Law of Shopper and Shopkeeper
3. The Duties of an Executor

### HEALTH PROBLEMS

By Dr. C. W. SALEEBY

1. The New Discoveries About "Ductless Glands"
2. The Care of the Teeth
3. Keeping Young. Etc.

### THE POINT OF VIEW

"Husband and Wife: The Vexed Problem of Domestic Finance."

By ARTHUR PAGE

"Should a Woman Marry Beneath Her?" By THORNTON HALL

### FOR MUSIC LOVERS

An Afternoon with Madame Tetrassini

By B. ST. CLAIR BUXTON (Illustrated)

Madame Melba at Home

By FRED A. STERNBERG (Illustrated)

How to Appreciate Music

How to Appreciate Orchestral Music

How Music Developed

By PERCY A. SCHOLDS

### WILD NATURE AND HER WAYS

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S.

Animals who Live by their Wits

Christmas Dinner at the Zoo

How the Wild Folk Converse. Etc.

### SHORT STORIES by

KATHARINE REYNOLDS, ANNE

WEAVER, JENNETTE LEE, W. PETT

RIDGE, J. J. BELL, BRENDA E.

SPENDER, Dr. WILFRED GRENFELL,

Etc.

### PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

The following are some of the subjects that will be dealt with in this monthly section:

How I Built My Own House

By The EDITOR

The Art of Simplicity in Furnishing

A Good Night's Rest

The Passing of the Bottom Drawer

The Maid's Room

Etc.

### EVERY MONTH

Things That Matter

By Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

Problem Pages By BARBARA DANE

Between Ourselves By The EDITOR

# PRACTICAL HOME-MAKING

## *Skill in Arrangement*

*By F. Mossop*

**I**F in the arrangement of our home we are guided primarily by appearance, we shall achieve a stilted effect which, should we have adopted period furnishing, will be reminiscent of a museum. But houses are made to live in, so that appear-

ance should go hand in hand with comfort and convenience, and where the balance is held between these three vital factors there will be found that indescribable thing "charm."

Though our effects must necessarily be limited by our possessions, it is surprising what a drastic weeding out and a fresh disposition will achieve. If an article serves no useful purpose nor contributes to the beauty of the room, it should be discarded, for no good result is possible without simplicity, to which overcrowding deals a mortal blow. In the matter of placing, the governing factors are the lines of the room, its shape and the height of the skirting-board, dado, picture rail cornice, etc. It is in relation to these things that our furniture must be arranged, but one can lay down no hard-and-fast rules as to the grouping of individual pieces. Different woods and different periods can be happily combined, provided such a combination stands the test of suitability. For example, an early English oak press bearing a couple of pewter candlesticks of a later date is right, and the same press holding a lustre candelabrum wrong; while a walnut chest of the Queen Anne period could take the lustre but not the candlesticks.



An early English livery cupboard in oak, filled with glass of different periods

*One lick is worth a licking!*



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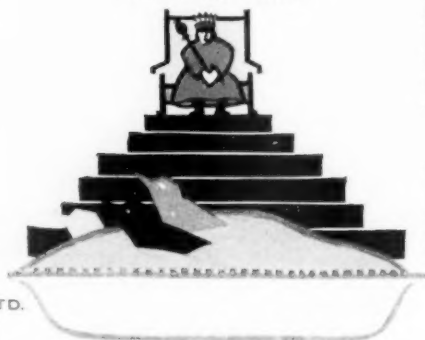
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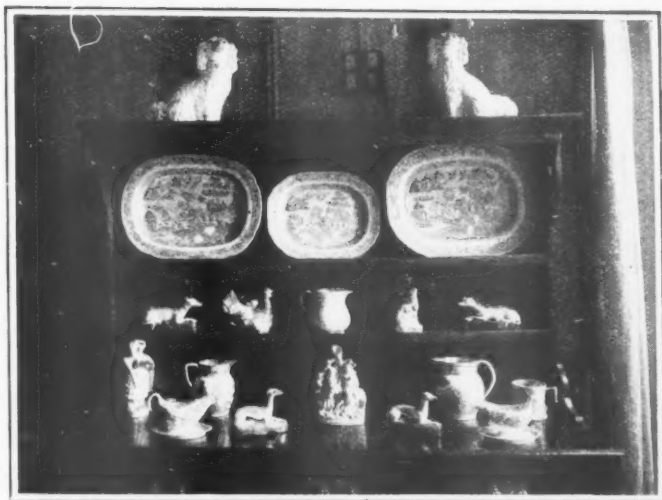
Of all Chemists,  
Grocers, Stores, Out-  
lets, Chandlers, etc.



## THE ART OF COFFEE-MAKING

The first illustration shows an early English livery cupboard in oak filled with glass of different periods and cutting. Each piece stands out against the dark background and to each full value is given. Even the amber glass above in no way spoils the picture. The novice desirous of collecting glass may be glad to know that purity of colour is one of the signs of modern ware, and that, as a general rule, the older the specimen the deeper the tint. Old Waterford has a bluish-green shade, Belfast glass a yellow tinge, Cork a greenish-yellow, and Dutch a faint milky tone.

The dresser in the second picture is another example of a happy arrangement. This early piece, so essentially of the cottage, would be ruined if French or Dresden figures replaced the Staffordshire. There is a note of artificiality about the former suited to gilt French furniture but most inappropriate in conjunction with



Oak dresser displaying Staffordshire pottery and willow pattern china

(Photographed at the Doll's House, Church Street, Kensington)

pieces so intimately connected with the life of the people.

Staffordshire ware is, of course, earthenware, not porcelain—a far more homely material—and is therefore in keeping with oak dressers and similar pieces. In addition the one "represents certain types in England before the days of the camera and the illustrated journal," while the other, if genuine, comes direct from the homes of such types, or is, at least, a copy of the pieces then in use.

## The Art of Coffee-Making

WHY is it that, generally speaking, coffee on the Continent is nectar, and in England a drink to be refused when possible, or gulped hastily down like castor oil?

Breakfast and after-dinner coffee are, of course, two very different things. For the former I prefer the old-fashioned saucepan, and for the latter some special coffee apparatus, though, unfortunately, in the average home the counsel of perfection of keeping one saucepan exclusively for coffee is hardly practical.

The blend of coffee giving the best results is naturally a matter of taste, and the dis-

satisfied buyer cannot do better than deal with a firm which specializes in coffee, sample several blends, and, having chosen her bean, give her attention to roasting and storage. Mocha and Java, Mocha and Mysore, and "Peaberry" are all excellent, and in every case the coffee should be well roasted, so that its appearance is dark and shiny. No amount of care in making will get from the pale, dried-up variety coffee worth the drinking.

It is important that coffee be freshly roasted or some of its delicate flavour and aroma will be lost, so that only small quantities should be bought at a time, kept in a

## THE QUIVER

sealed jar, and ground as required.

For breakfast coffee for two people, put two heaped tablespoonfuls of coffee into a saucepan containing a breakfast cupful of boiling water, stir with a wooden spoon, and allow to boil hard for one minute. Then strain into another saucepan and add milk until it is the colour desired (three-quarters of a pint will usually be found to be sufficient), boil up again briskly and strain. This second straining must never be omitted, as even if no skin appears on the top particles may have formed, due to a low fire or insufficient stirring, and these must be removed. Before serving add a pinch of salt.

### For After-dinner Coffee

For after-dinner coffee I find the new Bull Dog, seen on the right in the second illustration, most excellent. It is unbreakable, being made in polished copper, lined with pure white tin, and fitted with a wooden spout stopper and handle which screw in, thus obviating all trouble which might arise from the expansion or contraction of the wood.

Fill the lower vessel with water, firmly screw in the upper part, add the coffee, and place over any available heat. The proportion of coffee is four measures to a pint of water. When the boiling water



The outfit for breakfast coffee

has risen into the upper vessel, remove from the heat, stir, repeat the operation, unscrew the stopper and serve. This is really the ideal way of making black coffee, as there is no possibility of its becoming bitter, as is so often experienced, due to the grounds actually boiling.

### For Black or White Coffee

The aluminium coffee pot with glass lid (second from the left) makes black and white coffee equally well. It is very light and compares favourably in price with any good machine on the market.

For Turkish coffee a different outfit is required and the beans have to be very finely ground. Coffee, with sugar added as desired, is placed in the *cafétière*, which is three-quarters full of water, and the liquid brought to boiling point over a spirit lamp, removed and twice reboiled, when, with the addition of a couple of drops of cold water, it will be ready to serve.



A charming outfit for after-dinner coffee

# Original Clothes for Tinies

A Suggestion  
By  
Joan Malcolm

**S**IMPLICITY is the hallmark of good taste, and to nothing is this more applicable than children's clothes. Frills and furbelows may hide deficiencies in an older person, but in a child they accentuate them. The more simply a child is dressed, the more its good points are emphasized.

Simplicity, however, does not mean lack of originality, nor, most important of all, lack of colour. The white dresses so dearly loved by the Victorians have died with a great age. True, we still love to see our *babies* dressed in spotless white, but the healthy, tomboyish, sturdy youngster of modern days seems to call for some more substantial and less ethereal background to his boisterous spirits.

The modern maiden, too, be she ever so small, shares with her brother in all childish adventures, and holland and stout linen are more adapted to her requirements than fine spotted muslins or Japanese silks.

In making original children's clothes it is the colour scheme that plays the all-important part. Take a simple foundation, say of neutral-coloured holland. Cut it in magyar shape folded lengthwise. This may be piped with stripes of one of the brightly coloured cretonnes that are sold everywhere (taking care that they are fast colours). Orange, rust-red and Chinese blue stripes make a wonderfully effective trimming on the holland. Two patch pockets piped with the same material, cuffs, square neck and elbow sleeves, and a wider band round the hem—and a charming little tunic is made for either boy or girl. Short trousers of plain holland for the boy, a simple little pleated skirt attached to a cotton bodice for the girl.

Make this same dress in butcher-blue linen and trim it with canary yellow with

blue stripes, and seemingly an entirely new dress is the result. There is no end to the changes that can be rung by merely altering the colour scheme, or by the omission or addition of a pocket, running the piping



Simple but effective

The little boy is wearing a holland tunic bordered with orange, rust-red and sage green cretonne. The little girl's dress is of holland piped in bright Chinese blue and hand-painted in washable paint with scenes from a circus, the predominating colours being blue, soft yellow and white.

from the neck down one side, or adding two or three gaily coloured buttons. Such a very little makes such a vast difference on Mr. The Baby.

Nowadays in the winter many children still wear linen or holland tunics, relying on woolly undies for extra warmth. In any case they are invaluable to slip over the woollen jersey and keep it clean in nursery romps.

## THE QUIVER

A very effective and dainty little dress can be run up quickly for a little girl from the diagram shown, and it is a pattern that can be adapted, even by the amateur, to any size. Made in a fine navy blue serge or woollen stockinet and piped in emerald green, scarlet or saxe blue, it makes a warm and most attractive, practical school or nursery dress.

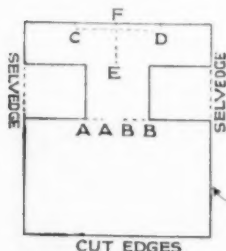


FIG. 1

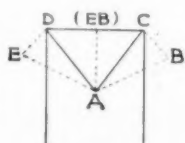


FIG. 2

Turn the material (width according to size required) in half lengthwise, allowing two inches over the required dress length *when doubled*. Cut out, magyar-shape, the length of the child's sleeve, measured under arm with two inches added for the turn-back cuff. Then cut down the material parallel with the selvages to the waist-line (which should be measured first on the child from the arm-pit). At the waist-line cut out at right angles again to the same length as the sleeve. Then straight down to the bottom parallel with the selvedge. This means that two parallelograms are cut straight out of each side of the material. Finally cut along the dotted lines as shown in the diagram A to A, B to B, C to D, and F to E. A to A and B to B should be about three inches long. C to D the length required for the neck opening. F to E the depth of the opening. The two pointed flaps at the centre of the opening should be turned back to form the collar, and piped round A, B, C, D, E as shown in the second diagram in some bright contrasting colour. The outside, lower seams of the skirt should be run up and then the out-standing piece run with a loose thread from point A on the front round

to the same point at the back, and the same from B to the back. The thread should be pulled in and the material gathered on to the cut-in three inches at the waist. This makes a full skirt at either side, but flat in front and behind. Over the gathered pieces should be stitched the coloured piping as at the neck, also round the rolled-over cuffs. This makes a delightful little dress, and it can be run up in less than an hour by anyone who has a sewing-machine.

## An Eye for Colour

To the woman with an eye for colour and effect, even should she be an indifferent draughtsman, the possibilities of the smallest scrap of gaily coloured material are innumerable. The pleated serge skirt with the absurdly grown-up-looking blouse that young Miss Five-Year-Old disported herself in ten years ago gave no scope to the artistic sense inherent in so many mothers. Nowadays odd lengths of serge or cotton in a plain colour are used as the foundation to which may be added an ultra-wide hem of some gaily patterned material (also a remnant). Really tiny scraps of stuff can be cut into all sorts of quaint animals and figures and carefully applied on to an otherwise uninterestingly plain and colourless background.

A charming frock of this description was made quite simply of string-coloured stockinet (which, by the way, is excellent for children, as it is warm and cosy and washes beautifully without the need of ironing). The wide hem and the borders of sleeves and neck were of the same material in orange, on to which black hunchbacked, long-tailed cats were buttonholed, whilst one agitated feline kept watch over a large patch pocket. The result was strikingly effective.

Another frock of the same idea was of jade green stockinet with Chinese blue bunnies sitting upright in a startled fashion round the hem. This dress, worn by a bobbed haired damsel of five, with a huge Chinese blue hair ribbon, never failed to call forth admiring exclamations.

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## The Shape of Your Child's Feet Depends on You

**I**S your child going to have strong arched insteps or turned in ankles and flat feet? It all depends on the support the little insteps get during the first ten years. Ordinary footwear does not give that support. Start-Rite boots and shoes do.



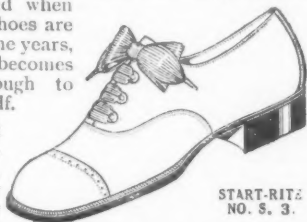
*This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.*

Children must run and romp. You cannot stop them from over-tiring their little feet. You won't need to stop them if they wear Start-Rite footwear. Their feet won't tire so quickly because the Start-Rite Shoe gives support to the part that needs support. It is strongest where the ordinary shoe is weakest. And it prevents falling arches and flat feet.

An extension of the inside of the heel keeps the ankle straight. A lengthening

of the leather stiffener—too short in the ordinary shoe—forms an arch that supports the instep. And when Start-Rite shoes are worn for some years, the instep becomes strong enough to support itself.

Don't wait till the mischief is done. Take your child to your shoemaker and have the little feet made safe with Start-Rite boots or shoes.



**START-RITE NO. 3.**

*A Willow Calf shoe. It is a fine, soundly made model, quite "safe" for school and smart enough for best. The same shoe is also made in Box Calf.*

**Note the Reduced Prices.**

7-8½	9-10½	11-12½	13-1½	2-3'
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**CHILDREN'S IMPROVED FOOTWEAR**

**A FREE BOOK FOR CHILDREN**

Send a card mentioning this magazine for a free copy of "The Prince's Zoo," containing beautiful coloured plates by Harry Rountree of the Prince of Wales' Zoological collection and details of Start-Rite Shoes. The children will love it.

**JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., Ltd., NORWICH**  
**FAMOUS FOR FINE FOOTWEAR SINCE 1792**

*(Also Makers of Lightfoot Shoes for Ladies)*



# Keeping in Tune



is mainly a matter of good digestion and healthy nerve force working in perfect harmony. Nervousness and irritability—that out-of-tune feeling—frequently spring from imperfect digestion, and many thousands who once suffered from disorders of the Stomach and Liver have learned how to ward off attacks at the first symptoms by taking Beecham's Pills in time. Do not let your life become "flat" and unprofitable, but "keep in tune" and avoid that "crotchety" condition by taking an occasional dose of

## BEECHAM'S PILLS



# Window Furnishing

Practical Suggestions  
By  
Judith Ann Silburn

It is only of recent years that the housewife has begun to realize the important rôle window dressing plays in the furnishing scheme of her house. The choice of curtains and window hangings is not a matter which should be hurried over. Being the lightest spot in a room a window naturally commands first attention, and the very greatest care should be taken to see that its furnishing is in complete harmony with the rest of the interior. Apart, too, from the inside effect, there is also the outside to be considered, so that from an artistic point of view it is therefore better to keep to one particular style of curtaining throughout a house.

## The Sway of Fashion

Windows, like everything else, come under the sway of fashion, and undoubtedly the casement window has come to stop, possibly because of its many advantages. The necessary outlay required to fit up a casement window with curtains is small compared with that needed for the large old-fashioned sash kind; also, casement curtains have a great merit in the eyes of the housewife in that they can be easily taken down and laundered at home.

It is not, however, essential to have casement structure in order to enjoy the advantages of the short curtain; an ordinary sized sash window, unless it be of the tall Georgian type, can be well adapted to this style of drapery.

## Lace for Lightness and Grace

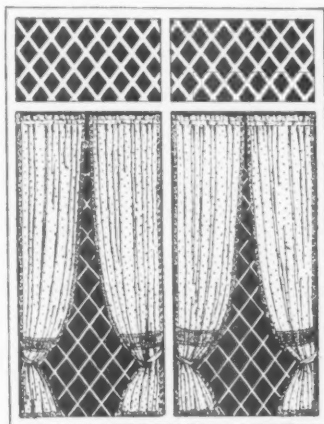
The great mistake which so many people make in choosing casement curtains is to have them of too heavy a fabric. A short curtain which stretches right across a window should not obscure the light. The English climate is not so bright that we can afford to lose any of its precious sunlight, and for this reason lace is a fabric *par excellence* for the purpose. There is nothing to equal lace for lightness and grace, and it is admirably suited to the short runner, particularly the new filet designs. Some of these productions look most attractive on certain types of bay windows where a single filet panel can be used for each large pane. Lattice designs, too, present a charming appearance if arranged under a valance, especially boudoirs and bedrooms.

Avoid having too many sets of curtains to a window. It sometimes happens that a casement window is divided into two different styles of panes; usually in windows of this kind the top is either tinted glass or small leaded panes. If this is the case it is better either to have long

casement curtains right from the top, and only draw them partially, or to arrange that the casements cover the lower part of the window only, starting at the plain glass.

## Blinds and Short Curtains

It is an anachronism to have blinds to windows which are furnished with short curtains, as in the first place they are in the way and spoil the artistic effect, and secondly, they are out of harmony with that particular style of window dressing. Windows of this description need outer curtains of a heavy material made so that they can be drawn right across at night in lieu of blinds. A stiffened border or pelmet running from one side to the other can be carried out in the same material to hide the



An example of lace curtains suitable for casement windows

curtain pole. Apart from these draperies the actual curtaining of the window itself by day should be as light in fabric as possible. Velvet or brocade outer curtains with dainty lace casement ones for the inside are very effective for sitting-rooms, and all-over nets in combination with bordered or stencilled fabrics are suitable for bedrooms.

Though casement windows are certainly the most popular with present-day architects, it must not be forgotten that there are still houses where the Adams or Georgian type of drapery is more in keeping with the house and its furnishing. For this style of window there is no

## THE QUIVER

better treatment than the graceful fall of a lace curtain. Again, the long window with squared panes reaching to a sill looks especially artistic if draped in Dutch style. The curtains should hang straight to the sill, and the valance ought to be carried out as well in lace.

French windows lend themselves to ecru or soft Madras muslin. For extremely short windows soft waterfall lace effects are most charming. The lace curtain is indeed an indispensable factor in the home and not always given the consideration it deserves. The great thing to remember in buying lace curtains of any description is to buy the best quality lace, as this not only hangs better when up, but it also launders well.

### Fixing the Curtains

Having arranged her window scheme, the housewife's next problem is fixing her curtains in place. This part of the programme is very important, as nothing looks so bad as a curtain which sags in the middle. Wooden poles are rarely straight, and as a rule bend after they have been in use a little time. The new non-sagging spring curtain rods, which can be fitted to any window, get rid of this trouble and keep the curtains neat and tidy. A hook is screwed into each side of the window, and the curtain is stretched from one hook to the other. In order to obtain a good strong tension to carry the weight of the curtain the rod should, of course, be considerably shorter than the width of the window.

For heavier curtains, to avoid having a row of ugly curtain pins and a still more ugly wooden curtain pole, there is a new brass fitting which consists of a thin but strong brass rail along which glide runners with flanged roller bearings and rings to take the fabric. The rail is quite flexible and can be bent round corners, so is eminently suitable for bay or rounded windows. It has a further asset in that it can be transferred from one house to another without damaging it in any way.

### Leaded Windows

It occasionally happens that with certain styles of furnishing leaded windows are indicated, but, alas, have not been thought of by the architect, and are often too expensive. It is quite a simple matter, however, and quite inexpensive to make one's own leaded windows by buying flexible lead and cementing the "leads" on to the window with weatherproof cement. This lead is called "Lanite" and is sold in two widths,  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch and  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch. It is not necessary to employ a glazier, as the glass is not cut. Transparent stains in ruby, green, blue and amber, with decorative "Lanite" for designing panels and floral effects, can also be obtained. It is thus possible for anyone to have stained-glass windows for a very small cost. The landing window, which is too small to need a curtain but which at the same time requires some kind of embellishment, can be treated in this way, or glass door panels look

well tinted and finished off with a *passepartout* of "Lanite." The method is also excellent for conservatory window glass.

Although ordinary roller blinds are gradually falling out of fashion with the increasing popularity for casement windows, studios, conservatories and verandas need blinds to keep them cool on very hot days. Shadow slat blinds made of an indestructible hygienic light material, rather after the style of Japanese blinds, are extremely useful and very pretty, as they can be had in all colours, either plain or decorated with picturesque scenes. They also make charming outside blinds, since they form a perfect protection against the rays of the sun and keep out insects.

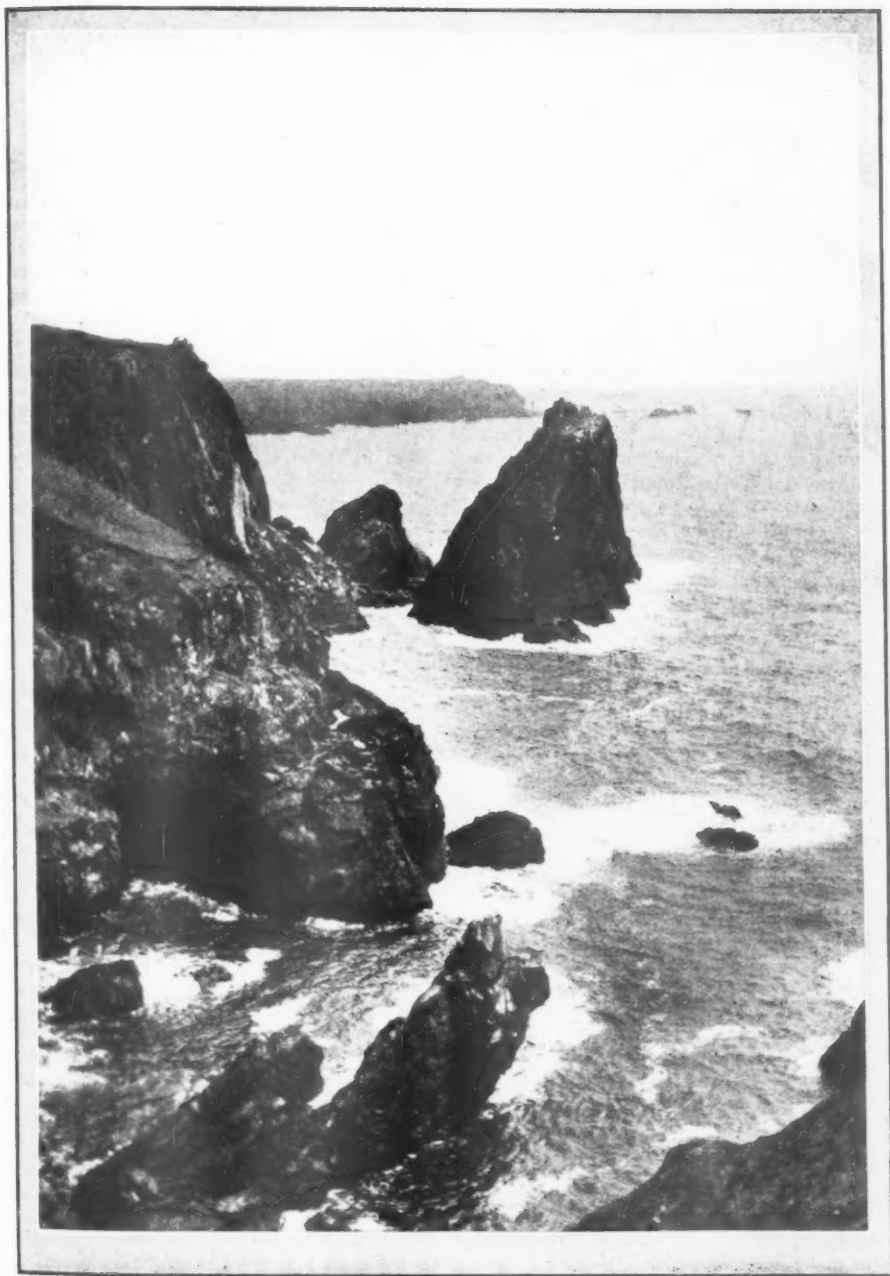
Sometimes in old houses, where the framework of the house is shrinking, windows have a tiresome way of rattling when there is a wind. A very simple device, costing only a few pence, will soon stop this distressing noise. It is a small metal patent which is fitted into the window frame and tightened by an adjusting screw.

Another trouble which is often experienced by the tenant of an old house is the frequent breaking of sash lines. The up-to-date rust-proof chain sash line, however, made of metal instead of cord, is a great boon, and though a trifle more expensive at the start, is well worth the extra outlay, as there is no further bother with broken cords or damaged paint-work nor danger of accidents.

### The Problem of Window Cleaning

In dwellings where there is casement structure for windows throughout, cleaning the outside can be managed from the inside without inconvenience, but it is quite another matter in the case of sash windows situated above the ground-floor level; these are usually very dangerous to attempt from the outside. With the new "Adee" window cleaner which is now on the market outside panes can easily be reached. This contrivance is very inexpensive. It consists of a wooden extending arm which bends in the middle, and by simply passing it over the top sash the outer panes can be cleaned from the interior. There is a flat plate on the end of the arm which takes a duster, wash-leather or cloth, whichever is needed at the moment. Fanlights, picture glass, mirrors, etc., can all be cleaned with this device, or it can be used for walls or polishing the floor.

It would be scarcely possible to leave the subject of window fittings without mentioning the new self-locking window fastener for sash windows. This neat little affair is a great improvement on the old-fashioned fastener and absolutely defies burglars' tools from the outside. It is self locking, and in addition has a special knob which double locks it after it is fastened. A further precaution can be taken by fixing hooks on to the lower sashes and screwing rings into the framework of the window. It is just as well to give the burglar as much annoyance as possible.



**The Sea from Kynance Cove, Cornwall**

The ordinary summer visitor to Cornwall does not know half the delights of the beautiful Duchy. Cornwall is truly fascinating in autumn, and mild and sunny in winter.

# Problem Pages

## Friendship—A Winter Holiday— An "Old Maid's" Romance By Barbara Dane

**I**N a most pathetic little letter which has come to me from a northern correspondent I am asked to give an opinion on a difference in social position between two lovers.

The writer tells me that she is a typist, and the daughter of a small tradesman in a country town, of which her lover is the vicar. She says:

"I do want advice so badly because no one knows that the vicar has asked me to marry him, or suspects that we love each other. I have said that I must have a few weeks in which to consider my reply, and very reluctantly he has consented to wait. I love him deeply, and I cannot imagine a happier life than one devoted to serving him, and I do not doubt that he loves me. I am nearly thirty, and he is almost ten years my senior, so that you will see that neither of us is likely to be swayed by the impulsiveness of youth. The trouble is that I feel my social position to be so much the inferior of his that I am afraid that I might be an obstacle to him in his career. Whether she likes it or not, the wife of a vicar has to lead a social life, and I feel so very much unable to meet people on their level and to act as hostess and so on."

Well, I should like to say at once that I have no fears for any woman who can write such a letter as this. I think all my readers will agree that it is well expressed, that it shows thoughtfulness and sympathy, and with such qualities the awkwardness of a difference in social position should be overcome. I do not say easily. Belonging myself to a clerical family, I know how much is expected of a clergyman's wife, and how often she is a target for criticism. Yes, it is no easy task to be a helpmate to a parson, and many a woman with perfect social qualities and of what we conventionally call breeding has failed because temperamentally she was unfitted for the position, and her love was not strong enough to make her adaptable.

I do not think that any woman who has an instinctive consideration for the feelings of other people need be afraid of their judg-

ment. It is true that any woman who has been brought up in certain circumstances must inevitably feel a little strange when at thirty years of age she is called upon to adapt herself to different conditions and to different people. But I have never known a clergyman to have his career ruined or his work hindered because he married a woman who, though of different social position, was able to help him and could prove herself a real companion in sunshine and in storm. But many clergymen have suffered because they have married frivolous women or women who found after marriage that they had no vocation for a clerical life. I should like to know that my sensitive correspondent has already decided to marry the man she loves, and should she write to me again in a year's time I believe it will be to tell me that she has found her happiness in marriage.

### An Estrangement

No one can ever be sure of the endurance of friendship, Mary. I think you grieve overmuch. It is sad to think that a beautiful relationship has come to an end, but I often think that we expect too much of friendship when we demand that it shall be permanent. There are just a very few dear people one likes to think will be faithful until the end. But the rest? How can we count on them? Is it not possible that they are actually meant to be ships that pass in the night? People who helped us greatly, and whose companionship was a joy at twenty, are not always the friends we would choose to have at thirty or fifty. I think we should be grateful for the sweetness of any friendship we have known, and not be bitter because it has come to what seems an untimely end. Where an estrangement can be traced to a definite cause, then, of course, there should be a quick explanation and an attempt at reconciliation. I do not think it is profitable to force a reconciliation when it is not wanted on both sides.

### Smoking

For myself, I do not think there is any

## **PROBLEM PAGES**

moral side to this question, though I know that many of my readers hold a different view. To my mind it is a question of expediency. Some women smoke a good deal without detriment to their appearance or apparent injury to their health. On the other hand, I have seen beautiful teeth ruined by smoking, hands discoloured by the excessive use of cigarettes, and nerves ruffled by the exaggerated use of nicotine. This, "E. D.," is a matter you must settle for yourself.

### **Dog Breeding**

I am asked by a correspondent of middle age for an opinion on the possible success of breeding dogs. To be fair, I must admit that I am not an expert on this subject, so I passed the question on to a friend who has run kennels very profitably for some years, and she says:

"Dog breeding is usually most successful when a woman who wishes to make money in this way has a large garden or can rent land cheaply close to her own home. I gather that your correspondent is in this position, and if she has a real love of dogs and an understanding of them she might do very well, provided she has a small amount of capital with which to start. I should not advise her to keep dogs of different breeds, but to try to become associated only with one kind of dog. Some women specialize in Sealyhams, the most fashionable dogs of the moment. Others keep nothing but Alsatians. There is always a good demand for a well-bred fox terrier, a dog which is always in fashion. In a sporting country a good gun dog can usually command a high price. There is not a fortune to be made out of breeding dogs, but a steady income for a woman willing to persevere, and the work is very interesting. The best way to start is to get some good pedigree terriers, if terriers are chosen, put them to stud, and with the first litters begin work in real earnest. Any woman who has but a slight knowledge of dogs would do well to have three months with someone who keeps kennels, and a practical knowledge of the ailments of dogs and how to treat them is essential."

I might add that the breeding of dogs seems peculiarly a profession for women, so very many having taking it up with such fine success within the last few years.

### **Entertaining**

I think you are wrong in supposing that

your friends would prefer an expensive meal in a restaurant to simple fare in your own home. People who dine out a good deal find it a positive pleasure to be invited into the restful surroundings of a private house where simple food can be eaten at leisure. To ask people to your home is to pay them a compliment which is never contained in an invitation to a restaurant dinner.

Soup is not a dish which must be made at the last minute, and casserole cookery also saves anxious hours immediately before dinner. Have cheese and fruit, in French fashion, and puddings will not be missed. If you find you can serve only one dish, let it be of the best, and unless your friends have abnormally large appetites they will find it, with cheese and dessert, quite sufficient. People do not like to think that the hospitality given to them has been the cause of much inconvenience, but it is flattering and quite pleasant to know that your hostess has taken some pains to make you happy and comfortable in her own house. To me, anyway, the real spirit of hospitality never survives a restaurant dinner.

### **A Winter Holiday**

And you are despondent because you have to take your holiday in December instead of having had it as arranged for August! Well, I rather envy you, Mr. Departmental Head. There is something rather jolly, surely, in going away at a time when no one else can think of holidays. We who always take our holidays in summer lose something, for we have not the opportunity to see Nature in many lands at different seasons of the year. There is no more beautiful part of Europe than the southern shores of France, yet they are so hot in summer-time that few people care to spend their holidays there. Switzerland in December is much more interesting than it is in summer, when it is crowded with tourists. Any time of the year which is not tourist time gives you the chance to see people living their normal lives. Even in England there are fine days in December, and many an old-fashioned country inn would be glad to make a fuss of a stray winter visitor, and give him that homely plentiful fare so much appreciated after a long tramp across moors or fields. A sea voyage to Malta or to Naples will give you the suggestion of autumn even in mid-winter. I think there is much to be said for a winter holiday, and if you are in great cities like Rome or Madrid at Christmas-time you will

## **THE QUIVER**

find the church festivals most interesting and beautiful.

### **Jealousy**

So many letters which I receive, and to all of which I reply privately, are from jealous wives. A letter from "A. S. D.," London, is typical of most of them. How can I help? It is most difficult to appeal to the reasonable instincts in a jealous person because jealousy is itself the most unreasonable of all emotions. Sometimes I am inclined to think it arises from indifferent health, from boredom, from lack of hard work. I have noticed that very busy women, much occupied with their homes, their children and their hobbies, are rarely jealous. To the correspondent whose letter suggests these remarks I say: You must believe that your husband loves you until he tells you that he doesn't, and not always then. The woman who comes to you and tells you under a seal of secrecy that your husband loves her is plainly a mischievous and venomous person. No one has a right to make such an assertion under the seal of confidence, and if it was made in this way to you I advise you not to keep your promise, but to go straight to your husband and tell him what you have been told. Either that, or regard the statement as the hysterical imaginings of a mentally unbalanced woman and forget it. But don't, whatever you do, worry about the matter and allow it to torment you. Surely real love of your husband would make you instantly resent such a story, and you would refuse to believe it instead of allowing the woman to see that it has made so deep an impression on you. No married life can continue happily except on a basis of trust, and so long as jealousy is your master you will never be happy.

### **An "Old Maid's" Romance**

This is the story of two women who love one man. The elder, who is a woman of more than forty, tells me that great happiness has just come to her in the gift of love. Here are her own words:

"I have never had a love affair. It is wonderful to know that at a time of life when I had put away all my dreams I should be loved by a man who is my ideal of all that a man should be. The only shadow—and it is rather substantial—is that the man is a few years my junior, and my younger sister, who is very pretty and attractive, is very much in love with him, although my fiancé

does not suspect it. I cannot help wondering at times whether I ought not to give my sister and my fiancé the chance to get to know each other better. She is so much younger than I am that I think at times she might make my fiancé happier than I could."

Well, my dear "Old Maid," you are quixotic, but I love you for it. Just the same, you must not dream of doing anything so heroic as you suggest. Love is a divine gift, and it surely was not given to us to dispose of after our own designs. Your sisterly heart must regret the pain caused to another by the unfulfilment of her desire, but you have not the right to thrust aside the love that has been given to you in a vague hope that it might be transferred so easily to someone else. If your fiancé were the type of man who could arrange his loves in so accommodating a manner, he is not the type of man I should like to see as husband for either you or your sister. Be glad of the love that has been given to you, and believe that in good time your young and pretty sister will find someone to make her forget her early disappointment.

### **Going to Dances Unchaperoned**

I don't think that it is possible to make a rigid rule to govern the conduct of daughters who are passionately fond of dancing. A few years ago, "G. H.," it would certainly have been considered highly improper for a girl to go to a dance unchaperoned by her mother or some elderly friend or relative. Within the last few years, of course, conventions have changed greatly, and I know many careful mothers who allow their daughters to go to dances with young women friends, escorted in many cases by men friends. Could you not compromise by relieving your rather unsympathetic sister of unappreciated duties, and find some young married woman to keep an eye on your girls? Much as we may regret the passing of the old days, nothing will ever bring their return.

### **To Correspondents**

May I say that I am always glad to write to correspondents personally? To most of the writers of the letters with which I have dealt this month I have sent replies by post, taking their letters and giving the substance of my answers to them here so that others may benefit by the problems suggested. Any reader who has a problem which needs solving is invited to send it to me.



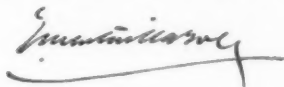
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"The Pen Book" free on request.

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## “HOW WELL YOURS HAS LASTED.”

HERE are two young wives, proud of their little homes and the way they run them.

One of them has beaten the other by a year or two in preserving the life of a favourite bedspread, the fellow of which was bought at the same sale.

How has she done it?

By always getting value for money spent on soap. Her husband knows enough of chemistry to assure her that the life of clothes depends on the purity of soap.

All sorts of preparations can be made which will produce white clothes from a wash-tub, but only the purest soap will do it without destroying the fibres of the material.

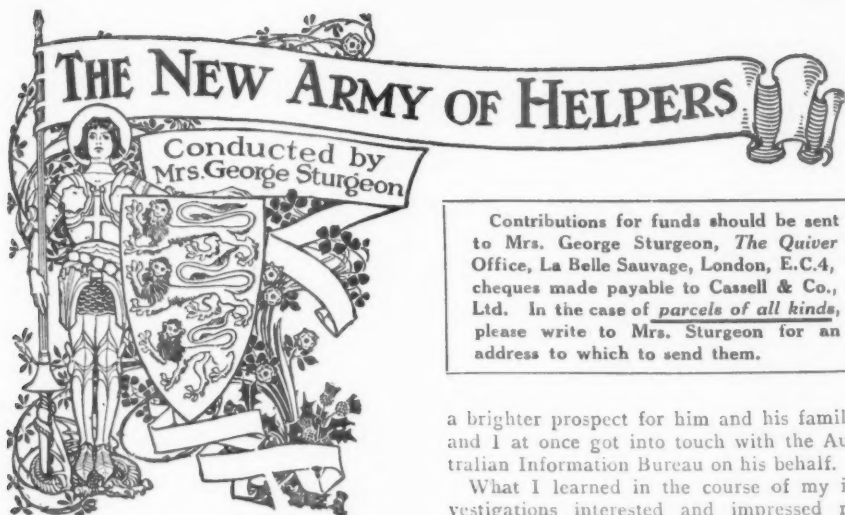
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# SUNLIGHT SOAP

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### Is Home Best?

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—There are two requests which are fairly often made to me which send my heart into my boots, for, however much I may wish to help in the granting of them, I know that in all probability I shall be powerless to do so. One is the request for work, and the other the request for housing accommodation; quite often the two come simultaneously, and, as a matter of fact, I suppose there is hardly a reader of *THE QUIVER* who does not know of someone in urgent need of work or rooms to live in, or both.

"East, West, Home's best" is charmingly true to those in this country who are comfortably housed and enjoying a reasonably happy life, or to those who live abroad and return at intervals for a delightful holiday; but I am wondering if it is quite true to those whose days are spent in a weary and fruitless search for work and return in the evenings to wretched and expensive lodgings. Through the columns of *THE QUIVER* I made the acquaintance about eighteen months ago of a young couple in great straits and was able to help them a little. A baby was born a year ago, and there has been an almost incessant struggle. Although the man has good references he has only had temporary work, and disappointment has followed disappointment. When, therefore, he asked me if I could tell him about the recently inaugurated land settlement schemes in Australia, I was delighted to think that here, at last, might be

Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

a brighter prospect for him and his family, and I at once got into touch with the Australian Information Bureau on his behalf.

What I learned in the course of my investigations interested and impressed me very much, and it occurred to me that it might be useful to others confronted with the problem of finding work or a house to know what machinery exists for procuring both these desirable commodities across the seas.

There are three departments—for single men and married men with their families, for women in domestic service, and for boys between fifteen and eighteen and a half. For each class a detailed scheme has been drawn up, and it is a real pleasure to read the literature that the Bureau issues; business-like but breezy, it inspires confidence by presenting facts in a straightforward and attractive manner. Everything is clearly explained, and the first step for the waverer is to write for the "scheme" that applies to him and dispel any difficulties that may be lurking in his mind.

### "A New and Happy Land"

Every State of Australia has its own conditions. West Australia, for example, has adopted the principle of Group Settlement, designed to attract British families, married couples and men with spirit, energy and good physique, but not necessarily experienced or having capital. In the past many a settler lost hope and heart through the terrible loneliness that cut him off from all intercourse with other men, and the idea of grouping families together to form a little community has been found to answer splendidly. Western Australia is described as richly fertile, with an incomparable climate, and a rainfall of 25 to 40 inches,

## **THE QUIVER**

and there are road, railway, and admirable educational facilities. It is, moreover, the only Australian State offering a free grant of land.

### **A Scheme for Land Settlers**

The Government of Victoria in co-operation with the Federal and British Governments have approved a scheme to place 10,000 British settlers on the land during the next five years. It does not offer free land—in fact, the minimum amount of capital that a settler must have is £300, but it provides farms on easy terms and renders every assistance in its power. This scheme is designed to attract the middle classes, farmers, ex-Army and Navy officers, public-school men and the sons of professional and business men on the look-out for a sound and wholesome career.

Passages at greatly reduced rates are offered, and a man and his family with no money at all are not debarred on that account, but can repay as they earn. On arrival free board and lodging at Government hostels is provided for a reasonable period until employment is obtained. Absolutely inexperienced workers are taught their job. Everything has been *thought out* and plans efficiently made; and good wages are the reward of labour. Yes, there are certain qualifications, and these are good physique, good character, and a capacity for hard work. There is no room for the work-shy or the weakling in Australia.

There is always a period in healthy boyhood when stories of adventure stir the blood, and to go out and seek one's fortune seems the most desirable thing in the world. Often this aspiration ends in dumping laundry baskets at back doors or delivering fish and meat until a younger brother comes along, and then the unskilled youth finds himself idle and unwanted. If in the future I meet a gentleman of this kind I shall advise him to call at the Australian Information Bureau and glean information about the chances that are awaiting him on the other side of the globe. There is a special leaflet issued for his benefit, and it makes most interesting reading. New South Wales under its "Dreadnought Scheme" gives a boy three months' training and maintenance on a training farm free of charge, after which employment is found for him at an approximate wage of 10s. to 15s. a week and keep. South Australia apprentices its young immigrants to farmers, horticulturists, wine growers and pastoralists.

The Commissioner of Crown Lands and Immigration acts as his guardian, and wages and conditions must be approved by him. Queensland has much the same scheme. Victoria and Tasmania also have openings for boys. As in the case of the men, boys must be in sound health and of good character. Boys with defective eyesight or who wear glasses are not accepted. There is a delightfully human note about the dealings of the Australian Government. Chums wanting to sail together and work in the same district are asked to say so, and every effort is made to meet their wishes. There is a special scheme for public school boys, for many of whom it is not easy to find a footing at home nowadays. And, of course, there is the scheme for settling Dr. Barnardo's boys, which has proved extremely successful. When I was at Goldings I heard that there was a great wave of keenness to emigrate to Australia that was being fostered by enthusiastic letters received from boys already out there.

The joint managers of the Australian Information Bureau are Mr. S. M. Burton and Mr. A. P. G. Ament, either of whom will gladly give full information with regard to men and boys, while Mrs. D. Burton is in control of the women's department. The address is 15 Strand, London, W.C.2.

### **Holiday Echoes**

By the time the October number appears most of us are not yet so far away from our own summer holidays as to find a reference to them out of date, and I am glad to be able to record a number of cases in which the New Army of Helpers was the means of providing a much-needed change for others. The collection for the Children's Country Holidays Fund stands at the moment at £22 10s., and next month I hope to give some particulars of the little people for whom we made ourselves responsible. We also enabled a little boy who was very ill to have a week at Brighton, a poor woman with a large family to go to a convalescent home at Scarborough, another hard-worked woman with very bad eyesight to go to the sea-side, another to pay her fare north (I have a post card from her this morning "thanking you for enabling me to spend a week's holiday down here, which is just fine"). This woman had not been away for years, and she lives in the drabdest of Midland towns. We have sent another woman, a widow living in a poor part of London, to Suffolk. And in the case of a couple who

# A Boon to Mothers!



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## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

could only leave home for a day, we also helped with the fare. Three others, through a grant from the S.O.S. Fund, were able to leave the daily round and the city street and refresh themselves with new sights and fresh air.

### Behind the Scenes

That, at any rate, is the record of holiday help as I know it; but I feel confident that more has gone on behind the scenes. Our work is quite different from that of the majority of other societies in this way; it is impossible for me to register all that is given and done by members, for I simply do not know of it. I put a helper in touch with one in need. A real friendship grows up. Only by chance I hear of acts of great generosity and kindness: that shun advertisement and recognition. For instance, I have just discovered that a helper, herself a busy worker, paid nearly £10 in order to keep her QUIVER friend in a convalescent home, and it is easy to realize that the depth of friendship that this represents trebles and quadruples the value of the gift. I am not surprised to hear of this helper from her friend: "She has been an angel to me. I can never thank her enough, and it was through you I got to know her." Another helper surprised and delighted me the other day with this information:

"I am sure you will be interested to hear that through your first article in THE QUIVER some two or three years ago about the Save the Children Fund, we started a monthly collection at my office, and we are still continuing and have been able to support two children each year."

A very cheering letter from another helper, enclosing £5 to be divided between two specially needy cases, suggested sending 10s. a month to a very poor and hard-working woman, to whom this regular sum will mean untold joy and comfort. I know that other sums of money and gifts of all kinds are passing between helpers and helped, as witness a letter received to-day from an invalid in our Midland town:

"Yes, I am pleased to tell you I still hear from my QUIVER friends—in fact, I should be miserably lonely without them. On Tuesday I had a box of such pretty grasses from Mrs. B., of Scotland, and last night I had a huge box of most glorious roses and flowers of every kind nearly from Miss H., who is spending a holiday in Lincolnshire. The rooms are simply fragrant with them, and I have a large vase full in my bedroom. I do so love flowers, as you know. Then I have my letters from Miss A., also QUIVER, books and occasionally flowers. Also Miss R. writes to me. The other week she sent me a sweet little cream woolly coat, which will

be so useful to me. The lovely part in receiving gifts from QUIVER friends is the feeling that cold charity is missing, and that one friend is sending to another who is not so blessed with worldly goods."

So you see it is impossible for me to record anything like the whole of the doings of the New Army of Helpers, for all the time the "hidden hand" is at work, extended in friendship and generosity; in this human and sympathetic intercourse probably lies the chief value of our organization.

### A Nursing Home for Nothing

An operation is not a pleasant thing to face at the best of times, but to a woman of the "new poor" class it conjures up the vision of an impossible nursing home fee. To the sick "poor" the hospital throws open its doors generously enough, but there are many women of the middle classes to whom entrance there is not permitted but who simply cannot afford to go to a nursing home.

I have good news for such. A very practical philanthropist, who has this subject much at heart, has had her lovely house in the very heart of London fitted up as a perfectly equipped nursing home for surgical cases for women of the middle classes who cannot afford proper treatment. All that is necessary is to apply and state one's needs. An examination is offered, and if the case is accepted everything is provided, the best surgeons, most skilled anaesthetists, the latest methods, a bedroom fit for a princess, and the best food and nursing that money can procure. To be received into this wonderful haven is one of those experiences which give one a fresh hope and faith in human love and generosity.

I heard of this place only the other day from a fellow journalist who had herself been there, and who was most grateful for the help it represented.

I ought to add that there is only accommodation for six people, and that it is intended for ladies requiring abdominal operations or surgical treatment for the diseases peculiar to their sex. I have received permission to mention the matter in these pages, and I shall be most happy to send particulars on application.

No, there is nothing to pay—nor is there any appeal for funds.

### The Prince Presides

Readers of THE QUIVER who are interested in the British Home and Hospital for

## THE QUIVER

Incurables at Streatham are asked to make a contribution to the special fund that is being raised in connexion with the occasion of the festival dinner on November 27, when the Prince of Wales has consented to preside. It is hoped to raise £30,000, the excellent objects in view being the opening of more beds in the Home, the increasing of the number of pensioners, and the reduction of debt. The Home does fine work, and is always extremely grateful for any help we give it.

### War Not Over

The Great War may be over, but many organizations are still waging war for those who won it against the disabilities and hardships that remain as their reward. I have received the eighth annual report of St. Dunstan's, and hope to refer to it more fully another month; it is as interesting and inspiring as ever. The after-care work is magnificently managed, and the actual work of training at the Hostel is still in progress. Funds are still urgently needed, and it would be a national scandal if they were not forthcoming.

### Urgent Wants

I give the month's wants in my correspondents' own words, and sincerely hope that someone will come forward to fulfil each request:

*From Alfred Martin:* "Could you please spare some magazines or books for me, one who is lost without something to look at and read 'between times'?"

As his old friends know, Alfred Martin is always on his back, and although he has very clever fingers that he keeps busily employed, there are long days to get through.

*From Mrs. L.:* "My husband's health is very bad, and he is away for treatment, so naturally our finances suffer. I have a baby of nine months and she is at a most restless age, and I am in great difficulty for want of a proper cot for her. I depend on her sleeping hours in which to do some work (sweet making), but I am obliged to remain with her, as she is unsafe on a large bed. Perhaps some QUIVER helper would have a small folding cot which she is no longer using. I can't possibly afford to buy one at present, and am so handicapped without it. I should appreciate it so much."

It is easy to understand the poor mother's difficulties, and I much hope a cot will be offered. Mrs. L. lives in Pembrokeshire.

*From Miss C.:* "I have a nice room, but oh, it looks so bare with only my bedstead and boxes in it, so I am wondering if you could ask again in THE QUIVER for anything that anyone might have to spare. I should be so grateful."

I also want orders for Miss M. C., who is a first-rate needlewoman, and can darn table linen beautifully as well as make anything most satisfactorily if a pattern is sent. Also orders for Mrs. S., already on our lists, who is having very hard times, and is recommended for plain sewing and crochet of all kinds.

I also want a friend for an invalid, clothes and old linen. I have received many useful offers of clothes, and have gladly given addresses; but there is a constant demand.

### Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are acknowledged with very many thanks:

*S.O.S. Fund.*—QUIVER Reader (for Miss F.), 2s.; A. W. S. (Peebles), for Mrs. W., £1; Anon., £2 10s.

*Dr. Barnardo's.*—A Hawick Girl, £1.

*Children's Country Holidays Fund.*—'Symphony,' £1; M. I. W., 10s.; L. K., £1.

*Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances.*—M. I. W., 10s.

*British Home for Incurables.*—In loving memory, Brighton, 2s. 6d.

To the following I send many thanks for gifts of all kinds and letters:

Miss Emily Lemare, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss E. M. Hunt, Mr. P. A. Fletcher, Mrs. Christian, Mr. Frank Hall, Miss Mary Thomas, Mr. P. Butler, Miss Brooker, Mr. Everest, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Newland, Mr. Corke, Mrs. Wardlaw, Mrs. Stanford, Miss Kate Whitehead, Miss Nellie Swannell, Miss Hebditch, Miss J. Farnworth, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Gercke, Mrs. Mogg, Miss C. Johnson, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Bartleet, Miss Goschen, Miss Warwick, Miss Nancy Cull, Miss J. M. Travers, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss Frances Christopher, Miss Esther M. Wood, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Haworth, Miss Elizabeth Shirley, Mr. H. Godbehere, Mrs. McNeill, Miss Irene A. Judge, Miss Mary Gibbons, Miss Georgina Crouch, Mrs. Williams, Miss Reith Williams, Mrs. W. T. Southorn, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Birch, Miss Olive G. Coupe, Mrs. Bennett, Miss Musgrave Watson, M.B.E., Mr. Arthur Black, Mrs. Spouse, Captain J. Pratt, C.A., Miss Gertrude M. Bowen, Mrs. Wood, Rev. F. A. Smith, Mrs. Jones, Miss Freson, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Atkins, Miss Jack, Miss M. B. Palmer, Mr. Alfred Martin, Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Penman and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON

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# The Story of Gas Light

*A Little-known Romance*

By

W. M. Mason

IT is difficult to imagine a time when our forefathers had no means of lengthening the day by "stealing hours from the night." Doubtless they rose earlier and were therefore readier for bed at an earlier hour than modern generations, but it is rather dreadful to try and imagine the long, dark winter nights, with only tallow candles or smoky lamps, and no gas or electricity to dispel the gloom and chase the "deathlike images of the dark away." Little wonder that fairies and ghosts and all the other products of darkness were so readily believed in and seemed so real. The light is ever the best antidote for these creatures of the night.

## Tales of a Grandfather

There was also, of course, another side to the picture — the huge, roaring log fire in the old hall, with the great chimney corner round which gathered family and friends, lovers in the flickering shadows, and children playing in the dancing fire-light, or watching the fairy sparks fly merrily up into the darkness. What stories were told in those days; family legends passed down by word of mouth from generation to generation; tales of adventure and fighting, local mostly, but with scraps of history intermingled; traditions sacred and dear, revered and precious, told with awe and absorbed unquestioningly. It was all so easy to believe and so difficult to doubt, because the wonder and dread of the darkness circled about the group of eager listeners who crowded round the red glow of the fire, straining to hear every whispered word and catch the inspiration of the storyteller's voice.

## Ancient Customs

Authorities state that the most primitive form of lamp in the world is what the Scots call a buckie shell. This was used by the fisher folk in the Highlands, being suspended by a string and filled with common whale oil. This doubtless led to the adoption of cruise lamps, which were quite common in some parts of Scotland not so many genera-

tions ago, and many of which were formed into artistic and beautiful patterns.

Ancient means of illumination may be roughly classified as lamps for setting on table or shelf hanging lamps; and torches or candlesticks held in the hand.

## Lighted Streets in the Fourth Century

The old Syrian city of Antioch appears to be entitled to the credit of being the pioneer of public lighting. It was founded about 300 B.C., and, in the fourth century of the Christian era, was a great city with about 400,000 inhabitants, most of whom were Christians. Now it has less than a tenth of that population, its shattered city walls, ruined aqueduct, and other vestiges of its old greatness bearing silent testimony to the blighting effects of centuries of Turkish rule. It is concerning fourth-century Antioch that we have testimony that the streets and public spaces were lighted.

## Paraffin Lamps

In the early lamps the wick was horizontal, then at an angle of 45 degrees, and at last vertical. The adoption of a paraffin lamp was a notable advance, and a revolution in lighting was brought about by the Frenchman named Argand, who discovered that by putting a glass funnel over a flame a current of air was produced in such a way as to ensure almost complete combustion of the oil. The result was that lamps did not smoke and a clearer light was obtained.

## William Murdoch

More progress has been made as regards artificial illumination during the last century than during all the preceding ages. In 1754, in the little Scottish village of Lugar in Ayrshire, William Murdoch was born. As the lad grew up he showed wonderful adaptability and experimental skill. As soon as he was able he began to experiment with shale—a kind of coal—which he found in his father's garden, and it is recorded that he persevered until he was able to illuminate

## **THE QUIVER**

an old cave near his home, using as a retort his mother's tea-pot. Subsequently, his heart being set on engineering, he travelled to Birmingham, and was employed by Watt, of steam-engine fame. In 1780 Murdoch was sent to Cornwall on his firm's business, and there, in Redruth, near Truro, he continued his boyish experiments and was finally successful in lighting his house with coal-gas, or, as it was termed, the "light without a wick." That was the real inception of an industry of immense national importance, branches of which are to be found in every city, town, and even village of any importance in our land. Truly a romantic beginning to a world-wide service.

### **Gas Lighting**

The fascinating process of tracing the developments in gas lighting would occupy much more space than is here available. Suffice it to say that wonderful advances in lighting efficiencies naturally fall into two periods.

The first was that in which light was emitted by the incandescence of carbon particles generated within the flame by the decomposition of hydrocarbons in the gas, and, starting with Murdoch's cockspur burners—which gave less than one candle power of light for each cubic foot of gas consumed per hour—was increased gradually in efficiency by improvements in the burners used, until the regenerative burners employed in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century gave the equivalent of seven candles for the same consumption.

### **The Incandescent Mantle**

The second period commenced with the discovery by Welsbach that, if the gas was burnt by a non-luminous flame in an atmospheric burner, the carbon particles could be replaced by others radiating a far higher degree of light. This led to the discovery of the incandescent mantle, which, passing through many and various phases of improvement, now yields as high as 60 candles of light per cubic foot of gas consumed in high-pressure burners. This is the cheapest and most effective of all modern methods of artificial illumination, but it is suitable mainly for outside lighting or for factories, laundries and similar large establishments.

When electricity first came on the scene it was thought that gas must be relegated to the shelf along with other ancient systems.

The incandescent mantle, however, saved the situation, and once more placed coal-gas in the very forefront for economy and effective lighting.

### **The First Gas Burner**

The story of the origin of the gas burner makes a fitting close to this article.

When Murdoch first made gas at Redruth, and used it in his village parlour, he burned it at the end of a pipe. This gave a big flaring flame with a maximum of consumption and a minimum of light, and inasmuch as his holder was a very small one, his displays did not last for any length of time. On one occasion, when he had a room full of people watching the flame, he had the uncomfortable feeling that his holder was not half full, and he knew it would only last about ten minutes. He was not at all sure what would happen if the holder "grounded." He had the dim idea at the back of his head that unless the pressure of the weight of the holder was on the gas, the gas might flash back and cause an explosion.

He had a very primitive method of arranging the gas supply in those days. He had no taps, and his method of closing the pipe was simply to have a little plug of clay, which he stuck into the end. On this occasion, however, he was anxious and flurried, for that little plug had got knocked on the floor, and he could not find it. The flame was growing smaller and smaller, and he looked anxiously round for something to stop the flow of gas. He happened to see his wife's thimble on the table, and rammed it on the end of the pipe.

### **The Housewife's Thimble**

That thimble was in the condition in which every good housewife's thimble should be. The head contained several holes bored by the unsympathetic needles. A curious thing happened when he put this on. He noticed that the gas was still hissing through the small holes, and in order not to waste it he put a match to it, when to his astonishment he found that the gas escaping through these tiny holes gave a much better light than when he was burning gas at the end of an open pipe. He at once had the idea of making a burner, thus again proving that necessity is the mother of invention, and at the same time providing humanity with what has become a wonderful artificial illuminant.





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"Every woman needs Mercolized Wax. Those with a good complexion should use it regularly to preserve their beauty while to those who lack a good complexion it will indeed be a gift from the gods—giving a clearness and purity to the skin which can be obtained in no other way."

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"The woman who aspires to the possession of a perfect complexion should use Mercolized Wax every night. It is the only substance which entirely removes the old dead skin, and gives to the face the bloom and freshness of youth."

José Collins.

## Six Leading Actresses' Advice on the Complexion

**M**ERCOLIZED WAX is not a new invention. It is a wonderful preparation well known to the beauties of bygone days, which has been re-discovered in recent years, and to which many of the most famous beauties of to-day owe their matchless complexions.

If your complexion is dull, muddy, lined or wrinkled, there is no need to spend guineas on visits to beauty doctors, neither need you undergo the painful and dangerous operation of cutting or "lifting" the face. Simply get a little

"Mercolized Wax is not a new discovery. No doubt it was to this marvellous preparation that *Ninon de Lenclos* owed her wonderful complexion, whose beauty made her irresistible even in her old age.

Gertie Millar.

"If you would possess a natural complexion throw away your creams and powders and get a little Mercolized Wax from your chemist. You will need no other beautifier, and your complexion will be the envy of all your friends."

Marie Hemingway.

Mercolized Wax from any chemist and apply it evenly all over the face and neck. It is not necessary to rub it into the skin—simply spread it over the face, the wax will do the rest. Gradually, imperceptibly, the dull, old, worn skin, with all its lines, wrinkles, and "sags," will be shed, leaving in its place the fresh, clear young skin beneath free from every blemish, and with all the peach-like bloom of earliest youth. Try it and see for yourself. A few applications will convince you of its unrivalled merits; but, remember, it must be Mercolized.

"Mercolized Wax is indeed the truest friend a woman can possess. She need never fear her greatest enemy—Old Father Time—for wrinkles and lines never appear when Mercolized Wax is regularly used."

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# Lady Pamela's Letter

**D**EAR COUSIN DELIA,—In your last letter you ask me to give you some suggestions as to how you can make a little money for your pet charity. It is rather a problem, but I think I know of a solution. You say you want to hit upon some idea that it is not too difficult to carry out, that you have no brilliant local artistes who could be pressed into the service of a concert or dramatic entertainment. You want something much more spontaneous than that; in fact, some entertainment in which the participants amuse themselves and spend money in a good cause almost without realizing that they are parting with hard cash!

Why not give a carnival party? You can hire a local hall or get the loan of a big drawing-room. Get together a rather large committee and make them responsible for the sale of the tickets. Let the price for these be moderate, but ask the vendors to exercise discretion in selling. With the purchase of a ticket make it obligatory to also purchase a fancy cap or domino. Form a supper committee of ladies, and get them to beg for contributions in the way of cakes and sandwiches, and sell these at a reasonable sum during the evening. Have also on sale a plentiful supply of carnival favours, streamers, masks. These are very cheap to buy in quantities, and sell readily. You will find practically every visitor at your carnival will buy balloons or favours, and your charity will reap a handsome profit. Organized on these lines, the carnival party is sure to be a success financially if you get a few energetic folks to work enthusiastically with you beforehand and if on the night itself you see that there is no muddle, a well-lighted room, a good floor for dancing, and a good band.

All success to your effort. Write and tell me how everything pans out!—Yours ever,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**FUEL-LESS COOKER.** E. M. (Ross shire).—You ask me to give an address where you can obtain a fuel-less cooker. The one of which I have personal experience is the "British Queen" Fuel-less Cooker, which roasts, bakes, boils or braises and is very satisfactory in every way. It is supplied in various sizes, and if you write to the British Home Utilities Company, Limited, Britannia House, Cross Street, Farringdon

Road, E.C.1, they will send you a price list and full particulars.

**DRINKING METHYLATED SPIRIT.** Sybil (Norfolk).—In reply to your question, it is most injurious to drink methylated spirit at any time, whether in large or small doses. A person who does such a foolish thing is taking a poison, and can expect nothing but the most disastrous consequences.

**HOUSEHOLD HINT.** Butterfly (Yeovil).—It is quite easy to dye at home if you use a good dye and follow the directions on the packets with care. Personally I recommend Drummer Dyes, and you can get them in a range of such beautiful colours. You can dye the white curtains practically any colour you like, but why do you not dip the faded blue ones in a similar or slightly darker shade of blue? The result would be quite satisfactory and enable you to keep the same colour scheme in your rooms.

**TO KEEP THE FEET DRY.** Myrtle (Harrogate). A good walk to school each day will do your little girls no harm, and I do not think the distance you mention is excessive. You will, of course, equip them with waterproof coats and caps for wet days, and pay special attention to their footgear also. Let them have their walking shoes equipped with Dri-ped soles and you will then find that their feet will keep dry on the wettest day. It is a good plan to let them keep house-shoes at school so that they can change into them. Walking shoes soon get shabby if worn indoors, and you will find that Dri-ped soles are so durable that the shoes will last long if properly treated.

**A DOMESTIC HINT.** Pelican (Rochester).—You seem to have fitted up the kitchen in your little flat in a very attractive manner. Personally I think that nothing gives quite such an air of cleanliness and freshness as white paint. It need not be difficult to keep clean. You must, of course, use Vim; it is admirable for paint-work, and you will also find it invaluable for cleaning pots and pans, floors, table-tops, etc.

**CARE OF A CHILD'S FEET.** Squibs (Manchester).—From what you tell me I think you have overlooked the fact that a child's feet grow very rapidly, and it may be necessary to discard shoes before they are quite worn out. The moment they become tight or even too close-fitting a larger pair is necessary. When the feet are growing so fast and developing you must be very careful to select well-made shoes. The new Children's Improved Footwear, known as "Start-Rite" boots and shoes, are meeting with great favour among mothers who are anxious about their children's feet. This foot-

## THE QUIVER

wear is made by Messrs. J. Southall & Co., Ltd., Norwich, a firm which has been established since 1792.

**GIRL'S SCHOOL OUTFIT.** Materfamilias (York).—It may seem rather annoying at first, but later I am sure you will be glad that the regulation school colour for your little girl is navy blue. It is so serviceable and becoming to every child. The good fawn overcoat which you bought for her last year will dye beautifully, and you cannot do better than send it to Pullars, of Perth. You could send the pink crêpe-de-Chine frock, too, and they will return them to you looking like new garments.

**DECORATION OF A BUNGALOW.** Excelsior (Walton-on-Heath).—You have decided very wisely in making up your mind to distemper the walls of your new bungalow. Personally I think distempered walls most artistic and pleasing, and you cannot do better than have Hall's Distemper. It is obtainable in such a variety of lovely shades, and is both sunproof and washable. Of course, you know that pictures are seen to great advantage on these plain coloured walls, and show up far better than on a patterned wallpaper.

**AN EXCELLENT LAMP.** Rus in urbe (Hampstead).—There is no need for you to make such drastic alterations in your charming little old-fashioned house. For lighting purposes I advise you to get an Aladdin Lamp. This is an excellent oil lamp with a mantle, and you can get it in various styles for the various rooms. It gives such a clear white light and is entirely free from smoke or smell, two of the usual objections to the old-fashioned oil lamp. I am sure you will find an Aladdin just meets your requirements.

**TO CLEAN SILVER.** Hausfrau (Kensington).—You are very lucky to possess so much hand some silver, but it does mean a good deal of work to keep it in good condition. You ought to use Osobrite, which I personally find makes plate cleaning a pleasure rather than an arduous task. You can use it also for electroplate and for jewellery, and I am sure you will be quite delighted with the result.

**A PROBLEM SOLVED.** Bachelor (Ipswich).—You are by no means the only man who experiences that difficulty over shaving, but others may be less frank in admitting it! I quite agree that it is very trying to feel that one resembles Bluebeard just when one wants to look one's very best! I am sure your difficulties will entirely disappear if you use a Gillette Safety Razor; I have heard so many men speak highly of them.

**A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.** Clericus (Morpeth).—In all probability you do not feel fit because you lead such a sedentary life. Most people feel all the better for taking regular exercise daily. In any case, you should take a small dose of Kruschen Salts every morning and you will soon feel your energy returning. Nothing is more depressing than the feeling of inertia you describe, and I am sure it will soon disappear if you adopt my suggestion and persevere in the treatment.

**A CHILD'S LOUD TALKING.** Marshmallow

(Reading).—You must notice your little girl very carefully. It may merely be a bad habit; in fact, children often in their eagerness to get a hearing do shout unnecessarily loud. On the other hand, this inclination to speak too loud may be a sign of deafness, and the child may not realize how loud she is talking. You had better let her see a doctor, as these matters are always much better attended to early.

**ETIQUETTE OF CALLS.** Ignoramus (Kensington).—People are fortunately not nearly so formal as they were a few years ago, but when you become a resident in a new locality, it is advisable to be punctilious in little matters of etiquette. The people who were asked to call upon you by mutual friends will no doubt give you a couple of weeks to settle into your new house, and they will then call, leaving cards if they find you out. You should make a point of returning these calls within a week or ten days. To leave it longer is a mistake, and may give an impression that you do not care to be friendly.

**CARE OF FIRST TEETH.** Little Mother (Yarmouth).—Directly your little girl has teeth she must learn to use them. Many people make a great mistake and give tiny children too much soft food. If the teeth are to keep in good condition it is essential that they should be used to chew—biscuits, hard crusts, etc., are all good. The only point to remember is that at least twice a day, and particularly the last thing at night, the teeth must be cleaned with care. If little particles of food are left in the interstices of the teeth all night they may foster decay.

**CARE OF FINGER NAILS.** Pianist (Bath).—Although, of course, you must keep your finger nails short, there is no reason why they should not be shapely. Personally, I think it looks affected and ugly to wear the nails cut into too pointed a form. They should follow the shape of the tip of the finger. You can cut them with curved scissors if you like, or, better still, file them a little every day. After cutting or filing, bevel the edge by gently rubbing it with an emery board. These are obtainable in little packets from every good chemist. Each has a rough and a smooth surface. Use the rough first and finally smooth, using the smooth side.

**TRAINING IN TIDINESS.** Elsa (Nottingham).—You are very wise to make a point of teaching your little people in the nursery to be tidy. These good habits are so much more easily learnt in childhood. It is quite a good idea to have one of those towel rails with several flexible arms, and have each arm painted a different colour. Then each child can be given a special colour and be taught to spread its bath towel out to dry tidily. For the nursery toy cupboard, you could give each child one or two shelves for its own possessions and toys.

**RECIE FOR A MOUTH WASH.** Doreen (Leeds).—I should certainly advise you to continue the use of a tooth powder or paste. If you like to use a mouth wash also, nothing is, in my opinion, more refreshing than a few drops of eau-de-Cologne in a glass of lukewarm water.

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